

# RELIGION PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

L.C. Draper

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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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## SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE OF THE EXISTENCE OF SPIRIT.

A Sermon by Dr. Fay, Unitarian, Delivered at the Opera House, Los Angeles, Cal.

There is a wide-spread impression that the basis of all scientific knowledge is entirely obvious and well defined; that scientific truth presents the same aspects to all minds; that in connection with it there is no mystery, and therefore no disagreement among the well-informed; that it is wholly within the region of the knowledge. There is also an impression equally wide-spread that spiritual matters have no foundation in reality, that they exist only in a morbid fancy, and are now accepted only by the weak and the credulous.

It will be our business this morning to do what can be done in thirty or forty minutes by way of showing that both of these impressions are fallacious; that though the revelations of science, numerous and brilliant, have so widened our intellectual outlook and so revolutionized our practical methods that we may well pardon the scientist for his arrogance and assumption, notwithstanding they are occasionally rather offensive, yet that spiritual laws and facts are quite as obvious, spiritual phenomena quite as undeniable, and immense and far-reaching deductions therefrom quite as logical as are those in connection with any department of science. First, then, let us disabuse the mind of its impression that spiritual matters are mythical, unreal, and destined soon to disappear altogether; while all science is comprehensible and demonstrable, and its acceptance by those who understand it uniform and universal—not at all a subject of faith, but of clear and positive knowledge.

It would be stating only a truism were we to say that science is not only replete with mysteries so profound that by the savants of the world their solution is not even attempted, but more than that; everywhere there are anomalies and exceptions, missing links and apparent contradictions, so numerous as to suggest only probabilities—so numerous that whole departments of science rest absolutely on faith alone. Consider the doctrine of evolution, now bidding fair to become an impregnable foundation for a theistic and spiritual philosophy, while it modifies all of the old creeds and methods. Does a person living, even Herbert Spencer, know it to be true, know that man was developed from germs so low on the vital scale that only by scientific tests could their vitality be determined? Does any one know that poly and post, starfish and statesman are brothers in different stages of development? Certainly not. This entire department of thought was suggested by, and must continue to rest on facts, the vast chasm between which can be bridged only with probabilities; probabilities, however, so logical, so consecutive, so far-reaching, so dovetailed that they have invaded the church, modified theology, converted doubters, conquered enemies, captured the university and revolutionized the thought of the age; nevertheless, only probabilities, only assumptions, to-day only a matter of belief.

Then consider the science of zoology, with the radical changes it has wrought in the popular judgment, as to the method of creation and the origin and antiquity of the human race. In the sense in which the materialist or the agnostic insists that we shall use the term, does any one know that this solid globe was once but a cloud of gaseous vapor, and subsequently a ball of fire; that the mountains and hills on its surface were

formed by the shrinkage occasioned by the cooling process, as ridges and valleys are formed on the surface of a baked apple; that the British Isles were once a part of the European mainland; that this Western Pacific Slope was once the bottom of an ocean and that it was thrown up by subterranean forces? Has any man such a knowledge of these things as would justify him in testifying under oath in regard to them? Certainly not. The most that the best informed geologist could say, or would dare say, is that certain facts lead to certain conclusions; well founded conclusions, we admit, but still they are solely a matter of reasoning which is but another way of saying that they are chiefly a matter of belief.

But once more. At a given time in the month, and in the evening, we turn our telescope towards the moon, and to all appearance look directly into the open crater of a vast number of extinct volcanoes. It is a wonderful sight. But were they ever actual volcanoes. Who can inform us? In regard to it who can do more than believe?

Once more using the word "know," or "knowledge" as the materialist or the agnostic uses it, is there a physician on earth who would dare say he knows that medicine ever cured a disease? How can he know it? How can he know that the same results would not have followed had no medicine been taken? That it is highly improbable is granted. But it is not of the probable or the improbable that we are now speaking. In connection with spiritual matters the materialist objects to a consideration of the probable. He says we have a right to demand positive knowledge, and therefore the obvious pertinency of the question justifies its repetition. Who knows that medicine ever cured or relieved anybody, and especially as no remedy so called, is uniform in its action. Here is another vast department of science, and also of daily practical life, in which we are guided and governed solely by classified probabilities; or interference in, or other words by faith.

Such cases could be multiplied indefinitely, and they prove that the popular assumptions that in connection with science everything is clear and comprehensible is utterly unfounded—that there, as everywhere else, with mountain peaks of truth as beacons on our way, we cross the intervening spaces in faith alone.

But consider for a moment some of the anomalies, and apparent contradiction of science. For example, there is such nicety and exactness in the movements of the heavenly bodies, that years in advance an eclipse can be calculated to a quarter of a minute. Is it not a fact too sublime, too appalling for our contemplation, that spinning through space with a velocity almost incredible, and passing on into regions so vast that years are required to complete their orbits, their return to a given point may be predicted to a minute? But what of comets, that dash through the very same space in seeming defiance of order and law? Does any one know whence they come, whither they go, how they move, or of what order they constitute a part? Certainly not.

It is a law of nature that frost expands, and heat contracts objects—excepting iron, in which case the law is completely reversed. Do you know why? Can you explain the anomaly? I suppose not.

But look at the most exact of all the sciences. The Rev. Dr. Hill, president of Harvard University, and who since the death of Professor Pierce, has probably been the ablest mathematician, says that in the last analysis, pure mathematics rests on faith; and as an illustration of his thought, he instances a curved line, one of the lowest, simplest objects of mathematical contemplation, as Dr. Hill states, and yet the mysteries connected with it, he not only declares to be utterly impenetrable, but so contradictory that in dealing with it, the geometer, in solving a single problem, and for reasons which he does not at all comprehend, is obliged to treat it now as straight, and now as crooked, and then as both at once, and he does it in faith alone. Think of this fact. Dr. Hill, one of the acutest of living metaphysicians, advances this as positive proof, not only that in science as well as religion, we walk by faith, but also to show that faith evinces a higher mental power than knowledge. By faith we trust where we cannot see. In science and religion alike.

Finally, under this head, we have coined an axiom which shows that in regard to abstract matters, the popular judgment is not always enlightened and well based. We say that water runs down hill, that always and everywhere it seeks its level, whereas, the mouth of the Mississippi is several miles higher, than its sources, in the lakes of Wisconsin, and over every inch of its way to the gulf, it runs on an up-grade. Do you know why? Then pray inform us.

If theology were thus studded with anomalies and contradictions, would not Mr. Bradlaugh and Colonel Ingersoll make merry at our expense? That there are ten thousand facts and forces of many of the aspects and relations of which we have a vast amount of accurate knowledge is admitted. And yet, all that it is possible for us to know of the most trivial object, a grain of sand, a blade of grass, a flake of snow, a tiny insect, is as nothing in comparison with the impenetrable, awe-inspiring mystery in which it is enshrouded. "The phenomena of matter and force," says Professor Tyndall, "lie within our intellectual range, and as far as they reach we will at all hazards push our inquiries.

But behind, and around, and above all, the real mystery of this universe lies unsolved.

Now as the most scientific deductions are only matters of belief, and as all our scientific investigations are prosecuted in faith alone, is it unworthy of us to form some idea concerning, or to deduce from what we know, something in regard to the mystery that envelops us and all things? Is it not the function of pure reason—to guide us from the known to the unknown? Are not the boundaries of the known continually pressed back, because it is the highest function of knowledge to inspire faith? Had Newton been satisfied with knowing that the apple fell he would have demonstrated that he was made of only common clay; but the fact that his knowledge became the basis, or mainspring, of all-mastering faith, or persuasion, in regard to the then unknown law of gravitation, that brought the apple to the ground, when it was loosened from the stem, stamped him as a peerless philosopher and clearly demonstrated the idea of President Hill, already named; that of our rational nature faith is a higher power than knowledge. It is simply the peering of our rational powers into the unknown, in search of the causes of the known.

For example: The end of a shaft on which there is a huge pulley, comes through this wall, and by the connection of a band, it drives this room full of machinery. I do not know what drives that shaft. I have never been around on the other side of that wall. But would it be unworthy of me as a rational being, would it prove me to be superstitious and credulous, and weak and fanciful, if I should infer, believe, declare, insist, that that shaft was driven by power that was generated, directed and controlled by intelligence? On the contrary, would not such a conclusion and avowal be in exact accord with the most legitimate function of my rational nature? Or, on a graded bridge and well-worn highway, I travel toward the summit of a long and high mountain range, on the other side of which I have never been and of what is there, from personal observation, I know absolutely nothing. But if I should hold as entirely rational, logical, unavoidable the idea that that graded and well-worn highway—aid connected with and open into something real and vital on the other side, should I evince discreditable intellectual powers and tendencies or merit criticism for my faith in the (to me) unknown? On the contrary, from the topography, the minerals, quarries, soil, timber, climate, streams, altitude, etc., etc. of the side of the mountain with which I am acquainted, would not the ability to deduce somewhat accurately, what must be the main features of the side of which I positively know nothing, clearly evince a much higher order of mind than the power simply to grasp the facts which fall under my observation? Thus again demonstrating Dr. Hill's idea, that faith, or persuasion, is a higher achievement of the mind than knowledge.

Now he who supposes that the intelligent religionist is less anxious than the scientist, to know the facts or less willing to abide by them, or that he has, or desires any other, than the strictly scientific method of dealing with them, accounting for them, or drawing inferences from them, is entirely mistaken. And yet, this is one of the mischievous and far-reaching misapprehensions of our day. It is popularly supposed that the religious teacher is fond of mysticism and fog, and that when he is sharply pursued, like the ink fish, he emits a cloud in which he hides and thus escapes. By the ill-informed, or thousands, who have caught the anti-religious infection of our time, pity and contempt are alternately lavished upon the Christian minister. Pity that a fairly decent man in other respects, can be so verdant as to become a teacher of religion, and assuming that he knows better, contempt—that he is willing to procure a livelihood by false pretenses. But speaking of the liberal clergy, and I have no right to speak of others, I affirm unqualifiedly that intellectually and morally, in respect to powers and resources—natural and acquired, they are quite the equals of their scientific brethren. Indeed many of them rank among the first scholars and philosophers of the world. Newton, Channing, Agassiz, Walker, Dewey, Martineau, Hedge, Holmes, Peabody, and others too numerous to mention, are almost peers to the realm of thought. And without a moment's hesitation I affirm that they, and their coadjutors were and are, quite as anxious as the scientists, to know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and that when they have found it they are quite as good judges of it. And they are implicit believers in the existence of spirit; because the evidence, exactly like that on which whole departments of science rest, is simply unanswerable.

For example, they begin precisely as the scientist begins. Finding a fact they attempt to trace out its connections, to account for it in the most rational manner. And first of all, they accept an axiom of the scientist himself, viz: This material universe had a beginning. This is universally admitted. There was a time when it was not; and consequently, as time had no beginning, innumerable aeons rolled away before a creative thrill or force was felt in all this boundless sea of space. Therefore there must have been—obviously there must have been—a given instant when the first creative force or throbb was felt. What was it? What produced it? A fair, but a thoroughly home question, and question which of all men, a scientist ought

not to evade. Did utter emptiness, utter vacuity, absolute nothingness, produce something, begin a universe? If so, then a fundamental axiom of science, viz, an effect cannot be superior to its cause, is completely overthrown. But something is superior to nothing, and therefore if something was produced when and where nothing previously existed, then nothing evidently produced something. Do you believe it? Upon this subject I have read a little, but I have never seen even an attempted reply to this argument.

But this is only the beginning of the chain. We therefore add that the difference between a vitalized and a non-vitalized particle of matter, kernel of wheat and a gravel stone of the same size, is almost infinite. How can you conceive it as possible that in a universe in which, from centre to circumference, there was at one time not even a hint or semblance of the vital principle, but only dead matter, such matter finally vitalized itself, charged itself with a power above itself. As the vital principle is confessedly superior to matter, did matter generate something superior to itself; and again, was the self-evident, the scientific axiom disproved, that an effect cannot transcend its cause?

But further still, can you conceive of a proposition more repugnant to all logical thought, or more at variance with the scientific method of inquiry, than the following: In a world in which, as science herself declares, there was once not a living thing, not even a vital force, but only dead matter throughout, and upon which to this day no outside mind or spirit has ever operated, as, according to materialism, there is no extrinsic mind or spirit, matter alone, uninspired, un-directed, uncharged by any power above itself, ultimately generated sensation, thought and emotion. And now, when beauty, or music, or eloquence, or self-sacrifice so moves us for the moment as almost to take away our breath, when in language that stirs our blood and thrills our whole being a statesman pleads for the embodiment of truth and justice in legislation, when in her distant home a wife hears that her husband has been terribly wounded in battle, and flying to the scene of conflict, makes her way over fields war-plowed and red with blood, and by a single cot, and without sleep, or food, or thought of herself, waits and weeps, and prays, and agonizes till he, with whom she has trodden the way of life is again himself, when a fond mother holds little bloodless hands across a little breast that has ceased to dilate, and for months afterwards lays her sweetest flowers on a little mound in the cemetery, vividly dreaming at every hour in the day of a joyful reunion in the blessed hereafter, when a man surrenders his life rather than yield his moral convictions; in all this no spiritual nature is evinced; no immaterial principle is involved, but the whole is caused by the particles of the brain, working in this way instead of that. But pray! O pray! what makes the molecules of the brain work in one way instead of another? Is there not a predisposing cause?

As in the case supposed, the pulley on the end of the shaft playing in this room, all power, all power which we trace to its source, originates in intelligence. To this rule there is absolutely no exception. Consequently, if another axiom of science, namely, "the unknown should be interpreted by the known" is trustworthy, then all power must originate in intelligence; certainly a rational conclusion, and you see plainly what must follow.

Here then is the ground of our faith in the one great cause, and we call special attention to the fact that it is purely scientific ground.

First—Once this material universe was not. Now it is.

Second—Once every particle of matter in the universe was non-vital. Now, unnumbered billions of particles are surcharged with the vital force.

Third—Once in all the universe, there was not a sensation, a thought or an emotion. Now matter is alive, and it feels. Now the great world of man is thrilled with thoughts that breathe and words that burn. Now we have aspiration, ambition, emotion worthy of archangels.

Fourth—So far as we know, and without an exception, power originates in intelligence; and on every hand we discover the outcroppings of an infinite power. And to infer that all, which once was not, but now is, was uncaused, or that it caused itself, came of itself, and has no meaning above itself, appears to us, as irrational, as unscientific a deduction as ever bedeviled the minds of men. In the name of science, a much abused name, we protest against the illogical deduction. Our materialist brother may thus believe, as it seems to us not only without evidence, but directly in the teeth of evidence; but the intelligent believer in spirit is far less credulous—needs much broader and more solid ground as the basis of his faith.

1. Passing to the evidence that man has a spiritual nature, we say he acts as though he had—the strongest possible evidence. We never handled or saw a human mind. Absolutely the only proof that man is intelligent is that he acts intelligently. And yet by thousands of years the altar is older than the school; and to-day millions on millions worship who have made no provision whatever for cultivating or exercising their intellectual powers.

2. There is not a clan or tribe so low, so benighted, that it has no conception of right

and wrong. Was this conception so material that it stamps man as a demigod generated by matter, brought forth from grains of sand that were once as dead as shot. Pray tell us in so many words if you think it is only the mechanical action of the molecules of the mother's brain that causes her cheek to blanch her tears to flow, and her very heart to break, when her son, the idol of her life, sinks in the whirlpool of temptation.

3. When a man does a mean and unworthy deed, though no human eye is on him, what makes him thoroughly ashamed of himself? What is it that excites in him intense mortification and loathing as he looks in the glass? I appeal to the common sense of the world. Is a purely material nature susceptible of such emotion? How can it be? Why should it be?

4. Whence and why the insatiable longing for personal improvement—the inspiring, significant, divine cry for a better, and a best in the character and the personal experience? Why the intense onward stretch, the universal all impelling dissatisfaction with present conditions and attainments that converts infancy into archangelhood and earth into heaven? Do stocks and stones, nay, do the cunningest animals feel it?

5. There is a man on his knees; not a novice who would be easily deceived in regard to his innermost and uppermost thought and feeling. It is Dr. Martineau, the Unitarian, or Cardinal Newman, the Catholic—universally acknowledged to be one of the ablest men living—on his knees. His eyes are closed. His lips move. From his innermost soul he breathes a prayer. Will our materialist friend explain the fact? It will not do to say that it means nothing, as it would not do to say that a boulder weighing twenty tons, on a vast tract of vegetable mold in which not even a gravel stone could be found, meant nothing. Each of these facts means something—means a great deal. The geologist explains the presence of that single boulder, in a section where for miles around there is not another stone, large or small. He feels bound to explain it. In like manner, and consistently with his theory, will the materialist explain the fact that there, on his knees, is one of the greatest men of the world, nay, multitudes are on their knees, and we have a right to demand an explanation of the fact.

You send to Hong Kong a letter, pure matter, nothing but ink and paper, so far as the package is concerned; but on reading it the person to whom it is sent faints and falls or is thrilled with ecstasy like that of the seventh heaven. Was it the substance that did it? Was it only matter that felt the shock? The fact is scientifically inconsistent with that theory.

What of mind-reading, that was creating great excitement among the materialists of England when I left that country? What of clairvoyance, in connection with which there has been a vast amount of nonsense and imposture; but which, at the bottom, is an undeniable fact that is far more widely, though unconsciously, recognized in our daily life than we are wont to suppose. It is a matter of history that Swedenborg once sprang to his feet and declared that his house was on fire, though he was sixty miles from it. And at that moment his house was in flames.

In two or three of his most popular works, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes fully recognizes the clairvoyant faculty, and well he might, as he was once the chairman of a committee appointed by the Medical Faculty of Harvard University to investigate a case that had attracted great attention in the neighborhood of Boston. And after a most thorough examination he reported that, beyond a question, it was what it purported to be. But is clairvoyance even possible to a nature wholly material?

What of the fact that whenever in the institutions of society, man's moral and spiritual nature has been fully recognized and provided for, there he has attained his highest and best—there has been reached the grandest civilization the world has seen, and wherever man's moral and spiritual nature has been denied, or even ignored, there decay and desolation have settled upon the community. Name an exception to this rule—one single exception. But, as that cannot be done, let us consider the irresistible force of this argument.

What of a character like Christ's, colossal, monumental, heaven-revealing, world-redempting, if there is a God, and man is his immortal child; but utterly fanatical and unmeaning, if the world was self-created and man is only matter. Now it is admitted that a theory that works out bad results, that is untrue to life, is itself bad. And this theory does work out bad results everywhere and always, and its real character is thus disclosed.

What of the numerous cases that in all lands are continually occurring, and that doubtless many of us have witnessed—cases in which those sick unto death have for hours, possibly for days, been totally unconscious, every bodily sense gone, when suddenly opening their sightless eyes and raising their trembling hands they salute dear friends long since gone, even whispering their names, and do not breathe again.

What of these, and kindred facts too numerous to be even mentioned here and now? Over very important ground I am taking you too rapidly for critical examination. Each of these propositions, and of many others like them, should be made the text of a sermon if we would show the impracticability of our position. I am holding up to



For the Religio-Philosophical Journal  
FIGHTING FOR THE SABBATH.

The Clergy Alarmed at the Demands  
Made by those who would secularize  
the Day.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

It is to be regretted that in the popular discussion, the most important Sunday question has been, and is, mixed up with that of temperance. The churches have few live issues, and have made the most of temperance. The German element in this country patronize their beer gardens on Sunday. All the continental nations have brought customs and manners quite opposed to the old Puritanic conception of the Sabbath. That conception has passed away forever. There is no use of mourning over it, for it is gone. The broader and more cosmopolitan views which have taken their place, brought by the French, Italian and German, have redeemed this country from its narrow and provincial notions. The Sunday question, whether the day shall be kept exclusively for religious exercises, and stringent laws compel strict observance, or whether it shall be left like all other days, to be observed, as each one desires and thinks proper, should be discussed upon its own merit. Temperance, however, is forced along side, and it is made to appear that, to advocate freedom in Sunday observances, is to join hands with the upholders of intemperance. To the German mind it is not so much that beer and wine may be drunk in the beer garden, as that the garden may be opened Sunday, and social life enjoyed therein; not freedom to sell liquor, but freedom of the day, as it is in Europe, where those who desire to attend church do so, and those who do not, are not compelled to remain in idle seclusion for fear of incurring the displeasure of those who do.

The saloonists are the great enemies of those who would secularize Sunday. They bring the cause into disrepute, and like barnacles are difficult to cast off. In nearly all the cities where the headstrong evil of intemperance has been bound by restrictive laws, which especially hold the sale of alcoholic beverages in check on Sunday, the saloonists have united, and too often maintained a successful resistance thereto.

We believe most earnestly that there should be at least one day of rest in the week, where as nearly as possible all absorbing cares and labors shall be laid aside, and social life in the family and the cultivation of the higher faculties be attended to. The laborer in towns and cities, after an exhausting six days of work, is easily allured to the saloon. It is luxuriously furnished; he meets with warm friends, and the bodily and mental powers which, relaxed from the strain, are depressed and dependent, by the stimulus of drink, are toned up and exhilarated. Yet the place for such laborers is with their families, at home, or away on some excursion, where they can all enjoy society and fresh views of nature. The sum expended at the saloon would soon procure luxuries for the home, which wife and children could equally enjoy. No, the saloon which invites six days in the week, must not rob the man and his family of the day of rest, and the law compelling it to close its doors on that day is just and right.

But many of the clergy do not take this common-sense view of the subject. They fight everything which looks toward secularizing the day. The old Puritan ideas linger, and they want to make the day so sacred that it may hold nothing of joy or happiness. They fight against open libraries, museums and Sunday excursions, as they do opening the saloons. They want everything closed so that the only place any one can go will be the church, and the only recreation one can have will be listening to an orthodox sermon.

The clergy of New York City on October 30th united in a general broadside of sermons on desecrating the Sabbath. The saloonists have united in a "Personal Liberty League," and seek to control the offices in their favor. Of course the clergy were aroused by this, and recommend also political action; yet in reading the reports of many sermons given on that day from most orthodox pulpits, one is astonished at the liberal ideas advanced and the progress made in the last twenty-five years toward broad and practical views. There is little stress placed on the holy character of the day, Rev. Charles Eaton at the Church of the Divine Paternity said: "For a long time there has been a growing laxity in the observance of the Sabbath. The Puritan idea of the day has been giving way to a larger freedom, which united the duties of cheerful worship and enjoyable rest. The defenders of the unbending Jewish Sunday have been forced to retire. In this work the liberal church has been solidly united. It has sought to make Sunday a day of education, and a day of spiritual refreshment."

Dr. McChesney of the St. Paul's M. E. Church said: "There is a need for bodily rest; there is a need for mental rest; and above all, a need for spiritual exaltation and advancement. This is the highest of all needs. Are not these needs permanent, and should not the one day of the week set apart to meet these needs be a permanent institution?" "The Sabbath day is made for all men. Man is the end, not the means. Man is to keep the Sabbath so that the Sabbath will keep him. We are to keep it so as to get the greatest possible benefit from it morally, physically and mentally. There is a need in man's nature for a Sabbath."

The preacher spoke of the impossibility of expecting the strict observance of the old Jewish Sabbath. Those stringent rules were made for a peculiar people. We do not need as the Jews in olden times did, a long list of things which we may not do on the Sabbath day.

He said: "God has made us for Himself. We are to live like Him, to love Him and become like Him. The great end of our being is to glorify Him. Our highest need is to prepare ourselves for the heavenly world. So observe the day as to make it a day of rest; so observe it to make it a day of beautiful home life and social friendliness; but, above all, so observe it to make it a day that shall be rich in spiritual uses."

"Social enjoyments," "reunions" of families, reading, study and music—all these once considered damning, are recommended by a shining light in the Methodist church! This is liberalism in full measure, and shows how the great truths of Spiritualism have entered in and leavened the churches.

Rev. Thompson of the West 25th street church, took no such generous views, for he considered the demand for opening the saloons, came from a class of imported citizens who say that they have a right to employ the Sabbath as they please. He advised a resort to the ballot.

of expediency and from that of political or social economy, that the Sabbath is really a necessary institution. If it is to be commended to the workmen, however, it must not be made a day of gloom. Whatever tends to advance man's true well being is worthy of the Lord's day. Its atmosphere should never be darkened by Pharisaic severities. Children should be trained to love it, not to dread its appearance. Especially should there be no suspicion of class partialities in legislation on this subject. Clergymen had been too often accused of preaching two gospels, one for the rich and another for the poor. If Jesus of Nazareth walked among us to-day amid the altered conditions of the nineteenth century, He would likewise rebuke the spirit of Christian Pharisaism. Man is not all spirit. He has a body that needs rest and recreation, with senses and sensibilities that need nourishment and inspiration other than those of a purely spiritual sort. But neither is man wholly material. The body is a shrine of an immortal soul, for the nurture and education of which times and places are consecrated. Show men that the Gospel is not a bondage, but a law of liberty; that the Lord of the Sabbath is not a hard taskmaster, and some who now shrink from that day may be brought to welcome it as one of gladness.

The reader will observe that the day is to be held for social, moral, educational and physiological reasons—not because God commanded that it should be.

Dr. Rossiter, of the North Presbyterian church was more emphatic, and declared that it was the American Sabbath which was attacked by the present movement for opening the saloons on Sunday, and he asked his hearers if they were prepared to take down all civil enactments from around the day, and leave that weekly rest open to the urgent, pressing ties of business, pleasure, selfishness and sin.

"Or shall we," he continued, "as intelligent citizens, stand in the defence of the American Sunday, and meet our antagonists fairly on the platform and at the polls?"

The Rev. H. Smyth, of the Collegiate church, was rampant in his lurid rhetoric about the coming "reign of terror," the old bug-a-boo of the French Revolution, and closed his red-hot sermon, in which he ranked liberalists, bomb throwers and rum-sellers all together as follows: "If the Sabbath goes down, religion goes down, and if religion goes down, ignorance, vice crime and all immoralities go up, and the Republic is doomed. Anarchy follows and the reign of terror becomes universal."

At a special meeting at Chickering Hall, the Rev. W. C. Steele, in his address exhibited the befogged state of the orthodox mind on the question of saloons and liberal thought, and like the preceding example mixed and confused them: "While the people sleep, the devil is sowing tares. Party is a good thing, but good government is better. We must unite for good government, and vote for no man who favors violating the American Sabbath. We must stand up and declare that these good right arms will never cast a vote for any man who will desecrate God's day! If the beer mallet has more power than the church it is time for the church to wake up. It is now a death grapple with the saloon. Whenever we sweep away the Personal Liberty League and dig its grave we shall pray every day for the victory of moral principles. The saloon must go!"

Let us be just and consistent. While we demand a free Sunday, with full privilege of doing as we desire within the sphere of personal rights, we by no means advocate a wrong. If it is a wrong to sell liquor on Sunday, it is equally wrong on the other six days of the week. It certainly is expedient to close the saloons on Sunday and curtail the sale of intoxicating drinks at all times. The true man will not be intemperate or yield to temptations, and he should be a guide and educator of those less fortunate.

Mean time, let not this jugglery of confounding temperance and the observance of the Sunday, become the means of enacting laws which may become, as precedents, extremely deleterious to those who belong to the ranks of liberalism.

Let it be admitted for a moment that Sunday is a specially holy day, but a day made sacred by the good works accomplished thereon. Let every effort be put forth to keep the hand of the law from surrounding it with any enactments which strengthen the hold thereof of theology. It is man-made, for man, by man, and subject to whatever changes he may demand. Hold fast to its complete secularization.

If the churches make war on saloons, they are engaged in a good cause; but if they forbid them from selling liquor on Sunday by law, they should be held strictly to this temperance issue, not because the day is too good to have liquor sold thereon, but because the traffic is not good enough for any day.

#### The Old School Doctors' Conspiracy.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The New York Times recently stated editorially that one of New York's best Supreme Court Judges, Judge Barrett, had decided that the Knights of Labor had no legal right to conspire together to prevent a man, who does not choose to submit to their orders, from getting employment and making a living, and that they can be prosecuted for conspiracy for doing so; that such action is a conspiracy, to prevent a person from working at any trade, labor or calling, within the meaning of the law.

The Times then quotes the text of the decision, which refers to section 168 and 170 of the penal code, and which calls the case a criminal conspiracy. I think that this idea of the case will commend itself to every fair-minded and thinking person.

But in this view, what shall we say of the old school, allopathic medical societies which in New York and very many other States, band themselves together to suppress by legislation the competition of others who do not pronounce their shibboleth to their satisfaction? In spirit and intent wherein is the difference in these cases? These doctors associate themselves, put up large sums for expenses of lobby, and beset the legislatures year after year. When they succeed in advancing one step, the next session they ask stronger prohibitive legislation, until as in Illinois they secure a statute making it a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment, for any person even to sit silently in the presence of an invalid with the suggestion that the invalid will be benefited by the silent sitting. Read the statute! It prohibits to "treat, operate on, or prescribe for any physical ailment of another," except in the "domestic administration of family medicines," whatever these may be. You see it is the money they are after! The object and purpose of seeking this legislation on the part of these doctors is notorious—it is to prevent competition and to drive out of the healing business those who have or are supposed to have a natural or acquired gift in that direction and are making a living by it. It may be and is, publicly, pretended by

these doctors that it is for the public good they seek these laws. But their private meetings and expressions show to the contrary, and that were it not to suppress competition no money would be forthcoming.

I have prepared two short printed papers, one showing what these doctors complain of in their meetings and journals; the other what they seek for, taken from same authorities.

I would I had the address of each legislator for the coming session at Albany, he should have a copy. After Judge Barrett's decision one would think a reputable physician would scorn to allow his society to be represented before the legislature as seeking this sort of "protection" to their calling, even if he had not objected to it before.

BRONSON MURRAY.

238 W. 52nd St., New York.

#### NEW YORK DOCTORS IN ALBANY.

The following comments on the nature and works of these New York doctors may be useful for reference hereafter. First comes the question:

CAN THE PEOPLE BE TRUSTED WITH THE SELECTION OF THEIR MEDICAL ATTENDANTS?

Wendell Phillips seems to think they can. Somewhere he has said: "We have founded a Republic on the unlimited suffrage of the millions. We have actually worked out the problem that man, as God has created him, may be trusted with self-government." And again: "Two thirds of the inventions that double the world's sunshine.... did not come from colleges nor from minds trained in the schools of science.... A chronic distrust of the people pervades the book-educated class of the North."

On the other hand the old-school doctors (self-styled "Regulars") insist that the people are stupid, and that themselves alone are capable of selecting and deciding who shall be allowed to prescribe for the people. They seek legislation in every State to that end. They claim the people cannot be trusted to select a doctor even; and their Medical Societies in New York every year appropriate large sums to get their "Medical Bills" passed, professing to protect the people, but in truth to line their own pockets.

But while it is the case that medical societies of the Old School go as a unit for medical compulsion,

IT IS NOT SO PLAIN AS IT MIGHT BE, EVEN, THAT ALL MEDICAL MEN FAVOR IT.

The New York Medical Journal of Feb. 16th, 1884, says: "It is not so plain as it might be that the meeting of the State Medical Society was really anything like unanimous in favor of legislation in the matter." (The State Examining Board) and it is notorious that there was presented to the Legislature in 1882, from the city of New York alone, the remonstrance of twenty-five doctors of medicine against all interference with the choice of invalids in the selection of their medical attendants, a remonstrance in which two thousand citizens joined.

At the same time Dr. John Swinburne, the very first surgeon of Albany, and later its Mayor, and now one of its Members of Congress, appeared before two Committees of the Legislature, and argued against all such "Medical Legislation," holding that the common law needed little if any modification.

In spite of their pretensions it is a well established fact on both sides of the Atlantic that

THE FIRST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES HAVE BLUNDERED.

Public opinion says they blundered in poor Gardfield's case, as well as numerous others; and the St. James (London) Gazette says: "Dr. Niemeyer, the distinguished German physician.... condemned absolutely the system of treatment followed by the French physicians in his (Gambetta's) case. The death of Mirabeau, Gambetta's great prototype, was attributed in a similar way to the incompetence of his physician, Catanis." It is well said that the "doctor who is not honest enough to confess it when he is puzzled is a well-known member of his profession in all countries."

WHAT THESE OLD SCHOOL DOCTORS COMPLAIN OF AMONG THEMSELVES.

That some patients out of whom fees might be squeezed get the benefit of charity hospitals.

That the laws of New York do not "disfranchise" (as they say is proposed in England) recipients of medical services at the public expense.

That the gratuitous treatment of all who apply at public hospitals lessens physicians' incomes, and is "a grievance to be brought before the medical profession."

That "inspectors" are not appointed to ascertain whether applicants receiving such aid are "able to pay consulting physicians or surgeons' fees, or (if the cases are not urgent) those of local practitioners."

That "druggists usurp a physician's practice by dispensing valuable remedies without a physician's prescription."

That "courts hold a physician responsible for damage to patient when incorrect diagnosis is given, and a public knowledge of his report injures the business of the patient."

That the newspapers report cases of acquittal. This, they say, ought to be called "Newspaper medicine."

That some physicians "give certificates to be used in bringing to notice any drug, wine or proprietary article intended to be used as a medicine," thereby "contributing to trade interests and injuring the medical interests."

That "the medical degree is not a passport to refined society," as they think it should be, and "social standing and influence" is not greater than it is.

That "medical men as a class are poor from overcrowding the profession, and that even the best have indifferent incomes."

That women doctors are permitted to have the benefit of hospital practice.

That army post surgeons compete for private medical practice with local practitioners.

That "quacks" prosper and sell their (patented) medicines.

That "the quacks are a stumbling-block in the way of legitimate practitioners."

That there is "a rage in the community for advertising quacks."

That it is difficult to suppress traveling "quacks."

That the people are apathetic to the efforts of the regular fraternity to suppress quackery.

That "public opinion won't justify more stringent laws."

That it is too easy to become a doctor.

That the present medical standard is not to the interest of Yale and Harvard graduates, who are put on a level with other college graduates.

That the lectures delivered to training-school nurses are "over the heads" of the nurses, and there is danger of their forgetting that they are assistants and not advisers of physicians.

That Dr. Phoebe Williamson was appointed on the medical staff of a Williamsburgh Hospital, the other members (males) protesting against it.

That they are compelled to "tolerate" wives, "since they are with us."

That the Legislature was disposed to charter a college for education of midwives, which it was the duty of the profession to have defeated. (Therefore the New York County Medical Society appointed a Committee to go to Albany to head it off.)

That its incorporation with the right to grant a diploma would be injurious to the interest of the medical profession of the State.

That midwives are likely to give "much more trouble" here than in Europe.

That "in Germany, besides confinement cases, midwives habitually took gynecological cases and children's diseases and many other things which belonged to the domain of the physician." (Nevertheless the complainant had to admit that one hundred years ago midwives alone were permitted to attend in child-birth. Men were not permitted.)

That a Grand Jury in New York City having thrown out a complaint against a "quack," refused to reconsider its action (whereupon a certain "Censor" of the New York County Medical Society published a severe censure upon that Grand Jury and its foreman, together with the Censor's instruction as to what was a jurymen's duty.)

That "the differences of the three schools of medicine prevented securing advantageous laws."

These complaints of the Old School doctors are not made in public. They are found in the record of their proceedings in the New York Medical Journal, mostly. In public, the medical societies pose solely as disinterested public benefactors, seeking laws for the public health; among themselves no such disguise.

WHAT THESE OLD SCHOOL DOCTORS THINK OF THE LEGISLATURE THAT REFUSES TO PASS THEIR "BENEFICIAL" BILLS.

Hear the New York Medical Journal: "The people of the State of New York have for years persistently and stupidly refused to protect their own interests, their health and their lives by any regulation of medical practice worthy of the name."

Legislators who do not vote their bills are "stupid," in the New York Medical Journal's view.

WHAT THE NEW YORK DOCTORS DEMAND.

They demand all they can get of the following propositions, which they first formulated in 1882, viz: Not only that no one but themselves shall attach to his or her name "Doctor" (meaning Doctor of Medicine) or Dr. or M. D., but that no one else shall engage, recommend, prescribe, employ, use or direct for the use of any person, any drug, medicine, appliance, apparatus or other agency, whether material or immaterial, for the treatment, cure, relief or palliation of any real or supposed ailment or disease of the mind or body, or for the treatment, cure or relief of any wound, fracture or other bodily injury or any bodily deformity; and, further, that, beside imprisonment, fines of from fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars shall be imposed on whoever does any of these things, and that half the fines collected shall go to the doctors complaining.

They demand, too, "in order," as the American Medical Association puts it, "to secure uniformity in methods and results," the establishment by law of a State Board to examine all candidates for the doctoring of the people; but it turns out the three "schools" can't agree on the composition of the Board. The Old School doctors want the control; that does not suit the other two "schools."

The medical colleges, too, don't agree to it, because their diplomas now are sufficient by law, and they get pay for them. That pay goes into the private pockets of certain doctors. It is, as Dr. Rossiter, of New York, on April 25th, 1882, stated to a reporter, "to-day not one of the leading medical colleges of the State is anything more than a first-class educational establishment owned and practically controlled in all its details of financial management... by a body usually of seven men." It is the same in 1887, and these "seven-men bodies" don't mean to have competition from new colleges; therefore, not long since they got a law passed, practically securing to themselves the monopoly of medical future instruction. It does not take much capital for seven doctors to get up and run a medical college. At their own starting probably not one of the existing colleges had ten thousand dollars of capital above debts, but the law they got passed, and which is now in force in New York, prohibited any fresh establishment of a medical college unless fifty thousand dollars were first paid in as capital, and permission for it granted by the University of the State of New York.

As to these "Regular" M. D.s, they do not propose either fine or imprisonment for any of their blunders.

THE BLUNDERS WHICH DOCTORS HAVE MADE.

The Brooklyn Union states that "a druggist talked" as follows:

"It is not only in deadly poison that the errors are made, but other drugs as well. Here's a prescription calling for a two-ounce mixture that contains an ounce of quinine sulphate, and gives a tablespoonful as a dose, or about twenty grains of quinine. I dispensed one dram, or about six grains. In the whole mixture. Here is another prescription calling for forty grains of phosphorus, to be divided into twenty pills, making two grains for a dose. I put in two grains making the dose one-tenth grain. The maximum dose is about one-fourth grain. Here is another calling for morphine sulphate, one-half ounce, with no further directions. I questioned the man who bought it, and he told me it was for his child; so I gave him magnesia sulphate, or Epsom salts. A well-known physician gave a prescription that was brought to me to fill. It called for aconite root, one-half ounce, with directions a teaspoonful. I told the messenger who brought it that it would be finished in three-quarters of an hour. That gave me time to send for the physician, who was in a rage because of the delay in filling the prescription. His anger increased when I tried to explain to him, and he said he knew what he was about, and would not have outside interference. After he cooled off it turned out just as I expected. He intended that the teaspoonful of medicine was to be put in a tumbler of water and a teaspoonful of that taken every hour. But the directions merely stated a teaspoonful, which of course meant the quantity of medicine. The maximum dose of aconite root is about ten drops, and that is the reason I called the doctor. He didn't think me a bit, however, but said he would send no more prescriptions to me. Another physician prescribed for a child of a few months a dose of one grain extract of belladonna, and repeat every two hours. The maximum dose for an adult is two grains. I corrected the prescription so that there was one grain in the whole mixture. There are many errors made by physicians in confounding hydrargyrum bichloride, or corrosive sublimate, with the inoffensive hydrargyrum chloride, or calomel. I have

more than once corrected prescriptions where strychnia sulphate was prescribed instead of quinine sulphate, and there is one physician whose prescriptions I never pass without revising them, as it is not unusual for me to find two or three errors in one of his prescriptions. For these things we (I believe nearly all druggists have had the same experience) get no credit; but let one of us make a single mistake, then all hands are condemned. I think the physicians who write the prescriptions need looking after a good deal more than the druggists who put them up."

The New York Medical Journal, without denial, quotes from Mr. John B. McMaster's "History of the people of the United States," concerning medical affairs at the close of the last century: "Homoeopathy with its tasteless mixtures and diminutive doses was unknown, and it is not too much to say that more medicine was taken any year by the well than is now taken in the same space of time by the sick." "Each spring the blood must be purified, the bowels must be purged, the kidneys must be excited, the bile must be moved, and large doses of senna and manna, and leathome concoctions of rhubarb and molasses were taken daily. In a thousand ways the practice of medicine had changed since that day, and changed for the better. Water was denied to the patient tormented with fever, and in its stead he was given small quantities of clam-juice. Mercurial compounds were taken till the lips turned blue and the gums fell away from the teeth. The daniel who fainted was bled profusely. Cupping and leeching were freely prescribed," etc. (See New York Medical Journal, April 21st, 1883.)

Now it is well-known how these old school doctors opposed all change from those practices, when insisted upon, and finally carried by the intelligent layman led by the demands of the Homoeopaths.

Blunders innumerable, similar in their nature, continue still to be made with drugs, as is known by every experienced man and woman; and did space allow I might demonstrate that equally numerous are the mistakes made with the knife and its use professionally.

THE ORGAN OF THE NEW YORK DOCTORS DON'T APPROVE OF THE MEDICAL LAWS OF FRANCE, GERMANY OR RUSSIA.

The Pall Mall Gazette (London) states that "In France and Germany there is a regular tariff (fixed by law) for the visits of medical practitioners.... affording a guaranty against excessive charges for the poor.... In Russia, Germany, except in cases of severe illness, a doctor never repeats a visit. He must be requested to do so. If medical fees are too high with us (England) they are too low in Germany and France—two marks and two francs a visit."

What a contrast with the practice here in America, where the doctors want a monopoly, and exact any restriction of their charges.

The law in Russia is similar to France's and Germany's. It requires, too, that a doctor must respond to the call of the poor and rich. He is not allowed to shirk when the pay is doubtful.

A writer in London Truth referred to the evident justice of the above provisions, in view of the monopoly granted the doctors by those Governments. Here is what the New York Medical Journal says of that writer and those provisions: "Probably Jack Cade would have entirely coincided with this (Truth's) writer. It would be interesting to know the circumstances that have given rise to the English writer's approbation of the barbarous state of things to which he alludes."

This New York advocate of compulsory doctors' laws thinks compulsory attendance is "barbarous." Most people would say, from the dogmatic utterances of the various old-school medical men and journals, that their doctors should be infallible in both surgery and medicine. It is clear enough they are not.

Afraid to leave the people make their own laws, they themselves surreptitiously attempt to control them.

I have now presented a very, very limited abstract of the mass of evidence I have collected of monstrous delinquencies and barefaced selfishness of the medical fraternity of New York. Their impudence in applying, by paid attorneys and by committees of their own societies, in constant attendance upon the Legislature at Albany, ostensibly in the interest of what their organ is pleased to designate as a "stupid people," while in reality their motive, as constantly expressed in their society meetings, is their own private pecuniary profit—their impudence, I say, in this respect, is something without parallel in the history of philanthropy.

BRONSON MURRAY.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal  
The Science of Death.

BY CHARLES DAWHARN.

NUMBER TWO.

Counting our first number as a necessary preface, let us now commence our investigation by first examining death from the physical standpoint; and here we enter the field that the scientist claims as his own. Did you, my reader, ever think that what you call physical death is just a little change in the position of a few atoms of matter towards other surrounding atoms? Take, for instance, solid metal, apply sufficient heat, and it is "dead," although each atom has simply gained new energy. But your eye follows the change, for you say, "Yes, the solid has gone, but here we have the same matter as a liquid." Continue to pour into that liquid the magnetic force you call heat, and presently it dies too; but only into a still greater energy, as the atoms demand a wider sweep, for it has now become a vapor. The liquid has in its turn passed away. You see it no more, but the vapor which stands as its spirit is all around you, and still subject to your control; but with more force and further expansion your vapor becomes gas; and now you acknowledge those atoms have a range beyond which your mortal senses may not look. But I can hardly conceive any educated mind so limited as to conceive that the range of his perceptive powers is the measure of power for the universe.

I would ask my reader to carefully mark the point made in this illustration. At every change that came to that matter, the atom absorbed more force; for you were giving out energy from your furnace heat, which gave to the atom a wider sweep. When the atom passed outside the range of your instrument it means that it has become too full of force for you to control, so that which we call solid, represents no force, save in the attraction of atoms for each other.

Four into the solid a little energy, and it bursts into beauty as crystal, yet more, and as vegetable life it is working into companionship for the animal; and through the







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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 3, 1887.

## Medical Conspirators.

That individuals have a right to organize for the purpose of bettering their condition in so far as they can do so without trespassing upon the inalienable rights of others, is well established. That individuals have a right to unite in a conspiracy against others, and for the purpose of enriching themselves and unduly increasing their power in the community, is not so well established but is likely to be practically exemplified in this boasted land of liberty through the apathy of that all-powerful ruler known as the Citizen. There are millions of him and when he really gets aroused he straightens things out about right. But he is indifferent to public interests so long as his own private gains are not injuriously affected; he utilizes his ballot sometimes, but is usually induced to do so rather through a desire to accommodate some aspiring political friend than from any thought of his duty to his country. His patriotism is strong and enduring, but seldom active; he keeps it hung up in a moth-proof closet along with his Sunday clothes and dons it occasionally as he does his best coat or his religion, but not so often. Yet when he does get fired up, he rushes to that closet with his eye full of fire and his heart beating fast, and forthwith he appears ready for the fray; then he always wins the day. He has been wearing his patriotic suit in Chicago for something like a year and a half and it has grown brighter and more becoming as the months have flown by. He has made a fool of himself sometimes in his overzealous efforts to defend and protect the State; but he will learn wisdom, and if only he will keep up the patriotic spirit until it becomes a persistent, working, ever present incentive, a normal state, there is hope for the Republican experiment; and the sacrifice of a few lives may prove an ultimate blessing.

Sovereign Citizen has been so intent on gathering in wealth for himself that he has overlooked the conspiracy so long in existence among the medical fraternity. He has allowed these wily fellows to hoodwink legislatures, secure the enactment of oppressive laws looking to the destruction of competitors and the restriction by statute of the practice of healing; and, has shut his eyes to this until now he is finding, thousands of him in different States of the Union, that his own freedom is in jeopardy, his own jugular in danger of being tapped, and he begins slowly to awaken to a realizing sense of the situation.

In order to expedite the awakening and arouse to a keen sense of the impending peril, the JOURNAL sounds an alarm on the second page of this issue, or rather, allows Mr. Bronson Murray to do it. That the rights of people are being trampled on with impunity by a clique of scheming men whose end is not the good of the public but only their own selfish ends and who if not whipped into humility and honesty will be long deprive their fellows of what the constitution of the country guarantees to every inhabitant, must be plain to every thoughtful, right-minded person who studies the history of medical legislation for the past twenty years. It is high time the Citizen awakes to his danger. It is high time he made his power felt by the truckling politicians who play the role of statesmen, and do the bidding of venal pill-vendors, owners of doctor factories and managers of human flesh. If the Citizen does not do his whole duty, and drive these conspirators from power, wipe from off the statute

books the unjust enactments and stand squarely for equal rights to all, if he does not do this in his collective capacity and in every State that floats the stars and stripes and professes allegiance to the constitution of the United States, he deserves to be a slave and feed the insatiable maw of these doctors.

To regulate the practice of the healing art is right and proper and it should be done. But it is one thing to regulate a business in the interests of the public and quite another to legislate in the sole interests of a class who pose as noble benefactors that they may the more easily kill the public and rob the corpse.

There are thousands of honorable physicians who despise the efforts of their incompetent and unduly ambitious fellows who seek by legal measures to obtain undue advantage of the public. Liberty to pursue their calling is theirs, they do not ask for license to tyrannize, nor do they wish the profession to have such power.

## Freedom of Speech but not Anarchy.

The anarchists met their fate,—four hanging, two in prison for life, and one died by his own act.

Those who, not believing in capital punishment, wished them all put in prison and not hanged, believed that the safety of society demanded their sure restraint as deeply as did those who wished them all hung. They were dangerous criminals—all save one made desperate by foreign tyranny, and so blind as not to see that in this free land the ballot and free speech are better than muskets and dynamite.

The press comments on their career and execution have been some times wise and in the best spirit, sometimes of a sort that would seem to rival anarchy itself in unwise and hate.

By the wisdom of our course, as a people, and in governmental ways, we must disarm anarchy by keeping nearer to justice.

While bloody conspirators must feel the resistless power of law,—a power needed for the safety of the people—the rights of poor and rich, of employer and employed, must be well understood and impartially cared for.

Daniel O'Connell, the Irish Liberator, had great influence over his impulsive countrymen, then worse oppressed even than now. His word to them always was: "No political reform is worth shedding a drop of blood for." His peaceful counsels prevailed. Ireland relied on a powerful moral agitation, and gained greatly by it. Only such agitation is legitimate and right in our country. Here is the emphatic section of the conspiracy act passed by the last session of the Illinois legislature:

"If any person shall, by speaking to any public or private assembly of people, or in any public place, . . . advice, encourage, abet, or incite . . . resistance to . . . the lawful power of the legal authorities of this state, or any of the towns, cities, or counties of this state, . . . or shall advise, abet, encourage, or incite the disturbance of the public peace, and by such disturbance attempt at . . . resistance to such authorities shall thereafter issue, and human life is taken, or any person is injured, or property is destroyed by any person, or by any of the means employed to carry into effect the purpose so advised, encouraged, aided, abetted, or incited, . . . every person so aiding, advising, encouraging, abetting, or inciting the same, shall be deemed as having conspired with the person or persons who actually commit the crime, and shall be deemed a principal in the perpetration of the same, and shall be punished accordingly."

This says, in effect, freedom of speech and criticism, and then the ballot and other peaceful and lawful remedies. No just right crushed, as in Russia, but all bloody wrong, foolish and needless as well as wicked, held in strong restraint, and its counselors and perpetrators held guilty.

The broadest discussion of existing or alleged wrongs, with a view to liberty and justice under law, and gained by the peaceful means which our government holds open for all; but no liberty for words that call for the red flag and the death-dealing confusion for which it stands. Anarchy is treason to freedom and humanity.

## A Startling Prediction.

Two hundred years ago in China, says the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, there was just such a craze about natural gas as we have in this country to-day. Gas wells were sunk with as much vim and vigor as the Celestials were capable of, but owing to a gas explosion that killed several millions of people, and tore up and destroyed a large district of country, leaving a large inland sea, known on the maps as Lake Foo Chang, the boring of any more gas wells was then and there prohibited by law. It seems, according to Chinese history, that many large and high pressure gas wells were struck, and in some districts wells were sunk quite near to each other. Gas was lighted as soon as struck, as is done in this country. It is stated that one well with its unusual pressure, by induction or back-draught pulled down into earth the burning gas of a smaller well, resulting in a dreadful explosion of a large district, destroying the inhabitants thereof. Lake Foo Chang rests on this district. The same catastrophe is imminent in this country unless the laws restrict further development in boring so many wells. The Gazette concludes that should a similar explosion occur there will be such an upheaval as will dwarf the most terrible earthquakes ever known. The country along the gas belt from Toledo through Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky will be ripped up to the depth of one thousand two hundred to one thousand five hundred feet, and slipped over like a pancake, leaving a chasm through which Lake Erie will come howling down, filling the Mississippi valleys, and blotting them out forever.

## The Boycott as a Factor in Religion.

Telegraphic dispatches from the East convey the startling announcement that the American Board of Foreign Missions is threatened by a boycott at the hands of the Congregationalist churches, and its members are even now quivering with the excitement of the crisis. It is almost certain that some of the churches in the denomination will exercise the right, which they unquestionably have, of refusing to contribute to the fund controlled by the board. Nobody knows how far the movement will go. The reason for this state of things, unique in church history, lies in the famous Andover controversy. As is well known, the dogmas which led to that contest have been agitating the Congregational body, and particularly the Board of Foreign Missions, for two or three years. The theological point at issue is whether the scriptures justify belief in probation after death for those people who never had an opportunity in their natural lifetime to hear the gospel and the Christian scheme of salvation. The executive officers of the Board of Foreign Missions adopted a rather autocratic course in the matter, and declined to send out as missionaries representing the general body any men, whether clergymen or laymen, who believe in the probation after-death theory. In this way several competent and enthusiastic proselyters were prevented from going to foreign fields, and a great outcry arose from all quarters of the denomination against the decision of the board. The matter came up at two general meetings of the denomination, one at Des Moines, Iowa, a year ago, and the other recently at Springfield, Mass. Those in the general body who had been trying to avert discord had staved off a decision on the matter until the meeting at Springfield. There it was necessary to come to a definite understanding, and by a fair working majority, the action of the missionary board was sustained.

The delegates to the general meeting went home and thought it over. The more the minority thought the more they saw that they could not conscientiously support the board of foreign missions with their contributions. They saw that if they continued to contribute they gave a tacit acknowledgment of the correctness of its policy, an acknowledgment that would be more strong by reason of the dollars that would pour in from their hands to the board than if they simply acknowledged it verbally. Accordingly, the preachers and the leaders of the church here and there consulted with each other by correspondence as to what they shall do, and one or two of the more famous of them quietly advocated a withdrawal of contributions from the missionary board, although they advocated at the same time the raising of funds for missionary purposes, and placing them in the hands of other agencies for distribution. It was pointed out that this policy was all the more necessary as a rebuke to the illiberal spirit displayed by the executive officers of the board for the reason the board's friends would be all the more strenuous in their exertions to raise a considerable fund for the coming year's work. In one or two churches in New England, when contributions were taken up for missionary purposes, blanks were left upon which the contributor could designate to what body he wished his money to go for distribution. It is now expected that the friends of the board—or, in other words, the majority of the denomination—will make a move of their own for a new organization of the Missionary Board. As the board is now constituted it is almost a close corporation. What is desired is to have a truly representative body—one that shall not assume to dictate a creed to any member of the denomination, whether a missionary or a layman, and one that shall represent not only the strict Calvinistic sect, but the probationist as well.

The reorganization, when it is attempted, will be based solely upon the idea of personal liberty, and the one argument used for the change will be that the board must be made representative and not a close corporation. Meantime, there are those among the liberals who believe conscientiously in boycotting the board, and they may make things very interesting before the winter is over.

## Another "Angel in Heaven."

Every August for some years past the campers at Lake Pleasant have been made happier by a wee bundle of sunshine and happiness in the form of a little girl. She came to the camp an infant and each succeeding year she grew more interesting and dear to all. Thousands of hearts beat more cheerily for her presence; she was of fully as much importance as any other inhabitant of Lyman Street, though the president of the camp, several directors, and an editor or two were her neighbors. Adella Tice Quackenbush was her name, and Mr. William R. Tice was her grandfather.

Though it is a cold winter's morning and the sound of wheels creaking over the snow comes in at the window, we can see a cosy tent embowered with pine and oak, the front thrown hospitably open, great red rocking chairs strewn around, and in one of them the stalwart six-foot-in-his stockings grandfather with Adella in his lap and her mother and friends close by. A sweet picture it is one painted with indelible colors on the memory of many a camper and casual visitor.

Adella is now in her sixth year and more lovely and lovable than ever; but we shall never again see her gliding among the trees, nor hear her prattle as she plays about the

camp. She has gone to her spirit home, to that Summer Land where the cold blasts of winter and the bitter winds of adversity are unknown. On the 20th ult., her beautiful spirit left the mortal form and was borne by sweet angels to the waiting arms of loving friends on the other side of the mysterious river.

On the evening of the 23rd ult., the last sad rites were pronounced over the lifeless clay that once was so full of life and light. The services were held at the home of Mr. Tice in Brooklyn. The mourning friends know the dear one still lives and that in due time she will welcome them one by one to her celestial home in the great beyond.

## Our Holiday Number—40,000 Copies or More.

The JOURNAL's holiday number for last year was the best ever published; it went in to thousands of homes where Spiritualist literature was rarely or never before seen, carrying a new revelation to some and inspiring others with a desire to know more of what is claimed by Spiritualists. This year it is our desire to make a holiday JOURNAL far surpassing, if possible, that of last year. The prospect is now most encouraging for an entertaining, instructive and every way excellent number, one that every subscriber will take pride in circulating among friends. We ask the cordial assistance of our readers in making it a model sheet, for that matter we desire their co-operation in making every issue of special value. Those having marked experiences in spirit communion, or of striking manifestations, or of the beneficent results of a knowledge of Spiritualism, are cordially invited to contribute to the holiday JOURNAL. There should not be over 700 words in any contribution and a less number is preferred, to the end that as great a variety and large a number as possible may be represented. And don't forget that the manuscript must all be in the editor's hands next week. Sit down at once and prepare your offering while the matter is fresh in your mind!

We hope to publish an edition of not less than 40,000 copies, and shall not be astonished if a larger supply is required. Friends who wish extra copies should send in their orders at once, remitting at the rate of five cents a copy. We will mail copies direct on receipt of list of names and addresses, without extra charge. Will not the friends of the JOURNAL, every one of them, make an extra exertion to place a copy in the hands of their acquaintances? Try it once and see how good it will make you feel and how much pleasure you can afford your friends at a trifling expense. Should some prefer to make a present to friends of a year's subscription, we shall not object, in fact we shall be rather pleased than otherwise. Try it!

## GENERAL ITEMS.

Mr. John Slater gives a séance at Hyde Park on Wednesday, (Nov. 30th) at Flood's Hall, near the Illinois Central Depot.

Lyman C. Howe, who is so acceptably filling an eight months' engagement in Kansas City, Mo., lectured Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week at Topeka, Kansas.

Now is the time to solicit your friends to subscribe to the JOURNAL. Try it as earnestly and faithfully as your editor serves you and you will double his subscription list in a month.

The 1st District Association of Spiritualists, of Michigan, will hold its first quarterly meeting of the sixth annual, at the Fireman's Hall, in Oxford village, December 3d and 4th. G. B. Stebbins, of Detroit, and others will be present as speakers.

J. Clegg Wright closed his engagement with the Union Society of Cincinnati last Sunday, but will lecture in that city through December, reaching his home at Newfield, N. J., the first of the new year! He speaks during January at Providence, R. I., and in February goes to Philadelphia.

Friday evening, Dec. 2nd, Mr. John Slater holds a séance at Avenue Hall, 159, 22nd St., for the benefit of the Young Peoples' Progressive Society. Those interested in this society should come forward and aid it as much as possible. Tickets can be secured of any of the members. Admission 25 cents.

Mrs. R. C. Simpson is at 394 Washington Boulevard near Elizabeth street. Her health has greatly improved since our first announcement and she is giving a limited number of sittings. From those who have sought to test spirit influence through her mediumship during this visit, we learn that the mental tests are unusually marked and satisfactory.

Mr. A. E. Tidale who has within two years made an excellent reputation as a lecturer in New England, has been engaged for the Sundays of December, January and first half of February at Canton, Illinois, by a public spirited lady, Mrs. McCall-Black. Societies in the west desiring his services for the last half of February, March and April can address him at Canton, Illinois.

Last Sunday, at Lesters Academy Mr. Slater was very much amused by seeing two negro babes on a card in mid air before him. In an instant he pointed to a lady sitting on the front seat, stating to her that she had lately laughed heartily at seeing such a card. She admitted that she had, and greatly wondered at the marvelous powers of Mr. Slater. All his tests were recognized, drawing forth repeated cheers from those present. His audiences are increasing in size.

D. P. Kayner, M. D., can now be consulted at his residence in St. Charles, Ill., having returned from Northern Wisconsin where he has accomplished a great work in restoring some patients classed as incurable, to whom he was called some weeks since. He will also make arrangements to meet patients in Chicago or to give them special attention in any part of the country.

Mrs. Ada Foye has decided to remove her family to Chicago in order to be with her husband who is in business here. She will arrive within a few days, and hopes by keeping within doors during the winter to endure the change of climate. She will probably be able to give private sittings in her home, and if so due notice will be given through the JOURNAL.

Every subscriber who is truly a Spiritualist, who loves justice as every Spiritualist should and who is owing for the JOURNAL, will pay up and renew before the end of the year. There are few if any delinquents on the JOURNAL's list who can not pay up and renew if they will make one-half the effort to do so that the publisher does every week to give them a good paper and keep himself out of debt.

The Independent repudiates probation after death. Mr. Brown is less humane than was Robert Burns. The Scotch peasant poet sang his hope that the good Lord would have mercy even on "auld Nickie Ben," but the New York editor gives poor sinners no hope hereafter. The Bible tells how the sins of ignorance are winked at and condoned, but none of that stuff is fit for The Independent. Its word is—shall we put it plain?—"Give them hell!"

A religious paper in anticipation of Thanksgiving day, sent out a large number of inquiries to prominent religiousists asking them to write a postal-card what they were most thankful for. The responses were numerous, and it is something like a fairy tale to read them. A large portion of them referred to the hanging of the snarebirds, and singled out "the vindication of the law" in their case as one of the special causes of gratitude to God.

Dr. H. H. Jackson of Cincinnati spent last week in Chicago. His many friends piled him with turkey and other thanksgiving things until he was forced to return home to prevent being killed with kindness. Robust and stalwart as he is, he declares there is a limit to his endurance, and that only let him catch some Chicagoese in his town and he will charter the Gibson House, if necessary, rather than not get even. The Doctor has the thanks of the JOURNAL for many courtesies in years past.

In China, there are among the different Protestant denominations seventy-nine persons who devote themselves chiefly to medical work. Twenty-seven are women. There has been issued by the Medical Missionary Association the first number of a medical journal, whose columns contain valuable papers from native and foreign physicians of high standing. The articles by the Chinese doctors—themselves Christians—in the Chinese language will have a wide influence throughout China in removing the prejudice against foreign physicians.

A. L. Coverdale, president of the Young Peoples' Progressive Spiritualist Society, writes: "Tuesday evening, Dec. 6th, at 8 o'clock the Y. P. P. S. will introduce Mr. J. Slater, at McCune's New Music Hall in Englewood. All the Spiritualists in that vicinity are asked to secure the attendance of skeptical friends and to aid in bringing as large an audience as possible. This society is working for Spiritualism and the extension of its truths, and help must be furnished for its maintenance. We request each interested individual to come forward and assist us. An organization may be the outcome of this, if you only give us aid."

One paragraph in the will of the late Sylvanus Cobb, the novelist and journalist, ran: "And I do set it down as my express desire that no member of my family or relatives or friend shall for me put on, at any time, any outward badge of mourning. Let no blackness of crape or funeral weeds cast its gloom upon my memory. I would that my beloved ones should seek the brightness and fragrance of faith and trust in God rather than the gloom that belongs to doubt and unrest. I go to find more light. Add ye not to the darkness who remain behind. God bless you all."

Previous to the adjournment of the North Alabama Conference of the Southern Methodist Church in Tuscaloosa, Nov. 22nd, a resolution was adopted requesting Dr. D. C. Kelley of Nashville, one of the most eminent Methodist divines in America and Missionary Treasurer of the General Conference, to resign his official position on account of his utterances in reference to the Emma Abbott episode at Nashville. The resolution will create a great sensation throughout the entire Southern Methodist Church. Dr. Kelley defended Miss Abbott's rising in church to defend herself against harsh terms used on theatre going.

The pastor and official brethren of the DeWitt Memorial chapel, Rivington street, New York city, applied to a police justice the other day for advice. The chapel is a mission in a poor neighborhood. They print and distribute hand-bills setting forth that all are welcome to their meetings, and at the meeting themselves they invite all present to "relate their experience." For two months past, Miss Rebecca Fiehn, aged 45, has taken the floor at every meeting the moment this invitation has been given and has talked straight ahead until after the hour for bringing the exer-



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(Continued from First Page.)

fore you only a few of the strands of which we twist our cable and a cable that has held the heart of the world. Moses may have made many mistakes, and Mr. Ingersoll may deal with them in a very amusing and effective manner, but does he ever attempt to explain away these and similar facts that are transpiring before our eyes? Ah! friends, does it not clothe with new beauty field and flower, valley and plain, towering mountain and twinkling stars to see on them the imprint of the Creator's hand, and in them a divine, and infinite meaning? Is not beauty richer, music sweeter, order more suggestive and truth more inspiring when they are held to be emanations of an infinite mind? But if man is a child of chance, and in a world of chance is playing but a chance game, and all is soon to end in total extinction, then is life utterly devoid of all high meaning; and ambition, aspiration, self-sacrifice, pains-taking discipline, and all upward bearing, rest are but solemn mockery, shimmering moonbeams on mountains of ice. But, if God be God, and man is his child; if life is educational, if personal improvement is eternal personal capital, and death but the portal to an ever-heightening beyond, then the scene changes, and God's good angels beckon us onward over every inch of the way. And if our word this morning helps any soul to see and feel that in cherishing this faith it plants its feet on the rock of ages, our object will be accomplished.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
THE REASON WHY.

As Given by Judge E. S. Holbrook.

It is now Oct. 29th, Sunday, and as I am in the spirit on the Lord's day, as was John the revelator (though likely of quite a different order), I take up as usual the latest issue of your ever valuable, spiritual paper, sometimes a revelator, too, for the sustenance and refreshment of the innermost spiritual man. Herein I read with pleasure, and I hope with profit, too, the reports of some remarkable experiences of our co-psychological student Dr. Wolfe, of Cincinnati, before this, far-famed along this same line as the happy recipient of strange visitors; and I exclaim, "God-speed him in his work so full of promise." I see also the letter of our gifted preacher and expounder of the latest oracles of God, Mrs. Watson, from the sunset land of gold, and notice especially her treatment of the question if Spiritualists should or will go into the Christian churches. And now my mind runs back to that and kindred questions lately discussed by some of your able correspondents.

I will, by your leave, make some comments; but first I want to say a word about my humble self, made proper, if not necessary, by what has transpired. Some one of the learned ones threw out the suggestion as to me, though indeed quite differentially, as to the experiences that I seemed to myself to have, and enjoy, too, in materializations—those that I reported to the world through your paper last winter—that I likely was psychologized at the time, and therefore I was in some way mistaken, and that I did not, in fact, experience what I thought I did; and so my testimony as to an objective reality was not good. I refer to Mr. Chaney, but it is likely that others have said the same thing, or thought it, at least. I find no fault. From my knowledge of the world, I could but conjecture in advance that people would so write, a few, or talk, many more, or so think a great many more; but I thought as well, that it was not wise to be abashed by any or all of them, and so keep my knowledge to myself. Therefore, to him and to all others I will take occasion to say what follows here, for whatever good it may do, or whatever bearing it may have on the past, or the future, also, for I did not tell all my story, and I may have more to give out when the proper time comes.

AS A MESMERIZER.

When mesmerism broke out in New England, I stumbled upon it because of my environment. I was going to school, and knew one of the sensitive approximate to me in family, age and acquaintance. Upon experiment it was discovered that I had the peculiar power to mesmerize. Whatever it was then no one knew; only most people, the ministers especially, knew it was of the devil. I will skip over and along now as an old story, and say, and so forth. I was wonder-struck, but had no fear, and so I made use of the opportunity to know what I could. I therefore rode on the front wave of new things. Soon we called our new unknown magnetism, and then

PSYCHOLOGY.

The nub of this is that I was, and I have been all along, and am now, a dispenser of psychological influences, and not a receiver, or subject. Indeed, since Spiritualism came, as before, so far as I know, I have continued untouched by any such influences, whether mortal or spiritual. I mean at the séance-table while others can feel influences, (and jerk, and jump and shout, y' poor me has to sit still because no power moves me. I call this stolidity, and do not let any man, just out of regard to my misfortune, away out in the circumference of the country (Chicago being the center, you know) speak of my supersensitiveness, and, therefore, my inability as a witness. Perhaps it would be healthy, in a logical sense, for me to remind Mr. Chaney and others that they ought to consider in this connection that

THERE WERE PRESENT

twenty to forty persons at each séance, and the séances continued week after week; and many repeated their attendance for the purpose of simply visiting with their spiritual friends. To say then, that they are all psychologized, and all the time, so that they cannot be believed on the matters of objective facts, this would be carrying the question to absurdity.

Again, another correspondent writes that he attended Mrs. Reynolds' séances, and he pronounced that there was only one voice from her cabinet (and that, of course, was her own). That, certainly is an antagonistic remark to all who differentiate. Now, again, I will say for myself, to justify my statement that "Mr. Gruff said," or that "Effe said," or "somebody else said," and so on throughout an evening, and through many evenings all along, that if, in anything I could

PROVE TO BE AN ADPT

It would be in the discrimination of voices; naturally so, and the study of elocution has helped it some; and the study of vocal music, the practice and teaching it, has helped much more. And I believe that now, if any of these voices should come to me from the air, I should recognize each one well. To such a reporter (as to summing, etc.) I will say nothing to reflect upon his want of discrimination; for it may be that the séances he attended were not like those that I attended. The differentiation of these various and

varied circles and manifestations is just one of the things that are yet in mystery, and stand before the public for explanation. Successful materialization is a great mystery; failures by the same mediums are great mysteries too. Here is a great work to be done; who will perform it and bring

ORDER OUT OF CHAOS,

truth out of clouded perplexities? Now, then, these spirit manifestations in the presence of Dr. Wolfe (and I will include the hundreds of those others equal to them, and the thousands of those others that are nearly equal), they are good indeed, but, oh! how unavailing. Here I am to interpose my confession and my lament and my disappointment. When I first examined and proved these new and strange phenomena, and found they were sufficient

TO PROVE SPIRIT EXISTENCE

by the usual methods of logic and science, and further found by these, that the leading dogmas of the prevailing Christian churches, so repugnant already to all good reasoning, were actually disproved—and instead there was that which common sense and benevolence could contemplate with pleasure—I rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Now, I said, the Gordian knot is untied, or cut; this great question as to the future of man is answered; this question of such great interest that has brought so much contention and war to the generations past at least, and fills with fear and bitterness now. How quickly and gladly will the people leave those myths and husks and bones, and come to enjoy the truth as now revealed!

Here it is that I confess my disappointment. It is hard to understand it yet. As we go, a few of the many people, on Sunday to our little gathering, and know that we will hear direct from spirit land; and as to the true import of life and death and a glorious future to all (though last and least to those who postpone their struggle for the noblest things), we meet full throngs of those who seek the orthodox churches to hear the same old doctrines that seem so unworthy of a good God, and most hostile to man, all without proof, and pay no regard to the evidence that we offer. Oh why is this so, and why does it so remain? Last night I visited the

PANORAMA OF "JERUSALEM ON THE DAY OF THE CRUCIFIXION."

and I guess I saw a little more plainly the reason why, at least, one of the chief reasons why, than ever before. Quite evident it is because our phenomena are so insignificant beside the Christian as they allege and believe them to be. For what is there, taking the bulk of mankind as they are, what is there that stands for evidence in religious matters except prodigy? Yes, prodigy, one word for many. I mean all that seems wonderful, unnatural, miraculous. Such things are divine, and none other, and therefore anything the more prodigious it is, the more divine. In this panorama we are in the midst of prodigy; it is prodigy all around, here, there, and everywhere, now, or has been in the past. We are standing outside the walls to the north, and the next is Mt. Calvary, a rock vaulting straight up several hundred feet, with three sides at least perpendicular, itself and all its surroundings rough, jagged, desolate; the sky darkened with clouds. Some master of ceremonies describes with appropriate eloquence, so far as that can be. This picture represents the Crucifixion. That upon the middle cross represents Jesus, the Son of God, who died for the sins of the world, for the redemption of mankind, and so on. Now come the other things in order, just as we have heard them in camp meeting style, only so much the more vivid, as now we actually see. So the whole group is gone through with, too weary and too much to repeat here; and I was surprised to see so many right here on the ground at once, and everybody and everything prodigious, camels, men, mules, people and caravans, all prodigious, horror-stricken, and so dark nothing could be plainly seen. Now this is explained thus: The time was from the sixth hour, when there was darkness over the whole land, until the ninth hour, and then there was the loud cry as of the mighty God, the earth quaked and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened, and the dead arose, the veil of the temple was rent, and so on.

The resurrection of Jesus, though not painted here, for want of unity of time, is alluded to with its earthquake and other attendant prodigies.

The places around came in for proper notice; that is the temple, not an imposing structure indeed, but remarkable in this that the Holy God dwelt there, and from the Holy of Holies went forth

LIGHT TO ALL THE WORLD.

There is the palace of Herod, where he died in the most terrible agonies after he had put to death all the male children of Judea, in order to destroy the Savior. There is the dwelling of the High Priest where Peter denied his beloved Master. There is the Dead Sea, over the ground where Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by fire from Heaven for their wickedness. There is Jericho, whose walls fell at the sound of rams' horns, and so on; and finally there is the Mount of Olives, where Jesus wept; and there is Bethany, wherefrom before the assembled disciples, Jesus ascended into Heaven, his mission done, and sat down at the right of God, whence he will return to judge the quick and the dead on the great resurrection day.

And so to this prodigy, there is no end. See the Jewish history as compared to all others; its chief characteristic is prodigy, all the way through. The story of the creation, the story of the fall, the story of the flood and the ark, of the Israelites in Egypt and their departure thence, and the ruin of the Egyptians; the stories of miracles, even as to foxes, lions, serpents, fishes, battles, prophecies, temples, and deific, angelic and devilish presences, and sacrifices, all, everything, no matter what.

ALL SURPASSES EVERYTHING ELSE

in all the world. That about sacrifice is most peculiar. Tired of things in common with other nations, they rise and rise in degree as offerings for sin (and no wonder they did this), till they conceive of an indefinite atonement, and so sacrifice upon the cross their very God, amidst earthquake, and while the sun withdraws his light.

"Well might the sun in darkness hide,

And shut his glories in.

When God the mighty Savior died,

For man, the creature's sin."

Now, Mr. Editor, what have we to place against all this? Surely when all this is implicitly believed in, and the faith is made strong by the Word of the living God, another of its prodigies; and now I see I have left out the greatest prodigy of all, the most effective in a religious sense, the most fearful, and that is the dual doom of the wicked to an everlasting perdition; and the wicked include all those who do not believe.

No! No! Mr. Editor, it is pretty difficult to make rapid headway against such forces. What have we to present? Tiny raps, table

tipplings, and thence on to spirit materialization, all good to us who hold ourselves to the rock bottom of science; but how small in front of the great church that makes prodigy, old or new, its chiefest pillow, and does now, or has, manufactured prodigy at will, and will sustain it by power! Hence it is contrary to my earlier expectations that our progress must be comparatively slow. We shall meet perhaps the wants of some agnostics that seek to know. We shall meet and receive and satisfy those who, by natural laws, have outgrown the church and are casting about for knowledge and rest; and even as to most of these there is an indescribable something that holds them where they are; and now seemingly more than before. I tell them, I tell ministers of my experiences, tell them I have better evidences of resurrection than Thomas had, I even say to them that I have had more evidences of spirit existence, and the conditions of spirit life than all they have in the whole Bible, even if it be true; and yet they make no account of it, and will go and tell the meeting of Thomas with Jesus, as divine evidence, and say nothing of mine. Well, we cannot proselyte as others have done and do, by force, nor yet by presenting unwelcome truths. Nevertheless we will keep our light shining though we have to wait, knowing that, under the law of eternal progress, men will sometime come to a higher estate, and will abandon a theology that stands upon false prodigy, for science that stands upon proofs.

We come now to the question raised, as I understand, by the practices of some, till a discussion has arisen,—what about attending the Christian churches, and what is the future of Christianity and Spiritualism—will Christianity absorb Spiritualism, and should we submit to be absorbed? Or will Christianity come to Spiritualism and so pass out, and have no distinctive organization?

To answer the first by my own action, I will say that I go somewhere; to the Spiritualists meetings first, to the liberal Christians next; and then to the orthodox. I have sometimes been chided for it, but I think there is good in such practice. The good, or evil, of going consists in the spirit and method. Let not a Spiritualist neglect his own meetings. Then if he will go to a Christian church, let him go as a Spiritualist, with his armor on and fully charged with his own principles. Let people say "That one is a Spiritualist, and how well he behaves, and how nobly he acts. He aids every good work." Let him go, sure enough, to enjoy what is enjoyable; and it is there—good preaching, in the main; good music, and fine society; but let him go also as a preacher of good news, and await his opportunity—it will come. But never to deny his principles, nor hypocritically to affect those of the church that are untrue, for ease and quiet and popularity. It creates a kindly feeling, and they will say "He comes to us; we will go to him," and so there will be humanitarianism, at least, between them. According to my judgment I have seen too much of self-imposed isolation among Spiritualists. I would sooner impose my presence on those of other faiths, and recommend my cause as best I could, but that implies gentility and decorum.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

This principle will apply in the long years, at least, to the future of Christianity, and Spiritualism,—in spirit at least if not in name. I believe in universal democracy at the last, and so I believe in universal Spiritualism at the last. This is the democracy of religion,—the freedom and happiness of each soul. If we will have triumph we must do that which is needful to have triumph. It may be a fancy of mine, but it seems to me that now is a time of trial. "The love of many waxeth cold." Some want ease, some want slumber, some want popularity, and few want trial and martyrdom. We are halting somewhat in our onward march. There are many burdens among us that need not be—may we say some demons that will not be exorcised. Some say that there are demons in the spirit-world (demons at least to us and our cause) that bring trouble, a matter that might well be believed, but I don't say it should be believed. It better be held till at least otherwise proved that the demons, or errors, are of our own creations, or live by our permission; therefore ourselves may, and should, cast them out. Let us bravely maintain the truth already given to us, and add unto it. Let us

CULTIVATE MEDIUMSHIP,

make it more true and perfect, and hence a better source of evidence; not for prodigies as such, but actualities along the line of science, and let us be second to none—nay, be the first along the line of morality, and then our religion will be attested as fit to survive, and so will survive.

Chicago, Oct. 29, '87.

### Woman's Conference.

LYDIA R. CHASE, LEADER.  
2139 URBAN PLACE, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Moral Courage.

Canst thou bear defeat? O warrior  
Fighting on life's battle-field,  
When thou'rt conquered in a contest,  
Dost thou then know how to yield?  
Yield thy sword and fall thy colors,  
But maintain thy purpose true;  
That thou mayest in coming conflicts,  
Courage have to dare and do!

Fortune is a fickle goddess.  
Man must woo her when he may;  
First defeat and then a victory—  
Thus she doth with mortals play:  
When she smiles, be not elated;  
When she frowns, be not dismayed;  
Press with bolder courage forward,  
Final victory's but delayed.

Truth most triumph, so must effort—  
Effort for a worthy goal;  
And as fiercer grows the struggle,  
Still yet stronger grows the soul.  
Courage, then; endure, be patient,  
We'll let thy efforts count;  
Fix thy aim, and thus pursuing,  
Thou shalt know the conqueror's peace.  
—Stella Marile.

A Reminiscence of Rosa T. Amey.

It requires a higher, almost a greater, courage, to act as the color-bearer of a new and unpopular truth, and to meet dauntlessly the small army of exclusive and conservative relatives and friends, armed with the bows of contempt, and the arrows of sarcasm and ridicule, than to lead a charge like that at Balaklava.

The student who, to-day, investigates the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, finding himself, or herself, but one among millions of such searchers after truth, scattered over every land of the civilized globe, their literature published in every written language, can scarcely realize that but a little more

than thirty years ago only a handful of people had ever even heard of its modern advent, nor can guess what a sublime heroism was necessary at that time to enable one to lead the van of such a "forlorn hope."

In those early days of the "new dispensation," there came forth such a leader, from out one of Boston's oldest, proudest and most conservative families, its head a "City Father," her mother a devout member of the Old South Church—that synonym for orthodox exclusiveness.

Raised by her spirit guides from what her friends feared would prove a bed of death, she was led forth a modern Joan d'Arc to crown as king this grand new Revelation, and to proclaim it as her mission to the world. Gently and tenderly reared as she had been—her hands unused to toil, or her feet to the rougher walks of life, fitted by her grace and beauty, as well as her intelligence, to adorn the select circle in which she moved, she left the brilliant society, the luxurious home, the fond and loving mother, to go forth through the "highways and byways," and to preach the gospel of immortality.

One Sunday in the city of Bridgeport, Ct., being herself "off duty," she was invited to go with a Baptist friend to attend "her church" and listen to "her minister." The reverend gentleman had given notice the previous Sabbath that his sermon on this particular day would be a continuation of the former one, a kind of sequel to it, as it were; but observing a notable in his audience, he changed his plan, and took as his text the description of the "Dragon," the arch enemy of mankind, he of the hoofs and horns, who roams up and down the earth "seeking whom he may devour," and pointing with his index finger to the pew that held our Rosa, he said in a clear and distinct voice, and with solemn emphasis, "Behold! the very Dragon is in your midst!"

Our brave little medium (for she was a trance speaker quietly) took out her eye-glass, that ready weapon of the Boston girl, and adjusting it to her eye, she gazed with such imperturbable gravity at the zealous parson, that he grew exceedingly nervous and drew a very excited and exciting picture of the future of heretics and the temperature of the home of the Dragon.

When the youthful Prince of Wales visited this country in the year preceding our great civil war, and while he was being feted and entertained in Boston, Rosa T. was giving a series of lectures in the Universalist Church at Binghamton, N. Y., being a guest of the writer's family during her stay in that city, and while there received an invitation to the well remembered Prince of Wales ball.

On the following Sunday evening, before an audience of several hundred persons, she was controlled by the spirit of Daniel Webster to give one of the most powerful and prophetic discourses ever listened to. He asked the American people why, instead of showing to this young scion of a royal line, the conservatories, art galleries, ball rooms and banquet halls of our northern country, they did not take him to the arsenals and the forts, and impress upon him the strength of the North; that a terrible conflict was about to take place within our borders, in which England would surely array herself against us. "Already," said he, "I see the bayonets of contending armies glistening in the sunlight, and white tents pitched upon a thousand hills."

But the sweet mortal lips through which this remarkable prophecy was uttered, were silent before its complete fulfillment; for Rosa T. had passed from the scenes of earthly conflict into "that peace which passeth understanding."

From Vineland, N. J., comes the story of Mrs. Mary McMahon, a widow seventy years of age, who is building a house and barn for herself, being the architect, carpenter, plasterer and laborer, all in one. She owns the place upon which she is building, and lives upon a small monthly allowance received from her brother, and having reduced the cost of her subsistence to about eighteen cents per day, she uses the remainder of her little stipend in the purchase of second-hand building material, and the work has thus been going on for three years. When the weather is too cold to admit of outside work, she devotes her time to inside improvements, such as painting, patching up, plastering and papering.

Mrs. McMahon has the face of a young girl, her cheeks are rosy and her eyes a mild blue, and she has a crown of silver locks that add much to her beauty. She is a good painter, a fair carpenter, not much of an architect, but a first class paper-hanger, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

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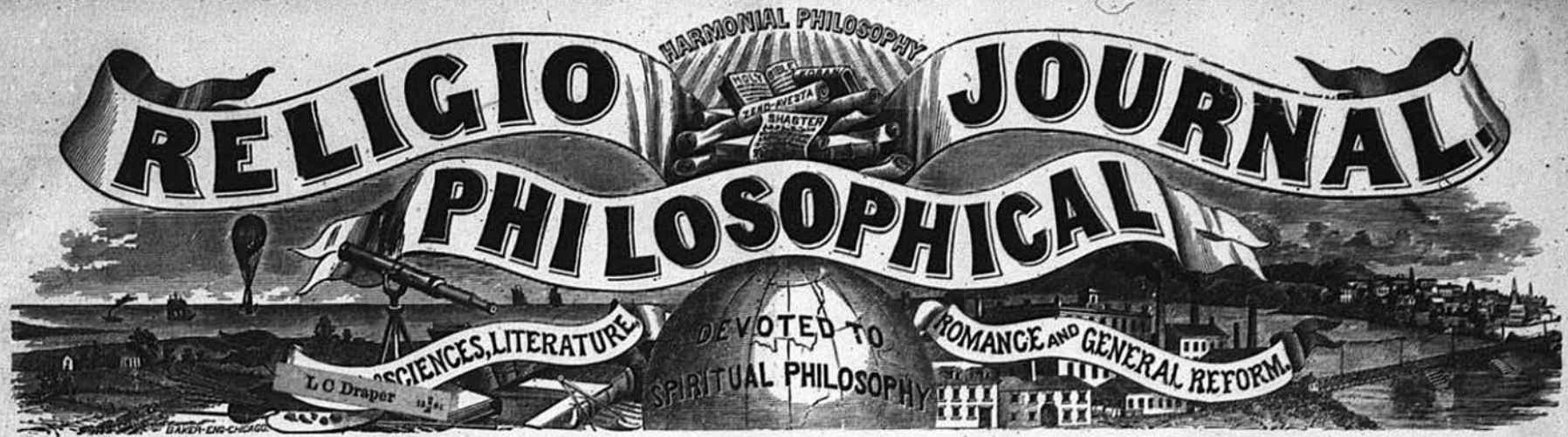
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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones, movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. PSEUDO-ZODIACAL MYSTICISM.

The Star Aleyone.—Dr. Kenely's "Enoch."  
The Zodiac of Denderah.

BY WM. SIMPSON COLEMAN.

I was glad to see, in the JOURNAL of Nov. 5th, the criticism of Mr. E. Whipple's crudities by Mr. J. G. Jackson. When I first read Mr. Whipple's remarks I felt inclined to send to the JOURNAL some critical reflections thereupon, but being quite busy at the time, I failed to do so. I am glad now that I did not then write anything in reply to Mr. Whipple, since the work has been done by Mr. Jackson more effectively than I should have done it. Mr. Jackson, being a specialist in astronomy, is excellently well fitted for the task of correcting the blunders of sciolists and smatterers in that science; and I have read, with great pleasure, the various articles from his pen that have appeared from time to time in the JOURNAL.

Some time since in the JOURNAL I announced my intention of publishing in its columns a critical examination of the so-called astro-theological or mytho-zodiacal theory of religions, as expounded by Mr. Dupuis and others. A large portion of this examination has been written, but its completion has been delayed owing to the difficulty of securing copies of certain works that are now out of print and very scarce, which works contain important data necessary to the refutation of the untruthful theories controverted. Some of these works I have at length succeeded in procuring, and I shall probably secure the remainder at no distant day, after which I shall finish the critique and send it to the JOURNAL for publication.

A number of years ago I published in the *Herald of Progress*, Newcastle, England, a denial of the statements in a lecture of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, appearing in that paper, that the star Aleyone is the central point of our galactic system, around which our solar system and the innumerable other suns and worlds composing our galaxy are revolving, and that a proof of this exists in the fact that Aleyone is absolutely stationary in space when viewed from the earth. The truth is, that Aleyone is no more an immovable star than the other so-called fixed stars, and it is not recognized by any competent authority as the central sun of our galactic system. In 1846 the German astronomer Johann Heinrich von Maedler, in his work on "The Central Sun," propounded the theory that possibly Aleyone was the central sun around which our solar system and the other stellar systems of space were revolving. His arguments in support of this theory were inconclusive, and have been disproved by Argelander and others. It met with little favor among astronomers, being nothing more than an insubstantial speculation; and it is not accepted by any astronomer of today. The principal fact upon which Herr Maedler founded his conclusion was this: Nearly all the other stars in the constellation Taurus, in which Aleyone is situated, appeared to be moving in one direction. The Pleiades is the most important group in Taurus, and Aleyone the brightest star in the Pleiades; hence Aleyone must be the central sun. Maedler supposed that the apparent community of motion in Taurus was *swiftness*, peculiar to that group of stellar bodies. But it is now known that numerous other collections of stars, in different parts of the heavens, exhibit the same phenomenon—movement through space in the same direction, exemplifying what Mr. R. A. Proctor has felicitously called star drift. This one fact negatives the truth of Maed-

ler's theory; in fact, it never had, from the first, a single positive truth upon which to rest.

As regards the asserted immobility of Aleyone, the only way I can account for such a statement being made is, that Aleyone and the polar star have been confounded. Apparently all the stars in the northern constellations are seen to move once in every twenty-four hours around the polar star—that star thus seeming to be immovably fixed as a central point in the heavens. Taurus makes this revolution similar to the other constellations, and Aleyone, or, as it is technically called, *Eta Tauri* (of the third magnitude,) is seen to move completely around the polar center once every twenty-four hours. How then can it be said that Aleyone is never seen to move? Again, Aleyone is known to have the same proper motion in space as the other stars in Taurus. It is an astronomical impossibility for any star in the heavens to seem to be absolutely motionless. Even were Aleyone the central sun of our universe, it would not have the appearance of absolute immobility. Though it were itself fixed in space, the motion of our solar system around it would necessarily give it apparent motion. To state, therefore, that it is motionless as a proof of it being our galactic centre, is beside the point and meaningless. Spectrum analysis—unknown, as at present utilized, in Maedler's time—tells us whether any star is approaching or receding from the earth, and its rate of approach or recession. No instance is known, either in that of Aleyone or any other star, where the spectroscopic has revealed a star as apparently stationary as regards our earth. In case two stars were traveling in the same plane at precisely the same rate of speed, without variation, then and only then, would each seem stationary when viewed from the other; and even then this would only be possible under certain peculiar circumstances as regards identity of orbital revolution, position in space, etc.; and this is impossible of application to Aleyone and our earth.

With reference to the statement of Mr. Whipple, that Dr. Kenely's edition of the genuine "Book of Enoch" contains a representation of the Denderah zodiac, which Kircher ascribed to Enoch, and which shows the vernal equinox in Capricornus, thereby indicating that the zodiac had been in use for 21,000 years a few facts thereabout, not referred to by Mr. Jackson, may be stated in ventilation of this series of misstatements. (1) Dr. Kenely was one of the most notorious "cranks" in England, championing all manner of wild vagaries and absurdities. The more extravagant the theory, the surer was he to enlist in its behalf. For years he was the laughing stock of the sensible inhabitants of Britain. One of his latest "fads" was his espousal of the cause of the impostor who laid claim to the Tichborne estate, Arthur Orton. (2) Dr. Kenely's work on "Enoch," in two volumes, was published in 1872. It contains a translation of a portion of the so-called apocryphal "Book of Enoch,"—that portion of it which Dr. Kenely accepts as the genuine production of the patriarch Enoch,—with a very lengthy introduction thereto by the Doctor, the latter comprising over two thirds of the entire work. These two volumes form a portion of a series of volumes by Dr. Kenely on the "Book of God." The "Book of God" is the Apocalypse or Revelation, usually ascribed to John the Apostle, and forming the last book in the Christian Bible. Dr. Kenely's theory is, that this book, the Apocalypse, is the genuine word of God, originally given to man from God by Adam, God's first messenger to the world. Enoch, he tells us, God's second messenger to man, and a part of the alleged "Book of Enoch" was, he claims, the genuine revelation of God to man through Enoch. It is well known, however, in contravention of these peculiar speculations of the erratic Doctor, that the Apocalypse was written in the first Christian century, and the earlier part of the "Book of Enoch" was written in the second century before Christ; and that Adam and Enoch were both myths, never having had objective existence in the flesh,—hence never wrote any thing at all. Dr. Kenely includes in his grand apocalyptic exposition ten other messengers of God, making twelve in all. They include the following: Fo-hi, the 3d; Brigoo, the 4th; Zoroaster, the 5th; Thoth, the 6th; Amos, the 7th; Las-Tsen, the 8th; Jesus, the 9th; Muhammad, the 10th; Chenziz-Khan, the 11th; and an unnamed 12th messenger, appearing in the 19th century. This latter was evidently Dr. Kenely himself, and his various books in exposition of the Apocalypse, etc., are understood to be the credentials of his alleged appointment as the divinely accredited messenger of the Most High. The extreme modesty of the Doctor, in classing himself with Jesus, Muhammad, Zoroaster, and the rest, is readily apparent.

The series of books published by the Doctor contain a nonsensical rehash of the mysticisms and mythologies of all ages and countries. The reader is reminded of Geoffrey Higgins's *Anaclypsis* while perusing them, but Higgins's work is a much superior production—absurd as it is—to Kenely's ravings. Kenely's works are strikingly akin in character to the piles of rubbish now being published, emanating from the schools of mysticism with which the world is cursed,—the theosophists, gnostics, occultists, kabbalists, rosicrucians, re-incarnationists, astrologers, Christian scientists, metaphysical healers, solar biologists, pyramidalists, and the whole brood of callow, shallow thinkers springing up in these latter days, misleading

the weakminded and the mystically inclined into strange and devious paths of intellectual fatuity and vacuity. Naturally the rubbish in Kenely's book, being much in the same line of thought as that indulged in by the mystics of the day, is more or less utilized by them,—one instance being the use made of his "Enoch" by Mr. Whipple.

(3) The book of Enoch edited by Kenely is not the genuine work of Enoch, as stated by Mr. Whipple; but is a spurious production to which the name of the mythical patriarch was attached. (4) It does not contain a representation of the Denderah zodiac; and (5) the zodiac which it does contain was not ascribed to Enoch by Kircher. The Denderah zodiac was a very different one from the one represented in Kenely's "Enoch." If Mr. Whipple will look at the frontispiece to the second volume of Gerald Massey's *Book of the Beginnings*, he will find pictures of the two zodiacs side by side; and he will thus be enabled to see what a blunder he has made in identifying the Kircher zodiac with that of Denderah. Kenely's "Enoch" makes no reference to the Denderah zodiac, and the Denderah zodiac does not show the vernal equinox in Capricornus. The zodiac represented in Kenely's work is one published by the Jesuit Kircher, and ascribed by him, not to Enoch as Mr. Whipple asserts, but to the second Hermes, a Greco-Egyptian personality as mythical as the Biblical Enoch. There is strong reason for believing that this Kircher zodiac is an ideal one gotten up by Kircher, compiled, so to speak, from data in his possession; and that no such actual zodiac, in the exact form represented by him, was ever in existence. To talk about it having been in use 21,000 years ago is nonsense, in view of the fact that this same zodiac contains the regular Latin names of the constellations, including Libra, the Balance, and that the Balance itself is represented on the zodiac both by the usual symbol of a pair of scales and by a human figure holding the scales,—whereas there was no such constellation or zodiacal sign as the Balance in existence until about the beginning of the Christian era. What rubbish to affirm that a zodiac of which the Balance forms a three-fold component part was in use nearly twenty thousand years before the Balance was made a part of the zodiac! If Mr. Whipple possessed any knowledge whatever of the origin and history of the zodiac, or of Egyptology, he would probably not have published the worthless statements as he has done, statements indicative of the remarkable credulity and crass-ignorance of this pretended scientific writer.

The statement that this zodiac of Kircher represents the vernal equinox as in Capricornus is based simply upon the fact, that of the 36 divisions of the zodiacal circle the first three are in Capricornus, the sign of the winter solstice, not in Aries, the sign of the spring equinox. Had Mr. Whipple known anything of the formation of the Greco-Egyptian and Romano-Egyptian zodiacs, all of which date from a short time previous to and a short time after the Christian era, he would have understood that the 36 divisions were purposely made to commence at the winter solstice when the days were shortest,—the first six zodiacal signs and their eighteen subdivisions representing the continuous increase of the sun god's power, through the successive lengthening of the days from December 21 to June 21. Before attempting to write pseudo-scientific articles it might be well for sciolists to at least acquaint themselves with the rudiments of exact knowledge upon the subjects treated. However a person who seriously believes in re-incarnation, Hindu theosophy, Dr. Kenely, the book of Enoch, astrology, the influence of the zodiacal signs and constellations respectively, and of the equinoctial precessions and the lunar cycles, upon human life and character,—he who can swallow all this quintessential nonsense, cannot be expected to burden his mind with sober scientific fact and historical verities. Living as he does in the realm of the ideal and the imaginative, based upon no enduring superstructure of established facts, it follows that the real, the true, the solid, the tangible, the actual, in history, in science, and in philosophy, is so unaffiliated to his mental make-up, that its assimilation by him is an extremely difficult task. The seven devils of unclean mysticism must be thoroughly cast out, and his mental chambers completely cleansed and purified with the detergent waters of common sense and enlightened reason, ere it will be possible for the healthful benignant spirits of rational philosophy, genuine truth, sound, clear judgment, and discriminative intellectual perception to find lodgment therein.

Mr. Whipple takes up the space of the JOURNAL with a detailed description of the symbols representative of a number of the zodiacal signs depicted upon the zodiac in Kenely's "Enoch," and which Mr. W. thinks were actually established by the patriarch Enoch himself. There being considerable variation between these symbols and the usual zodiacal symbols, as used in Greco-Roman astronomy, Mr. Whipple, under the impression, as he says, that they were 21,000 years old, calls them "unique and suggestive," and thinks it a matter of importance to publish a detailed description of them, imagining he is giving to the benighted readers of the JOURNAL something extraordinary. If our mystically-enthralled brother had been in possession of a little rudimentary information concerning the origin and character of the Egyptian zodiac, he might have saved himself the time and trouble expended in preparing his article for publication, and also have been spared the mortification arising

from the exposure of his ignorance and lack of judgment in the comments thereupon, that have been made in the JOURNAL. This wonderful Enochian zodiac, like all the Egyptian zodiacs, is simply a modification of the ordinary Greek zodiac made in Egypt during the Greco-Roman occupation of that country about the time of the beginning of the Christian era,—only about 2,000 years ago, instead of 21,000. The Egyptians borrowed the Greek zodiac, and altered some of the symbols representing the twelve signs or constellations, so as to make them conform more closely to the Egyptian mythology. That is the whole secret of the variations in the symbols from the usual Greek ones, not that they were presented to Enoch in a vision, as alleged by Mr. Whipple. As, according to Dr. Kenely, Enoch lived and wrote the account of his visions only 6,100 years ago, 4,200 B. C. it is not apparent to an ordinary mortal how he could have had his visions of the zodiacal constellations 21,000 years ago, or 15,000 years before he was born! To a full-fledged mystic like Mr. Whipple it is probable that a small variation in dates, of only 15,000 years, will present no difficulty as regards a thorough harmonization of the one with the other. No doubt there is a complete esoteric agreement between the two, not cognizable except to the adept.

As specimens of the inspired wisdom and profound astronomic and meteorologic knowledge found in the "visions" of Enoch, the following is submitted, all of which Enoch tells us was actually seen by him! Having gone to "the ends of the earth," Enoch saw 12 portals or gates through which the sun ascends and descends, and the moon and stars rise and set; he also saw a number of window-openings to the right and left of these portals. The sun, moon, and stars moved on wagons, driven by the wind. The heat of the sun comes from 12 openings in the chariot of the sun, the variation in heat depending on the number of the openings that may be closed or opened. The winds also come from 12 portals at the ends of the earth, there from each point of the compass. Out of these latter portals come rain, dew, fog, hoar frost, snow, and grasshoppers, accompanying the winds (Kenely's "Enoch" vol. 2, pp. 178-182; Schodde's "Book of Enoch" pp. 103, 104, 179-185, 188, 193). It is such rubbish as this that is accepted as divine wisdom, vision-imparted to the holy Enoch. In my forthcoming article on the origin of the zodiac, the facts concerning the alleged zodiac of Denderah (grave doubts are entertained as to its being really a zodiac) will be fully presented.

San Francisco, Cal.

#### SEVERAL POINTS.

The Anarchists—The Catholics—Christ at the Head—The Materialized Form of The World's Greatest Butcher.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I feel like saying a few words to yourself and readers, touching upon several points: 1. Permit me to give most earnest commendation to the open letter of Lucinda B. Chandler to Frances E. Willard of the W. C. T. U., as it appeared in the JOURNAL of Nov. 12th. Every paragraph of it is rich in wisdom, to be carefully weighed and appreciated by every honest, earnest and patriotic citizen of the country. That letter, or something of the same import, should be scattered broadcast. I intend making an effort to have it inserted in some of our secular papers.

2. Your editorial headed, "Live Felons or Dead Martyrs, Which?" containing the letter of Judge Tuley to Gov. Oglesby of Illinois, is full of wise counsel that should have been followed.

This problem of dealing with the murderous enthusiasts, who call themselves "Anarchists,"—mostly the spawn from other countries—who should in some way be restrained from propagating their wild theories amongst us—is a most difficult one. Doubtless their inflamed mental condition is the vile fruit of real wrong and oppression somewhere; but "dynamite methods" should be uncalled for in any country where the people govern. If the majority of our citizens would but unite with a will to crush all legalized oppressions in our own midst, the Anarchists could find little inflammable material here wherewith to set our home world on fire. The strong, even hand of lenient justice could then soon extinguish the now smouldering embers of crime and destruction.

The persistent propaganda of the old Catholic church, so ably alluded to by our friend Hudson Tuttle in a late number, tends to arouse thoughts that have been existing in the minds of many of us, too dormant, perhaps, for years. But, as a friend says, "What are you going to do about it?" Are the saving forces of secular education and intelligence sufficient to counteract the crowds of ignorant devotees of the church of Rome, now and heretofore flooding our land and growing more and more arrogant with the possession of political power? Knowing that there are inclined to be two parties in the Catholic church—the liberal as well as the ultramontane, a Jesuitical party, and also that there are doubtless many good and just men members of that church, we have sometimes been led to hope it would never be allowed to seep in this country after the reins of temporal power. But anxious doubt now seems to dominate. Lops. There is too much seeming blindness among our people. Miss Willard and the Vermont "W. C. T. U." seem to want

Christ at the head of government. Whether they are of the foolish "Second Adventists," so long vainly looking for his coming, to establish a temporal kingdom on earth, we are not told. But methinks, if they pray not the more lustily, the temporal reign of the "only son of God" in this land, if it should come anon, will have to be shared with the "vicegerent of God"—the Pope, the Virgin Mary to be "Queen Mother."

Seriously, does not history fully prove that a corrupted Christianity, at war with the best teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, darkened and cursed the world with ignorance and a false, formal and hypocritical piety, for more than a thousand years? Who can tell how often during the world's history, ancient and modern, in pagan and Christian lands, the sacerdotal power has combined for selfish purposes, with the civil power of governments to oppress the people. Or who can estimate the numbers of the best and bravest of the European governments, that, together with the licentious hordes of the less worthy, were led by a false fanaticism for the name and the "Cross of Christ," to join the several crusades, and leave their homes a prey to poverty and immorality—their countries to disorder and crime, in efforts (ultimately fruitless) for rescuing the Sepulchre of Jesus from the hands of the so-called Infidels? Surely the idolatrous, fanatical worship of the man Jesus has wrapped its dark and bloody mantle long enough about the world of men. It is time for the light of true appreciation to prevail for the healing of the Nation. Naught else can prevent the repetitions of history. Naught else can avert the failure of Liberty in our own loved land,—wounded unto death in the house of her friends, or surviving only through more and still more baptisms of fire and blood.

Let us cease, then, this hero idol worship of a Son of Man,—let him have been never so good and noble,—putting

"More faith in one who died  
Than in the ever living God."

An abiding reverence for God, the Great Spirit, as an infinite all-pervading Divine Presence; an All-Father of whom we, every one, are children; a knowledge of his laws Divine and an earnest obedience to their requirements, must ever be our assured salvation, as certainly as that this "All-Father" is amply endowed with the attributes of Wisdom, Love and Power.

Permit me to relate in this connection a communication received during the late Rebellion, from John Quincy Adams. It was delivered by impression through Mrs. J. as medium, and is at least open to no charge of fraud. Possibly it has been published before, and was briefly as follows:

"Oh! America! America! how hast thou fallen! How are thy people being scourged for their transgressions! Let them awake from their lethargy and prepare for the worst; for through blood shall they wade until every obstacle is removed that now hinders the perpetual growth of Liberty and Peace!"

What think you of it? I never, before nor since, saw the medium so apparently inspired. Her countenance took on a marked change, and an effluence from the "old man eloquent" seemed surely to be upon her. Is it not true to-day as then, that we should be up and doing?

How does such "wisdom in a nut-shell," compare with some doubtful spiritual(?) communications in these piping times of card playing and wine drinking?—the appearance on this stage again in material form, of one of the world's greatest butchers, and his strutting first officer, and his bespangled, though once discarded Queen. I leave the comparison to others, and return to the words of him who was statesman and patriot both on earth and as now in the sphere:

"Oh! America! America! how wilt thou have fallen shouldst thou permit pious fools and designing bigots, in their ignorant zeal for their human idol, to tamper with that palladium of our liberties, the United States Constitution, framed in consummate wisdom to create a home for the oppressed of all lands where secular and sacerdotal power should never unite to trample upon the consciences of the people."

Let us note again what says that brief and comprehensive wisdom from the beyond: "It is not, pray and sing psalms. It is not, put the name of 'God' in the constitution, or 'Christ at the head of political parties.' So doing would only add one more element—a corrupt and corrupting hypocrisy to an already seething cauldron of political duplicity. No! It is: Awake and work for the removal of all injustice and oppression, of every obstacle that now hinders the perpetual growth of Liberty and Peace."

J. G. JACKSON.

A roe shad weighing three and a half pounds was caught in the Hudson River, near Dobbs Ferry, on Tuesday. The fish is a mature one of three or four years growth, and was caught in a seine with a lot of perch and other fish. But how it got there at this season of the year is a mystery.

In Quilman, Ga., a drunken negro resisted arrest. The policeman hit him on the head with a club, and in an instant the negro's wool was all aback. The policeman was frightened and took to his heels. After he had recovered from his fright sufficiently to stop running he resigned. The explanation of the blaze was found in the negro's practice of using his hair as a match-stick.

The latest financial action in London and Berlin is an exchange for disposing of superfluous wedding presents.



The Conservation of Energy and Immortality.

The eager curiosity manifested by a child in his investigations of every new object and event in nature is only exceeded by his anxiety to know himself and his destiny when his attention is for the first time called to a birth or a death. Deluded as to the significance of the first, he is often haunted during a life time by the common superstitions regarding the second, and most men pass away without having ever satisfied themselves on the subject of death.

What is true of the individual in this is also true of the race. We are but children relatively to the great intellectual race to come, for it is only during the last two decades that mankind has solved the elementary problem of their origin. But the most learned philosophers of our age have discovered the natural origin of man, are now striving to unravel the mystery of death.

The immortality of human consciousness ought to be capable of a mechanical demonstration if the universe consists of nothing but matter and force, and we should apply the mechanical theory to the study of psychology as well as to that of physiology, on account of the wonderful advance to which it has led in the case of the latter science. In order to arrive at a consistent theory of the mind, let us first get a clear insight into the present mechanical theory of the universe.

Every particle of matter in the universe is in motion and is possessed of an attractive force. The kinetic theory of gases shows that the particles of gases are perpetually moving about, and the Newtonian theory shows that attraction is universal. Attempts at the refutation of these theories are discussed and rejected by Stallo in "Concepts of Modern Physics." According to Grove and most modern physicists, all force is motion and motion is an affection of ordinary matter. Let the self-motion of a particle of matter be a certain definite number of vibrations a second and it gives out light; let it be another certain definite rate and it will give out electricity, and so forth of the other modes of force which are each of them definite rates of motion. Every particle of matter is incessantly imparting some of its motion to other particles and receiving some of their motion in exchange, but motion and matter remain constant throughout the universe, and the motion which disappears as light may reappear as heat, the different modes of force being all interchangeable.

Every time that a particle of matter is moved by any mode of motion, it becomes so modified by it as to preserve forever a record of the same, and the mode of motion itself has been forever modified by its contact with that particle of matter. This principle, inseparable as it is from the conservation of energy, is not readily demonstrated, but it is arrived at by Grove in the case of light, which he has so thoroughly investigated, and he concludes that every portion of light may be supposed to write its own history by a change more or less permanent in ponderable matter, and "that whenever matter transmits or reflects light it undergoes a structural change, the light itself is affected," but, what is here true of this mode of force is undoubtedly true of the others, though an enumeration of the evidences is not allowable within the limits of this article, and we refer the reader to the "Conservation of Forces," edited by E. L. Youmans. One evidence of this law is seen in the fact that a ray of light from a distant star is sufficient for us to analyze the minerals of which that star consists.

In accordance with the precedent scientific data, it will be readily seen that any given particle of matter in the universe, has in process of time accumulated all sorts of impressions of all the events of the past. Light has photographed on that given particle, not alone pictures of all the objects it ever was in sight of, but pictures of all the other objects that this ray of light ever illuminated. It has also been affected in an analogous manner by the other modes of force; heat, motion, chemism and electricity. This particle is evidently then a microcosm, a faithful fac simile of the grand whole of which it forms a part. Supposing that this microcosm could be made to grow in the midst of some new chaos, it would necessarily develop a faithful reproduction of the universe of which it once formed a part, just as the growth of the same, let us develop instruments of great precision and magnifying power, and this given particle of matter will represent the whole universe faithfully, on the same principle as the microscope shows the characteristic gill fillets of the ancestral fish in the human embryo, in which is written the history of our race. In such a wonderful manner is all the events of the past made present to our senses in a particle of matter. Now, as the equivalence of causes and effects through the universe is complete, we would only need greater knowledge and better developed powers of reasoning in order to infer all that this particle will ever be in the time to come.

In such a powerful glance we make abstraction of time, just as the theist claims abstraction of time in God in the sight of whom eternity is present. Coming now to consider that every particle of matter is affected by every other particle to the confines of the universe by means of attraction, and that all modes of force are but manifestations of the same thing, we arrive at an abstraction of space also, which leads us to the transcendental comprehension of an universal, absolute and eternal present in which every particle of matter is an equivalent of the universe.

If this is a correct grasp of the law of the conservation of energy, as we have no reason to doubt, the subject of man's destiny will yet be brought within the range of scientific speculations and demonstrations.

If our consciousness is the result of some action of the modes of force on living matter, it must have always existed in them in some form of energy, and then it cannot be destroyed by death, in any way whatsoever modified by it. But, as a particle of matter comes to be what it is by the continued action of the various modes of force on it, it is most likely that our consciousness has had its origin in and growth in the continual action of the same forces on the evolving brain of the human species. Indeed, in the brain the organ of mind, pictures of all our surroundings have been photographed by light through the eye; sounds of all particles of matter vibrating at a certain rate have been recorded in the brain through the organ of hearing; and, in fact, the senses are correlated just as much as the modes of force in nature, showing the similarity of constitution between the two. Therefore, it is not likely that things in themselves could be entirely different from what they appear to us, and the appearance of a new force in the world would naturally give rise in living matter to some new organ through which it would make itself interpreted, from which

we infer that no other mode of force but those generally known exist in nature and that no important new elementary body is likely to be discovered.

As inorganic matter taken into the body becomes living without losing its acquired properties—the staling action of oxide of iron is not destroyed when this metal has become part of our blood—so the new impressions received during life by the particles of matter forming the body are not to be destroyed by its dissociation. From this we naturally infer that after death every particle of matter of which the living body consisted, retains a conscious memory of all the past, of all the present, and may even infer all futurity.

The law of the conservation of force, applied to the mind, shows that our very thoughts must affect the entire universe as much as the gravitation of a stone falling to and disturbing the balance of the earth affects the whole universe. That it taxes our faculty of thinking to the utmost to grasp the idea of such application of the law does not alter its significance the least.

Modern biology has traced our almost eternal mental existence in the past, and it has pointed out a future which will last as long as the race. We are now able to trace our ancestry through mankind, quadrumanes, quadrupeds, amphibians, fishes, ascidians, and worms to pristine matter itself. We seem to remember certain events in that long life of ours on earth, as we show a recollection in the seven day periodicity, of our disposition, in disease especially, which carry us as far back as the riparian life of our ascidian ancestors in memory, of whom we still observe each phase of the moon in the form of our seventh day rest.

Biology has taught us that we shall continue to exist in all our descendants and that all our present actions will influence them, and the world through them, during all the centuries to come, and this is something so much like immortality that we may delight in its contemplation. Nothing is annihilated. All our actions will produce everlasting effects through our descendants. What an incentive to practice righteousness! It has been remarked by Th. Ribot, how tenacious some valuable characteristics have been through the many generations of some great families, and Galton is the historian of hereditary genius. Conversely, the transmission of beastly instincts in the criminal classes is no less a matter of fact, and leads to the extermination of some dangerous families in the end, after undoubtedly serving the purpose of a scourge to the wicked and a probation of the good, or rather a sharpening of the wits of the good in the human race.

The permanent effects of education in the formation of the human mind, show that the transmission of mind, independently from the body, is not only possible but often takes place. The study of some great poets like Homer, Virgil, or Shakespeare often tends to shape the human mind after the model of those great men, and fills it with their ideas, so that they are thereby re-incarnated as it were. And this form of immortality is probably best observed of the founders of the different religions and philosophies, who so persistently reappear in their followers under the most varied and impracticable circumstances, as for instance the most salient features of the character of Christ in the different sects of Christianity.

Though a belief in immortality in one form or other has always been entertained by the majority of the human race, it may have been nothing more than the outcome of a vague idea of the two precedent forms of mental transmission; but, if our mind as a whole writes its own history on all the particles of matter coming under its influence, the ether in which we move and the air we breathe, no less than the food we live on, then that history must be exceedingly minute and complete. That a sort of connection between those mental impressions may remain extending through intervening matter is nothing improbable, for there is an attraction of like existing among the particles of matter, as is shown in the crystallization of minerals, or in the growth of proximate principles in the organic body. That these impressions are themselves conscious is also likely, since they are material, and matter is believed to be conscious by Cope and other philosophers. Then our mind may some day be awakened to an absolute knowledge of everything, and to a god-like immortality. Indeed, if, as science thus points out, every vibration of force has been photographed on matter, if every atom of matter has made itself felt by every other atom, then, every being-souled atom (Haeckel) is a microcosm which, knowing itself, fulfills the description often made of God. And, how could an integral part of a substance be so very different from the mass in its various properties? Whether matter is originally conscious in the true sense of the word, or whether it acquires its consciousness through animation, there cannot be a doubt that consciousness once obtained, is not to be lost in the dissociation of matter, else the conservation of energy ceases to be a law. As for vitality or animation it is now generally regarded as the natural property of super-oxygenated protoplasm.

In its disorderly imagination, sleep sometimes brings forgotten events back to our mind, sometimes it even recalls the experiences of some ancestors. Again, some dreams are prophetic, probably being as such the result of a highly speculative condition of the mind at the time. In the same manner, the memory of the past would return to the atoms of matter lying at rest in the grave, and that memory might then cover the whole past organic life on earth while inference would extend to cover all futurity.

Many scientific men are aware that sometimes when life is ebbing, as in apoplexy and some forms of delirium, the consciousness, lost to our surroundings, is often wonderfully vivid in regard to the past and to the mental activity then going on. May it not be that the cessation of life only enlarges our consciousness of all that we have ever been, and opens it to the whole universe? There would, thus, result a correlation of forces in death as in all other great physical changes.

Thought transference, I think, has been experimentally demonstrated by the "Society for Psychical Research" of England to the satisfaction of the unprejudiced. It agrees with what we know of all the various modes of force, none of which can ever be entirely isolated. Thought, like any other mode of force, are transmitted through the omnipresent ether, or more rarefied matter, even to great distances. But the most wonderful instances of thought transference are known to have taken place a short time before death, as Richard Proctor and others believe, and as I have experienced myself. This faculty for thought transference, at a time when the senses are nearly abolished, is a strong argument in favor of our theory that absolute consciousness after death is correlated with spiritual conditions in the living.

If in our daily life we were aware of all

the past and conscious of all the present in any manner we could devote but little energy to a specialized knowledge and comprehension of our immediate surroundings which have by far the most to do in the formation of our individuality. In this as in so many other cases, what was at first and necessarily conscious life has been for the time transformed into unconscious habit.

In such a manner, the body in the grave may be endowed with an absolute consciousness which nothing can destroy. And, though its decomposition may lead to so many new organic and inorganic changes, it is in accordance with the conservation of force that the individual human consciousness, present in every atom of the body, may no longer be interfered with by any new change, since we well know that the same matter will receive at the same time separate impressions of different modes of force, and that former impressions are not obliterated thereby.

Should this hypothesis, suggested by the conservation of energy, prove a truthful insight into the life to come, we may conclude that the memory of our good actions will be a perpetual source of satisfaction; that of our evil ones, a perpetual reproach; that of our moral compensation will thus take place and make up for what would otherwise be a very unequal allotment of good and evil in life. And the energy represented by the universal belief in such a future condition will not be lost. But, as the fact of our birth bears witness to our ancestors having been good in the main, else they would not have survived, the balance of happiness after death will undoubtedly exceed that of sorrow.

ELY SHEFFORD.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Science of Death.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

NUMBER THREE.

It is obvious to the reader of the previous articles, that we have now reached the end of our journey on the physical road, for we have found that at a certain time the congregated atoms we call body, will refuse to serve our use any longer; and further we are forced to the conclusion that old worn out bodies would not be the sort of things to wear in polite society in the Summer-land. Wrinkles and gray hair, and crooked backs, and stiff joints, and dim eyes, and toothless gums are not allowed in the dress circle among the angels, and we would not care to carry them with us, and wear them day by day, just that our friends might identify us.

I suppose we have now reached the point where would come in nicely some of those beautiful visions of our clairvoyants who have described a spirit body as leaning from the head of the dying mortal, and forming for itself an ethereal loveliness beyond conception by our dull senses. They tell us it floats away out into the atmosphere, confined by no walls, but soaring upward by virtue of its own divine freedom; and probably you and I are not clairvoyant, and before we accept revelations of glory to man we must be assured that they harmonize with the facts of nature already discovered, otherwise we should soon find ourselves as full of faith as were our grandfathers and grandmothers.

So we turn back to this question of individuality and ask ourselves in what it consists. It is not in certain atoms of matter, for they come and go, all the time, so that science tells us that in seven years there is not an atom left that we once called our own. Thus "death" only means the scamping away of the last lot of atoms that had done our physical work in earth life.

I leave my friend fat and jolly, weighing 250 pounds. I return to hear he has been sick. I see him pale and wan and shrunken, till he could not now turn the scale at 100 pounds, but I identify him all the same. Nay, I leave him in youth and return after many years of absence. His manhood's prime has vanished; his hair is now silvered, and his brow carries many a furrow. His voice has lost its ring, and he lives on the childhood of old age; yet to me the friend I knew is still there.

So you see the question is how much bodily change could go on without destroying his individuality to me? First we must acknowledge that some of this cry for a special individuality is merely sentimental. Mothers have many a time received a fraud as a long absent son. In a famous French case a wife received an impostor for her soldier husband, and lived with him for years before he was exposed by the return of the right husband from a foreign prison. In our courts the question of identity often brings honest witnesses on both sides. So there is no infallible instinct in earth life.

Nevertheless there is an identity in manhood that is double; first in some trace of outward resemblance; but chiefly in the mutual experiences born of the spirit. Suppose a man of forty years of age to have had his likeness taken once a month since birth, his own mother could not lay out those portraits in the order in which they were taken, if she did not look at the dates; and the first and last would not bear a shadow of resemblance. You can hardly conceive of a greater change than between the babe four weeks old and the man of forty years. You don't want any such breadth to individuality as that; nay, if Dame Nature cannot draw a closer picture of your friend, you feel that individuality of form has become a farce.

But how is it in the mental? Surely we are to find a permanent individuality there. Ah! but I am afraid not. If your darling babe passes over, you have no mental power that has peeped out to mark its individuality; and we have just seen that it would be impossible to identify a body that is changing its form by growth.

So, my sister and my brother, set it down once for all, that there is nothing in the body or the mind of your babe, by which you could claim him in the next life. Unless we find out some other way, your only chance would be to have him registered in the office of some celestial recorder; and even then he would have to be careful to keep his name in the Spirit Directory, or how could you find him amongst the countless millions of that population?

But our earth life does in most cases develop a marked individuality. Yet have you stopped to think how much it is the result of conditions. Here is a man whom perhaps, his mother's longings made a thief; or of whom circumstances have made a corner loafer. How am I to recognize the noble, gentle, redoubt spirit who greets me in the Summer-land, as the man we all deplored on earth? It must be largely a matter of faith.

Take an extreme case—a young husband parting with his young wife in the first bloom of a beautiful womanhood. Time at last beats the wound in that husband's heart, although it leaves a scar. He goes on battling with life, and grows hardened under the pressure of selfish conditions, which forces

him to a level that darkens his spirit growth. Perhaps he does not marry again, and lives his life out alone, till at last the hour comes when he also leaves his earth body. But his wife has not remained earth-bound all these years, and has grown in her new life. Now, remember spirit progress radiates through spirit form, till she stands in a new individuality so far above her poor husband that it has lost to him the sweet equality which must be the soul of mutual love. So every way we look at it, individual recognition from physical and mental standpoints is either impossible or of little value.

In our next we must try to advance much further into the secrets of manhood, for you see we have reached the last station on both the physical and mental roads, but without getting anywhere near to the end of our journey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Letter from Dr. Wolfe,

With His Compliments to the Cincinnati Newspaper Man. He Discriminates Between the Woman and the Medium—Defends the Latter, but not the First—Strikes Hard at the Platform and Spiritual Movement Looking to the Organization of Spiritualists—Spirit Phenomena the Hope of the World—Demonstrates the Existence of the After-Life.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The "Newspaper Man's Statement" which appeared in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Nov. 26th, contains so many self-evident lies that I am surprised you circulated it among your readers. I know you did not intend to make Mrs. Fairchild appear as one "more sinned against than sinning," and yet the printing of such glaring falsehoods about her will have that effect.

Your correspondent says: "Being connected with an evening daily I started out to find some of the notorious medium's victims. I was very successful and congratulate myself on my luck." After three days' interview I wrote my article, which I acknowledge was rather severe, and submitted it to our managing editor, an able newspaper man and a perfect gentleman, who in addition is not a Spiritualist, but is a bitter enemy of frauds and robbers. After perusing it, he decided not to use it for reasons well known to those connected with the paper," and more of such drivel.

This "newspaper man" is as yet but a beardless "kid," a youth to fortune and to fame unknown, whose connection with the evening daily is an assumption as baseless as the fabric of a vision. His statement—the statement you published—was refused by the managing editor of the evening daily. Why? Because the lies with which it was larded were so palpable that he dare not insult intelligent people in Cincinnati by publishing them here.

If the statements of this callow scribbler were true; if one of Mrs. Fairchild's boys had been caught personating a spirit, and had had his nose battered while trying to bite his captor's arm; and that Mrs. K. clubbed the gentleman over the head for tampering with her son,—I say if these statements were true, do you not know that the hostile press of this city would have been informed of the circumstance and Mrs. Fairchild publicly exposed?

This young scribbler also asserts with the same disregard to truth, that another son of Mrs. Fairchild was caused by a physician of Cammingsville, Pennsylvania, his deceased wife, and that Mrs. E. threatened to knife him if he dared open his mouth to expose her. She warned him that she carried a revolver on her person all the time while in a circle. I know you cannot believe such shallow stuff. The fact is, this boy started out to hunt testimony against Mrs. Fairchild, and those he interviewed stuffed him with the most improbable stories, which he was green enough to swallow without mastication. These he retails to your readers by your courtesy—a courtesy denied him by the evening daily with which he is (not) legitimately connected as a salaried correspondent.

I am sorry the JOURNAL did this, for it compels men and women who love "fair play" to stand in with Mrs. F. when they see her unfairly assailed. Understand me, I volunteer no lance in defence of this woman! It is her mediumship that challenges my respect. As a woman, there are millions as good as she in this broad land! As a medium, her peer is not to be found among millions of her sisterhood. We must differentiate between the woman and the medium, as we do between the marsh slime and the fragrant lily from whence it arises.

This "Jockey Fresh," and the prominent medium and lecturer to the Cincinnati Society of Spiritualists, J. Clegg Wright, both slander this medium shamefully.

Mrs. Fairchild's deportment in the circle room is blameless. Her presence in full view, always walking and talking in front of the enclosures, gives the most satisfactory assurance that in the manifestations her hands are clean.

Mrs. Fairchild and son were guests in my house for several weeks. My opportunities were favorable for studying the woman and the medium, and I did not neglect them. It is purely in the cause of truth that I say, I never knew a medium beside her who could sit twenty-five feet distant from the curtained corner, and furnish sufficient power to enable nine spirits at one time to materialize and walk up and down my parlor floors for several minutes in the presence of myself, Mrs. Fairchild and her son "Sturgie," with a six feet gas burner in half-flame. I never knew a medium but her, who could give sufficient power to six spirits to write on six different slates, wet and without pencils, which I locked in my fire and burglar proof safe with a combination lock, whose key no one knew but myself, and which the medium no nearer approached than fifty feet.

She is the only medium I ever knew who could give sufficient power to the spirit Plimpton to hold a perfect materialization of face and form for twenty minutes, in a light sufficient to discern colors, during which time he walked up and down the parlors with me; talked audibly to me, read to me, drank wine with me, and by my request played cards with me. Thus, this medium becomes a phenomenon to me, but not so as a woman. I knew a preacher who by his wonderful powers as a speaker got up a revival of religion in his church, and whose grateful congregation surprised him with a purse of gold and a new suit of clothes; in return for which he surprised his congregation by sliding out one night with a young lady of his fold, leaving his old wife and two "kids" to be cared for in his protracted absence. However much he lacked in the conduct of a Christian, his teaching was O. K. and many were blessed by it.

Your veridical correspondent betrays the fact that he has too little knowledge to know himself a fool; and yet the newspaper trait is

free to say that "Dr. N. B. Wolfe seems to have been psychologized, or at least outwitted by Mrs. F." This, however, is but the echo of what the prominent lecturer and medium, J. Clegg Wright, charged in his views of the situation. My impression is that these two nobodys know not what they are talking about; if they do, for their slander, in the language of the "kid," they should both be clubbed, knifed and shot," for the same reason that T. Pepper left Seoul, and their ancient prototypes, Annanias and Sapphira, lost their abdominal viscera.

From the time "Nature's Divine Revelations and a Voice to Mankind" were first published, up to the present, there has been a systematic effort made to handicap spirit phenomena with a priesthood. To the accomplishment of this object spiritual temples have been built—halls engaged for Sunday spiritual lectures, spiritual week-day meetings are held, and spiritual dancing parties at night—spiritual conventions are periodically convoked and spiritual gatherings to celebrate the annual return of the 31st of March are advised—spiritual camp meetings and a grip-sack spiritual itinerancy in swinging round the circle,—are accepted devices to promote the same end. Those who entertain themselves with this shilly shally have lapsed into a spiritual hybernation, and ceased to push the investigation of spirit phenomena any further. They affect to know it all, and under this self-satisfying hallucination, sleep and snore as decorously as evangelical deacons.

The advanced phenomena given in the presence of this traduced medium has shaken up these old sleepy heads every where. They open their eyes only to discover that the Spirit-world is getting along very well without their co-operation, hence they kick! They realize that "time has changed and phenomena with time!"

If I understand the mission of Spiritualism right, by enlightening the public mind creeds will be pulverized, and men who stand in the way of progressive humanity crushed!

It is only through the phenomena of Spiritualism that the actuality of the after-life can be and is proven. This is a great service to mankind—more than all the pulpits and sanctuaries of the world have done; nay, it has done this despite the opposition of forty thousand pulpits and rostrums, who do defy the omnipotent to arms. Remember the gods grind slow but sure. N. B. WOLFE. Cincinnati, 1887.

THE GHOST OF OLD CADOTTE.

A Startling Story of One Who Went Down with the Vernon.

Clifford Byron Baumgrass, the subject of the following thrilling incident narrated by a Sault Ste. Marie paper, was the son of Prof. P. and Mary Baumgrass, the well known Chicago artist. His word could be relied upon. Young Baumgrass left Chicago in August for the Sault Ste. Marie, where he spent a part of last summer. He lingered longer than was expected, knowing that there was no necessity for his immediate return. His parents had, however, looked anxiously for him many days, when at last they received word that he was to leave on the ill-fated steamer Vernon. Letters and dispatches failed to reach him to stay him from his purpose, and the aching hearts of parents and friends have only this cold fact to cling to—that fathoms deep beneath the waves of Lake Michigan lies the beloved form in the cold arms of death. The story told by the Sault Marie paper is as follows:

A startling story, fully authenticated, comes to us from the Middle Neeshish and vicinity, which in its details and realistic incidents would furnish a chapter for a volume on spooks and goblins. As the story is told, so it is given; but while we can vouch for the reliability of the report—each reader is left to draw his own conclusion as to the causes.

A young sculptor from Chicago, Clifford Byron Baumgrass by name, has been spending the summer in the vicinity of the Sault Ste. Marie, making his home with a family on St. Joseph's Island. He spends his time in hunting and fishing, trying to regain lost health and strength. About ten days ago he was hunting on Middle Neeshish, near the old Cadotte homestead whereon is the old, dilapidated, long since deserted log-house in which, old Jean Baptist Cadotte died several years ago. It has been unoccupied for years and is nearly a mile distant from any other house on the island and practically uninhabited. While strolling near the hut he was almost paralyzed with fear by hearing groans issuing from the chamber or garret of the building. His first inclination to fly being overcome and supposing that some suffering fisherman or hunter had taken refuge there he entered the house and asked who was there and what he wanted.

"For God's sake get me a drink. I'm dying for a drink," replied the voice of a person in the greatest apparent agony.

"What will I get it in?" inquired Baumgrass, after an ineffectual search for a drinking utensil.

"There is a pall just outside the door in the entry; get it in that," came the words from above; and in Heaven's name hurry, I'm choking."

The young nimrod quickly procured the water from the river near by, returned to the hotel, went up stairs, and looked for the dying man. He could see no one.

"Where are you?" he asked.

"Right here, in the next room," was the answer.

Entering the adjoining apartment he saw—nothing whatever. The rays of the setting sun dimly lighted up the room, plainly showing that it was untenant, and had not been occupied for months. Dropping the pall on the floor he fled, made his way to his boarding-place, told the story, and expressed an intention to take the first boat to his home. His friends laughed at him, and finally the next day they accompanied him to the old house; but nothing was heard or seen that threw the faintest light on the mystery.

Several days afterwards his courage having revived, he repeated his visit at midday, this time alone. The incident of the previous sensation were repeated. The cries and groans were heard, coupled with a demand for water, and in a search revealed nothing and no one as before. It is still a mystery. Does the ghost of old Cadotte cry out for water to quench a never-ending thirst?—Chicago Tribune.

Dr. Talmage says a great deal of insanity is due to "early rising," and he blames the Puritan forefathers for the habit. Talmage forgets that the forefathers insisted on "early to bed" also. As the man said who missed the train, "I ran fast enough but I didn't start soon enough."



Proprietor:



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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the *JOURNAL*, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 10, 1887.

## The Churches and Amusement.

A move was lately made in New York, which looked like a step toward favoring amusements by the churches and clergy,—a kind of allowance of the dance and the play on the stage, as not evil, if rightly conducted, not devices of Satan, but fit to be cared for and made better by the elect, and attended by church members.

Now comes a late Baptist Congress at Indianapolis, representing a good part of the 2,500,000 members of that denomination, and this assembly puts relaxation and amusements first on the list of subjects for discussion.

These signs show two things: First, a more rational and kindly view of human needs; second, a decrease in the arbitrary power of the church and clergy and a yielding to the spirit of our day.

In days gone by the word of the clergy had a power in social life far greater than now, and the anathema of the church put an evil mark, like the brand on the brow of Cain in the Hebrew story, on any profane amusement, which it assailed with words of fearful power. To move the feet in graceful accord with music was a sinful act, and to be in a theatre was to mingle with the devotees of sin. For either of these offenses the evangelical churches called their members to account, and if they showed no signs of repentance and still walked in these forbidden ways, excommunication was their doom.

It is true that David danced before the Lord, and that miracle plays,—a sort of Bible theatricals,—were held under church auspices in centuries past, but the Puritan element changed the aspect of things, and in its needed reaction against wickedness in high places, went to the extreme of casting a gloom over life and making human joy an evil to be shunned and warned away. As Macaulay wittily said: "The Puritan opposed bear-baiting, not because it tormented the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators."

Now that cloud is passing away; philosophers and physicians, psychologists and physiologists, agree that amusements have fit and important place in life, and are necessary for the best health of body and soul, and the best among the clergy are coming out from under the cloud and joining with the rest in singing, "Joy to the World!"

The sons and daughters of the Pilgrims find that they can dance and see the plays of Shakespeare, and yet hold fast to the noble righteousness of their ancestors.

They see a broad wisdom in the Old Testament word, "There is a time for all things," for joy as well as for mourning; for amusement as well as for gravity; for the dance as well as the prayer; for the theatre as well as the conventicle, and all these are needed and all can be righteously used.

Wise parents, in the churches and out, feel that they had better share the pleasures of their children, and so help to make them innocent, that thus the dance, the theatre or the card party may be means of grace, and not lures leading the unwary to perdition. Thoughtful and healthful clergymen, who have ceased to be priests and are trying to be ministers, men serving their brethren, say to themselves: "If we try to keep good people away from amusements we shall lower and degrade things innocent in themselves, and good when well used, and had only when abused. We had far better say to such: 'Go

and make the dance and the play what they should be and can be, helps to a better life.'"

Barnum, the great showman, tells a good story of Robert Collyer. He went to his church in New York one Sunday, and was given a decent seat near the door. Collyer, standing in the pulpit, spied him, stopped his Bible reading and spoke out: "I see my friend P. T. Barnum under the gallery. I ask the sexton to show him to a seat in my pew. He always gives me a good seat in his circus, and I want to give him a good seat in our church." Mr. Barnum took the place thus offered him and doubtless profited by the good words of the preacher. He had tried to make the circus decent, and this was the minister's way of appreciating that fact.

How far will this reaction go? Shall we see Rev. Dr. McCosh go from his Presbyterian pulpit in Princeton to a box in a great New York theatre? Shall a grave and reverend Methodist bishop lead the dance in some fine house in Chicago? Shall the Reverend De Witt Talmage try his hand at progressive euchre? Strange things have happened. This eccentric Brooklyn divine, after preaching a sermon against Spiritualism a few years ago, which was "full of sound and fury," signifying nothing but his own ignorant prejudice, lately preached so much like our best lecturers that he felt obliged to label himself: "I am not a Spiritualist," lest people should mistake him for one.

We all need to keep the balance. It is not the chief end of man to dance or go to the theatre, but to do both in the right way may be good. Theodore Parker said: "Industry is the business of man. It is a dignity, and only idleness a disgrace, a wrong, a curse. If you earn nothing by head or hand, by heart or soul, then you are, and must be, a beggar or a thief, and neither pay for your board nor lodging. Let amusements fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the great spaces thereof. Let your pleasures be taken as Daniel took his prayer, with his windows open,—pleasures which need not cause a blush on an ingenuous cheek."

"Think of a young man conquered by his appetites,—the soul veiled by the body, the smirch of shame on all the white raiment of God's youthful son, who can stoop so low and be a trifle, a drunkard, a debauchee! The mind of man despises it, and woman's holy soul casts it aside with scorn. Stern as you may think me, I can only weep at such decay as this—flowers trod down by swine, the rainbow broken by the storm, the soul prostrate and trodden by the body's cruel hoof."

These strong words teach us that there are sacred limits which amusements must not pass, and passing which they sink to vices and sully the sanctity of the soul. To keep within these limits is to be in the healthful sunshine, and to rest in pleasant places that we may better walk in the paths of duty.

The arbitrary powers of the clergy is happily less than in past times. The uplifting influence of good men and women, ministers or laity, should grow greater.

It is well that the churches show a rational leniency toward amusements, but let them not stoop to any compromise with evil and so pass the sacred limits. Give us love and wisdom, but no impious weakness under the cloak of piety. The church has compromised with wrong and sanctioned and sanctified chattel slavery by pretense of prayer; let all that cease.

A young man in a western town went to meetings of Spiritualists, which were well attended by good people. His Methodist minister said to him: "If you go there you must go out of our Sunday School," and the young man replied: "Very well, I prefer to go there and shall certainly do as I choose."

If the preacher threatens dancers and theatre goers, they will say: "Very well, we prefer to go, and we will go." He had better give up and go with them; and help them make amusements healthful and innocent, and helps to righteous living.

## Health—Harmonious Culture—Long Life.

We are just beginning to think of the wise balance of body and mind; hardly beginning to think how much the fit culture of all our mental and spiritual faculties may prolong life and increase usefulness and enjoyment.

It is said so often that the Americans are a highly nervous race, that we are inclined to think that we are unbalanced beyond all others in this respect. No doubt our intense activity in business tends to such want of healthful balance, but if we could compare the average health and power, and the average longevity of the American with the same qualities and attainments in the Englishman or the Frenchman, we should probably stand quite equal to them. The reports of aged persons who are passing away in our midst, are marked by many long lives, up beyond eighty years.

Herbert Spencer came over here and gave us wise and needed advice on our danger from overwork, and went home to be prostrated by his own overuse of the brain. Ruskin has been on the verge of insanity from the same cause. Huxley and Tyndall have been obliged to stop active work, and Tyndall has been on the verge of paralysis. Doubtless these men know better, as do many Americans who suffer in a like way; but there is so much to learn and so much to do, that thinkers and workers possessed and carried along by their high tasks, forget until it is too late, and are only stopped by a breaking down, which comes as a faithful warning.

Not only must we learn temperance in all things and the supremacy of the soul over the senses, but the harmonious development of bodily, mental and spiritual powers—the

gaining of soul-knowledge as well as that which comes through the senses.

To be unbalanced is to be unhealthy, and to break down prematurely. A pushing business man, while using certain mental powers up to their highest mark, neglects others, does not stop to think of his soul or body, and so breaks. A scientist like Tyndall who deals with the laws and properties of matter, and ignores the spiritual side of nature or of man, fails to reckon the soul of things as a factor in his process, uses his logical and perceptive faculties, but not his deeper spiritual faculties, and thus loses his balance and fails to do his best work.

Herbert Spencer is inductive and logical, not deductive and intuitive; external and superficial, not internal, and so inclusive of both soul and senses. Certain logical powers, and certain faculties which are busy in collecting external facts, are overused, while the spiritual part of his being is undervalued and but little exercised. Unbalanced, he, too, breaks down. The man full of knowledge of facts breaks and fails; the wise man, seeing ideas and principles behind facts, is better balanced, and lives and lasts and works longer.

Reformers are long lived, yet are hard workers. They live long because inspired by great ideas of freedom, temperance and justice, so that the spiritual faculties are alive and active, as well as the mental powers, and so the harmony and balance which give health are kept up.

Every man and woman may have their leading aim or vocation, but they must have their windows open to light and air from every quarter. To know of the immortal life; to realize the far-reaching intuitive powers of the soul, the wealth of spiritual wisdom as well as the wealth of knowledge gained through the outward senses, the relations of man to the unseen and the eternal as well as to the seen and transient; to keep close to the life beyond, that we may do the work of our life here better; to know and use the body as the temple and the useful organism of the ruling spirit within, is to be harmonious, well balanced, fit for long and useful life here, and ready for the higher life when our earthly work is done.

The balance of body and brain, and the care of both by avoidance of excess in work or indulgence of appetite or passion, is a good lesson, which the world is beginning to learn. The balance of soul and senses, of every faculty of the mind and every endowment of the spirit, the use of intuition, as well as of logic and induction, a realization of the splendor and beauty of man's relations to the heavenly life and of his soul's kinship to the Infinite Soul, the culture of love and duty as well as of knowledge and power—these make up the harmonious man and woman, full of years and wisdom, full of useful labor, reaching toward perfect culture, ready for every good word and work here, and speeding for greater work hereafter.

## Thoughts on Death.

It is indeed refreshing when a daily paper devotes a little attention to "Thoughts on Death." It shows that even a secular newspaper may entertain serious notions with reference to that change common to all humanity. He goes on to say that it is a study worth the thought to go back in the history of the race and see what men have thought of death. Socrates and David were representative men of their times and nations—the one a Greek, the other a Jew; the one a philosopher, the other a king. Socrates says to the judges who condemned him: "Death is either a dreamless sleep that knows no waking, or it carries me where I may converse with the spirits of the illustrious dead. I go to death, you go to life, but which of us is going the better way God only knows." David says: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He leadeth me beside the still waters; He restoreth my soul. Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Take Cicero and Paul and contrast their words. Cicero says: "I may mistake in thinking the soul immortal, and if I do, I mistake wit; nor would I have this mistake torn from me as long as I live." Paul says: "We know if this earthly home of our tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Take Ingelsoll's last statement of the problem, in *The North American Review*. "I have said a thousand times, and I say again, that we do not know, we cannot say, whether death is a wall or a door—the beginning or end of a day—the spreading of pinions to soar or the folding forever of wings—the rise or the set of a sun or an endless life that brings rapture and love to every one." Contrast with this the last words of Judge Jera Black: "O thou beloved and most merciful Father, from whom I had my being, and in whom I ever trusted, grant, if it be Thy will, that I no longer suffer this agony, and that I speedily be called home to Thee."

The Boy Orator will deliver a lecture before the Young Peoples' Spiritual Society on Sunday evening, Dec. 11th. Subject: "What-ever is, is right." Mrs. Belle Fletcher Hamilton and her brother, Mr. C. J. Barnes, of Cincinnati, Ohio, will occupy the balance of the evening with platform tests. Questions will be answered previous to the lecture. Those pertaining to anything general will only be answered; no personal questions.

## Is This True?

A daily paper asks the question, "Are the Protestant Ministers of the United States a total abstinence body?" and then goes on to say that "it is a question which the temperance workers are beginning seriously to ask themselves, much to the surprise of a great number of people whose attention has never been called to the subject, and who seem to take it for granted that the very fact of their holy office bars them from the ordinary temptations of men. When a Roman Catholic priest or ex-priest, like Father McGlyon, talks in favor of strong drink, as that gentleman has recently done in a very aggressive and offensive manner, and when Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, one of the straightest of orthodox pharisees, talks and writes, in a still more dangerous manner of the use of wine as one of the blessings of life, we are apt to think their cases exceptional, and to think that perhaps they are not personally as bad as their talk would indicate. But while their cases are exceptional, it is nevertheless true that any number of ministers are addicted to the use of liquor to some extent. One lady who crossed the ocean a year or two ago said there were seven clergymen on the ship, five of whom habitually had wine with their dinner. During one of the recent sessions of the national presbytery some of the ministers brought their own wine with them, and had it served with their meals, greatly to the horror of some people by whom they were entertained. Individual cases could be given, but it is unnecessary. Country ministers, as a rule, are total abstainers, but it is not so with those in the city. In fact it has been said that the temperance workers often find the ministers in their way to the large cities, to which the ministers reply that the "workers" themselves are not always guileless, hence they do not co-operate with them as they otherwise would. There is a suggestion in the thought presented, and one well worthy the earnest attention of the temperance people whether in the church or out of it."

## Mr. John Slater.

Last Wednesday, John Slater, the remarkable test medium, left Chicago, intending to visit California and Australia. Last Sunday his meeting at the Princess Opera House was well attended by skeptics as well as Spiritualists, and a deep interest was manifested. His tests were of a character that, at times, they caused a decided sensation. He talks rapidly, rarely hesitates in his description, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the one whom he addresses admits the truthfulness of his statements. He intends to return to Chicago, and locate here permanently.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

J. Madison Allen has been lecturing at Pittsburg, Kansas. He goes from there to Joplin and Carthage, Mo. He can be addressed at present at Joplin.

Lyman C. Howe has been writing a series of interesting articles for the *Free Thinkers Magazine*. They are logical and convincing, and go deep into the "soul of things."

H. K. Hamilton writes as follows from Port Huron, Mich.: "We hold meetings in our hall every Sunday; tests and psychometric readings constitute the order of exercises."

The editor-in-chief is away from his post this week. It is the first time he has been out of town since March; the past summer being the only one in fourteen years that he has remained at home.

Dr. Hicks of Rockford, Mich., writes that W. H. Blair of Chicago, has given a course of lectures there, which were very satisfactory to his hearers, and he would recommend him to other societies.

Dr. B. C. Tabor of Mount City, Illinois, lost heavily in the fire that occurred in his city, November 21st. He lost his entire stock of medicines and the greater portion of his medical library.

Became some of the young people in his choir went to a dance last week in the teeth of his positive prohibition, Rev. Father Tracy, of Burlington, N. J., wouldn't let them sing at high mass Sunday morning.

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at Eureka, Kan., Nov. 10th; at Eldorado the 13th; Benton, 21st—23rd; Newton, 29th and Dec. 4th. He may be addressed at Newton, Kan., during the month of December, or his home address, box 123 Scranton, Pa.

We are prepared to furnish "Lucifer," a monthly published in London, by Mme. Blavatsky and Mabel Collins. The September and October numbers are out, and show an excellent table of contents. Price, 35 cents a number.

Hon. Appleton Oaksmith, son of our well known and valued contributor, Elizabeth Oaks Smith, passed to the higher life from New York City. The funeral services were held in Hollywood, N. C., the town of the deceased, October 30th, 1887.

The London zoological gardens have for the first time in their history a living gorilla. Two weeks after it was received it would take fruit and nuts from the hands of visitors. It has been placed in the same house with "Bally," the educated chimpanzee.

Geo. H. Brooks writes: "I have been lecturing in Saginaw City, and in East Saginaw, for the month of November, with the exception of last Sunday, when I lectured in Lansing. I have moved to East Saginaw, Mich. My address is 802 Hoyt street. I am to lecture for the month of December, for the society in East Saginaw."

W. S. Rowley, the telegraphic medium, has removed his office to room 39, Nottingham Building, 89 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Rowley is associated with Dr. G. T. Whitney, and aided by the Spirit Dr. Wells, they are capable of doing an excellent work.

A notable thanksgiving service at Detroit, was held in "The Church of our Father," Universalist, Rev. Dr. Rexford, G. B. Stebbins, Rev. Mr. Frost, Swedenborgian, Rabbi Hirsch, and Reed Stuart, spoke, and fine music was given. The audience was much interested.

"It is sacrilegious to day," remarks *The Christian Register*, "to regard as holy a belief which consigns the greater part of the human race to endless misery, as the victims of an arbitrary and unjust God. It is the duty of every enlightened man to extirpate every shade or possibility of reverence for such an unholy dogma."

Mrs. R. C. Simpson, who has been stopping in the city for a few weeks past, was suddenly called to her home, Hope, D. T., on last Monday. Mrs. Simpson's tests are certainly of a striking and convincing character, and she will always find something to do in Chicago.

Mrs. John H. Carter paid a brief visit to Chicago last week. Mrs. Carter has long been known at home and abroad as a very remarkable and well developed medium. Years ago, while young, she married Mr. Carter, since which time the general public has been deprived of her valuable services; but her work has been none the less important and useful to Spiritualism. She frequently gives sances to friends, and through her mediumship some of the best authenticated phenomena have been observed.

Boston Budget: President Lincoln said once that the best story he ever read in the papers of himself was this: Two Quakeresses were traveling on the railroad, and were heard discussing the probable termination of the war. "I think," said the first, "that Jefferson will succeed." "Why does thee think so?" asked the other. "Because Jefferson is a praying man." "And so is Abraham a praying man," objected the second. "Yes, but the Lord will think he is joking," the first replied, conclusively.

Mr. W. H. Terry, Melbourne, Australia, writes: "The pressure of work in connection with my medical business and foreign correspondence prevents my giving attention to the book business which it demands. I have made arrangements to transfer it to my nephew, Mr. Charles H. Bamford, whose interest in progressive subjects fits him for the conduct of such a business. Mr. Bamford is located at 87 Little Collins Street East, Melbourne, and is prepared to furnish the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL* at any time."

In San Francisco there are four journals regularly published in Chinese characters. These appear weekly, and have a circulation of 2,500 copies. According to the Chinese method a good printer can print 400 sheets a day. Five days' work are required to get out an edition of 1,000 copies. The journals are printed with black ink upon single sheets of white paper, except on the Chinese New Year, when the printing is done with red ink or upon red paper.

A horrible case of hydrophobia which proved fatal to the victim attracted wide attention at New London, Mo. Last summer George Norman, living in the country near there, was bitten by a dog and paid no attention to the matter. Just before his attack he woke up and told his friends of a terrible dream he had, in which he saw himself dying of hydrophobia. Almost immediately he began to develop symptoms of the rabies, which were quickly followed by awful convulsions. For twelve hours he struggled in these convulsions and it required the combined strength of six men to hold him. In his lucid moments he begged his friends to kill him. The end came, when, in the midst of a frightful convulsion, he expired.

A social event of more than ordinary happiness was the celebration, November 24th, at Easthampton, Mass., of the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Artemus Barnes of Easthampton. Mr. Barnes is a subscriber to the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*, and we are pleased to congratulate him upon this interesting occasion. In all the half century death has not entered the circle, and their three sons and daughter with their families and grandchildren, were all present at the festivities. Besides it all were there present Mr. Aaron Strong of Southampton, and Mr. J. P. Searle of Easthampton, who were present at the wedding reception at Southampton fifty years ago; also many relatives and friends from far and near. Mr. Barnes is now seventy-five years old and Mrs. Barnes is sixty-seven, and both in excellent health.

There were 100 very excited musicians at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, one afternoon, lately. They had come to rehearse with little Josef Hoffman, but their leader, Adolph Nendorff, had all he could do to keep them at their work, so completely were they carried away by the marvelous attainments of the child. It is said that Hoffman is a musical genius of the rarest order, and nothing like the prodigy has been seen since the time of Mozart. It was amusing to note the thoroughly confident air with which the child conducted the rehearsal. At times the old gray-haired men, whose entire lives have been passed in the study of the art of sweet notes, would come so rapt in the extraordinary musical gifts of the child before them as to cease playing in order to listen and watch the perfect methods of the performer. Again, they









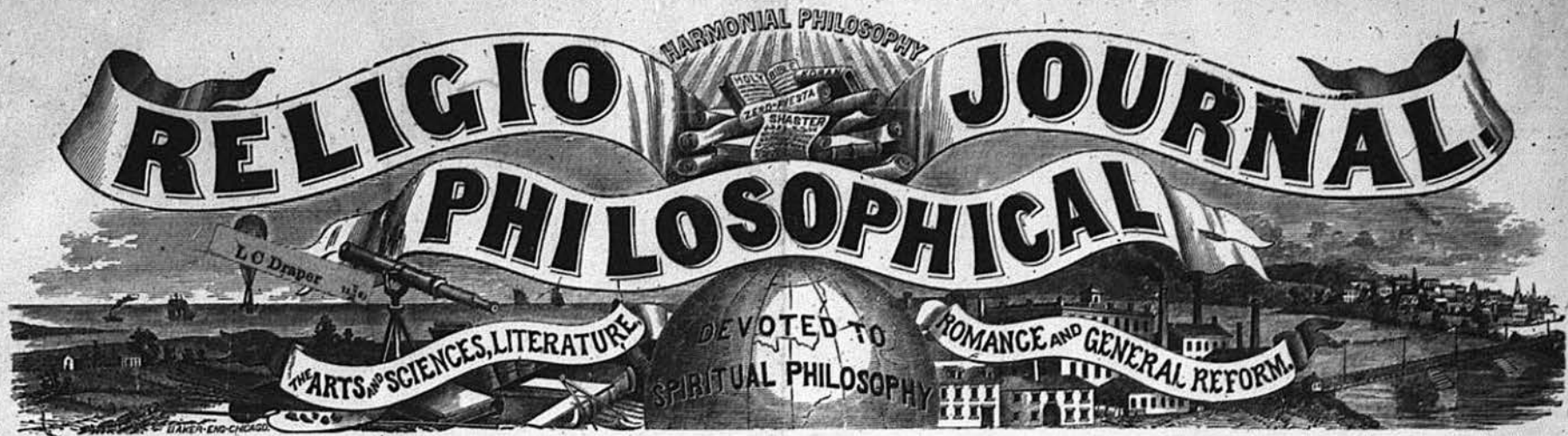












Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLIII.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 17, 1887.

No. 17

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones, movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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#### THE ROSTRUM.

The Word of God, or Who and What is God.

A Lecture Delivered by A. E. Tisdale, at Providence, R. I.

(Reported for the Harmonial-Philosophical Journal, and Published by request.)

#### MR. PRESIDENT, AND FRIENDS:

The word of God, or who and what is God, is the subject for your consideration this evening. Who God is, I frankly confess I do not know. I have said that facts are the finger prints of God; and that one fact, if it be no larger than a grain of sand, overturns hundreds of theories, and lives forever. The word of God is said, by the greater portion of christendom, to be the Bible, and it is asserted that a knowledge of its truths and obedience to its commands are essential to salvation. Now, if this be true, every chapter must be freighted with an important mission, and every word from Genesis to Revelation fragrant with truths of vital significance. To me the Bible is largely a book of crimes; therefore the multitude who accept it as the word of God, infallibly so, must conclude that they are designed to convey an important message; otherwise they would not have occupied so large a part of the Bible.

Now in courts of justice, my hearers, assertions are valueless without proof; hence this evening I shall consider myself in a Court of Justice, and will assign you worthy president to the Chair of Judgment, and you, as ladies and gentlemen, shall act as a jury. I am also aware of the penalty for a perjurer; hence it is my purpose to prove the assertions just made.

Now the court opens, my hearers, and, ladies and gentlemen of the jury. Soon after the creation of the earth we read that Cain killed his brother. Now the thoughtful mind naturally inquires what demoralizing influence called into being the demon of hatred and murder. Cain was the first child whose white feet pressed the dewy sod of earth; his first voice to ripple in childish laughter and breathe the sweet word, "brother." Cain grew to manhood without having been subjected to any of the degrading influences germinated in large cities. No novel writers had tainted his young and innocent mind with what Christians term pernicious teachings; no Galileo had disturbed his faith in a stationary earth; no news of the Darwinian theory had reached him; no one had dared to question the divine authority, and no spirit had returned to earth to explain the philosophy of death, or bring tidings of the states of spiritual existence. Cain's evil passion, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, cannot be traced to any of the causes named. Will the law of heredity explain it? It will be remembered that Cain's parents were created perfect, placed in a beautiful garden and surrounded by all that their innocent natures could desire, where their lives must have passed like a golden dream. No event disturbed their felicity until after their disobedience, when they were turned out of the garden; and even at that time they did not seem to think their punishment unjust, or entertain vindictive feelings towards their Creator who, notwithstanding their disobedience, had compassion on them, and before sending them out into the world, made for them coats of skin, and clothed them. It is impossible to trace in the life and surroundings at the time, any indications of this horrible scene. Cain was simply jealous, because the Lord had not respect for his offering. He was very wroth, his counte-

nance fell, and he slew his brother. It may be asked why did not God restrain him, and protect his innocent brother. Probably he would have done so had there not been a good reason for permitting the homicide; and perhaps the time may come when God's method of dealing with this murderer will be quoted as evidence that the Bible was the first to teach reformatory measures in dealing with criminals. For Cain, you will remember, was not only permitted to live, but was even allowed to find a wife in an uninhabited part of the world.

The next thing to which we shall refer, is the flood. We read that God, saw that the wickedness of man was great. He, therefore said, "I will destroy man whom I have created, from the face of the earth; both man and beast, and the creeping things, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them." But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord, and received instructions from him to build an ark; and after he and his sons, and his son's wives, and two and two of every flesh wherein was the breath of life had entered into it, then the windows of heaven were opened, and it rained forty days and forty nights, and every living substance was destroyed.

Picture, if possible, this horrible scene. The angry waters roll over hills and valleys; higher and higher the surging billows climb. The terrified people flee to the mountains; fathers hold their frightened children aloft as they struggle through the water; mothers raise their trembling arms in air and pray for mercy. Above the waves are heard the piercing cries of helpless despair, until it seems as if the very heavens must tremble at that spectacle of human woe. The ark moves lightly by on the billows, its pious inmates so absorbed in caring for beasts and creeping things that they have no time or sympathy to squander upon human suffering. We can imagine that they had so long talked with God that their state resembled the redeemed in heaven, who contemplate the agony of lost souls without the weakness of human pity.

Two lessons may be drawn from this: (1) God's hatred of sin and disobedience; (2) his tender mercy in setting his bow in the clouds, as a covenant that there should no more come a flood to destroy all flesh.

The next event was the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. We read that the wickedness of Sodom and Gomorrah was great, and their sin was very grievous; and God went down himself to see whether the report that had reached him was correct. So great was the wickedness it seems that he rained fire and brimstone out of heaven, and overthrew those cities and all that was in them.

This scene of smoke and flame is too horrible to contemplate. Really, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the inhabitants of the city of Providence ought to be very thankful that the widespread skepticism of the age has not urged this God to anger and consigned your city to a like destiny.

Right here, let me say to the ladies as president, that the punishment of Lot's wife presents a lesson which should not be omitted. She was so much attached to home and friends that she could not refrain from looking back, and for this reason she was transformed into a pillar of salt, and that was a very light punishment. I assure you, for so great an offense, and really, if God's justice was not tempered with mercy, many liberals and infidels would be subjected to a like ordeal.

Time will only allow me to call attention to the slaughter of the innocents by Pharaoh. After Moses was chosen to lead the children of Israel out of Egypt, another scene occurred. The lord, for his own wise purpose, of course, had seven times hardened the heart of Pharaoh, and finally at midnight he smote all the first born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne, unto the first born of the captive that was in the dungeon. And this illustrates the uselessness of trying to comprehend the mysterious methods of God by the feeble powers of reason. It is singular to me that the king, after having witnessed so many evidences of divine power, should have attempted to pursue the Israelites, for by so doing he lost his own life, and there remained not so many as one of the Egyptians.

Time will not permit me even to mention many other scenes. You remember that an aged man was stoned to death simply for gathering sticks on the Sabbath; and you all know that Sampson slew a thousand men with the jaw-bone of an ass. These and many other scenes of the Old Testament crimes are now seldom referred to by clergymen of the popular religion. But some one says "that is only the Old Testament. Take the New Testament." I will. The first was the slaughter of the innocent by Herod. But many writers treat this as fiction, assuming that as Josephus don't mention the event, it didn't occur. They also assert that Herod died several years prior to that period. Now such reasoning may have a tendency to unsettle the faith of the skeptic, but can have no influence upon the true Christian, who prefers the word of God.

The tragic death of Ananias and Sapphira should be a warning to all who attempt to deceive.

The scene on the cross at the death of Jesus has been kept prominently before the people for hundreds of years, while those who perished by slow torture in dungeons are forgotten. The reason is apparent; they lived and died for themselves, while the

death of Jesus was a part of the great scheme of salvation. Without the shedding of blood, we are told there is no remission of sins; and thousands of young and tender hearts have been torn with agony at the thought of the sufferings endured for them. Without the death of Jesus, we are told that God could not have been reconciled with his children. The idea of sacrificing Jesus for the sins of the unjust, of course could never have been conceived by man; for, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, human law demands punishment of the offender, while divine justice demands that the innocent suffer for the guilty. This scene at the cross simply presents the spectacle of a God-like man giving his life for a sinful world. "Jesus died for me. He paid the debt, all the debt I owe." Well, if he paid the debt, and it is all paid, what is the use of talking any more about it? "Jesus died for me. He paid the debt, all the debt I owe." These words have been repeated from childhood to old age. Man is powerless to save himself from demoralizing influences and habits, and must wait until God or Jesus accomplishes his reform. We are told, too, that a proper appreciation of this inspires a meek submission to the divine will; that when it is universally accepted, society will no longer be disturbed by a clamor for human rights, and that trades unions, labor organizations, suffrage associations, Spiritualists and liberal infidels, will be no more. Then the constitution of the United States will declare God and Jesus as the supreme rulers, and the people will bow to the statutes of the Bible. Never! Never will that be!

To me, the next is the most horrible of any yet alluded to. For hundreds of years, men, women and children have been hurried beyond the portal of the tomb and made immortal, that their punishment may endure forever. A place has been prepared for them, we are told, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched, and the smoke of their torment shall be forever and ever. Only devout souls can discern through the smoke and flame the justice and wisdom of God, who, by keeping these evil souls reserved in chains of darkness, allows only pure spirits to minister to His people on earth; and this is the righteous, merciful, Christian God of the Bible. This is the God who demands and accepts human sacrifices. My Christian opponent may say this is false, but I declare that the Bible, which according to their own statement is the perfect, infallible word of God, positively states that he does demand and accept them.

Now, in the 21st chapter of 2nd Samuel, we learn that God required seven innocent children, to atone for an offense committed for their grandfather some thirty years before. Although five of the children were his own stepsons, David had this horrible sacrifice offered. The 9th verse reads:

"And he delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them in the hill before the Lord; and they fell all seven together, and were put to death in the days of harvest, in the first day, in the beginning of barley harvest."

From the very next verse we learn that the friends of the children were not allowed to take down their dead bodies for burial, since the mother of two of them, keeping the beasts and birds of prey from feeding upon the bodies of her poor murdered children, sat upon a rock near by, guarding them night and day, from the time of Autumn when they were hung until the rains began to fall. Further on we learn that their bones, which had been scattered around, were gathered up and buried. Well, that is some consolation. But my hearers, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, God demanded this horrible sacrifice before he would release the land from a long and terrible famine with which he was afflicting it. After the sacrifice was offered, the famine ceased. The 14th verse concludes as follows: "After that, God was entreated for the land."

Again, in the 11th chapter of Judges, 30th and 31st verses, we read:

"And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, if thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into my hands, then it shall be that whosoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering."

Now, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, no Bible defender will hardly deny that God knew full well what the burnt offering, which was promised by Jephthah, would prove to be. If he had any knowledge of the future, he certainly must have known what it would be; and since he had control of all future events, he certainly had it in his power to make the choice exactly what he wished it to be, which power he doubtless exercised. Now, if he had not wished it to be—if he had wished it to be otherwise, would he not, I ask you, have either released Jephthah from the obligations of the vow, or brought it about that something other than a human being would be the first to meet Jephthah on his return? If he had wished it otherwise, would it not have been otherwise? But, be this as it may, he accepted the offer, and upon the strength of that offer he delivered the Ammonites into Jephthah's hands. Jephthah on his return was first met by his own daughter, whom, according to his vow, he was bound to butcher and raise as an offering to God. He informed her of his vow; and she, like a foolish girl, expressed her willingness to be thus butchered, cooked and served on God's table, but asked a delay of two

months, which was granted. The balance of the story we learn:

"And it came to pass at the end of the two months that she returned unto her father, who did with her according to his vow which he had vowed."

Now then, if God had not been perfectly willing that this vow should be fulfilled, would he not, I ask you, during the two months have released Jephthah from the obligations of the vow? Under such circumstances, doesn't the fact that he accepted the offering prove conclusively that the offering was an acceptable one?

Again, in the 21st chapter of 2nd Samuel, first verse, we read: "Again the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them to say: go, number Israel and Judah." And David did as he moved him to do. And, then, to punish him for his disobedience, God killed seventy thousand and innocent persons. What can be more horrible and detestable than the injustice of that action? What harm was there in David taking a census of the people, especially when God had moved him to take it? And, admitting that the act was a wicked one, why did he wreak his vengeance upon seventy thousand innocent persons? Will my opponents please rise and explain this?

Again, in the 7th chapter of Joshua, 24th to 26th verses: "And Joshua, and all Israel with him, took Achan the son of Zerah, and the silver, and the garment, and the wedge of gold, and his sons, and his daughters, and his oxen, and his asses, and his sheep, and his tent, and all that he had; and they brought them unto the valley of Achor. And Joshua said, Why hast thou troubled us? The Lord shall trouble thee this day. And all Israel stoned him with stones, and burned him with fire, after they had stoned him with stones; and they raised over him a great heap of stones unto this day."

It seems that he had selected for his own purpose a portion of the plunder that a band of robbers had taken, and for this act God was not satisfied to punish Achan himself, but had thirty-six innocent men slain, although an inquiry revealed the fact that Achan was the person who committed the offense.

The 19th verse reads: "And Joshua said unto Achan: My son, give, I pray thee, glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto him; and tell me now what thou hast done; hide it not from me."

"And Achan, like a foolish fool, he did make confession; and he and his entire family, and all that he had, were brutally stoned to death and then burned. And thus you see, because one of the plunderers had kept back a garment and a little gold, this righteous, merciful God of the Bible felt compelled to ask for the lives of thirty-six innocent men, and even a number of poor dumb brutes.

This is only one of the many instances in which, for some trifling offense, frequently committed by others, and they often permitted to escape, this Bible God has put to death innocent women and children, and even poor dumb brutes.

Again, in the 32nd chapter of Exodus, 27th to 29th verses, we read:

"And he said unto them: Thus saith the Lord God of Israel: put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor."

And Levi did according to the word of Moses; and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men. For Moses had said: "Consecrate yourselves to-day to the Lord, even every man upon his son, and upon his brother; that he may bestow upon you a blessing this day."

Now just think of it, will you? Three thousand, or, as many of our Bible authors would have it, twenty-three thousand bleeding human sacrifices offered to God in one day, as the price of his blessing. And God accepted this monstrous mass of corpses as a pleasing sacrifice, and in return bestowed his blessings upon the butchers who had offered it. And this is the unchanging and unchangeable God whom Christians to-day continue to blindly worship, simply because they are not bound to any other God. Why, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, none but the mentally blind can worship this personification of nearly everything that is utterly monstrous. And, my Christian, brother, since this God is unchangeable, what assurance have you that he will not, on some occasion in the near future, as the price of his blessing to you, require you in cold blood to put your sons, brothers and neighbors to death? If such a requirement was made of you, would it be any more curious or any more wonderful than it was at the time in question? Really, if God should command you to butcher your children, would you, or not, obey his command? If you would, then you are consistent followers of him; if you would not, then you are hypocrites, and are not obedient followers of your God. Nothing short of a perfect willingness on the part of Abraham to butcher his son would have satisfied God, and nothing short of a perfect willingness on your part to butcher your children would satisfy him. And he never changed! Abraham was willing to butcher his son. God may or may not command you to butcher your child. Whether he ever does or not command you to do this, however, if you would be righteous in his sight, you must be perfectly willing to, in case he should thus command. Now, that is the plain teaching of the Bible; if it is a pernicious doctrine, then this infallible book is a pernicious book.

Again, in the 6th chapter of Joshua, 21st verse, we read: "They utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old, ox, and sheep, and ass, with the edge of the sword."

By direct command of God, Joshua butchered all. He left nothing remaining. He utterly destroyed everything. And these murders, remember, were not committed on account of anything which the poor victims had done.

The 10th chapter of Joshua, 42d verse, reads: "All these kings and their land did Joshua take at one time, because the Lord God of Israel fought for Israel."

Now, I shall refer to but one more, and that can be found in the 31st chapter of Numbers; and my reason for selecting these from different parts of the Bible is to show that they are prominent features. I could go on from the commencement of this book, and follow them one after another; but it would occupy too much time. I propose, however, before closing, to present to you my opinion of God, and my idea of what the word of God is.

Now, I say the last to which I shall refer is found in the 31st chapter of Numbers. Here we have an account of the destruction of the Midianites, by the command of this same God. This description of sickening atrocities, eclipses all those of which we have any account in the history of the world. The soldiers who had been sent out against the Midianites slew all the men, who did not seem to be prepared for such an attack. The women and children were spared, and brought into camp; and because they were spared Moses the seer, and because they were spared to meet the soldiers he said to the officers: "Hav' ye saved all the women alive? Now, therefore, kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known a man by lying with him. But all the women children that have not known a man, by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves."

After this revolting scene was over, then began a cold-blooded, wholesale butchery of the wives and mothers, and the little male infants. The signal was given, and the air was rent with the yells of the murderers and the shrieks of the victims. Think of it, one hundred thousand or more were to be butchered! Mothers upon their bended knees implored mercy, not for themselves, but for their poor little babes; but knowing no such thing as mercy, God's servants obey his orders, tearing the poor little helpless babes from their mothers' arms, crushing their skulls and piercing their tender breasts. Warm, quivering bodies and piles of mutilated corpses cover the ground. Picture to yourself the unutterable anguish of this scene! Picture to yourself your own wife and little child as they are being brutally butchered, and then, if you can, shout tal-lah-jah to the God who is having it done. But never! never, I say, ask me to pray to such a monster.

After this horrible butchery, thirty-two thousand girls were divided up for the vilest of purposes. For God's own share, we are told that he received thirty-two, to be used of course by the priests. And this is the righteous and unchanging God which to-day Christians worship. This is the God for whom they erect so many of those monuments of pride and vanity called churches. This is the God to whom they offer so many of those flattering addresses called prayers. This is the God whom they coax and bamboozle with flattery, just as the Hebrews used to coax and flatter him with roast beef. This is the God who accepts human sacrifices, who required twenty-three thousand bleeding human sacrifices to be offered to him in one day, as the price of his blessing; who commanded one hundred thousand helpless women and children to be butchered. This is the God who commanded Freeman to go to the warm bed of his little boy and plunge the knife into his bosom.

Now, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I ask you as sensible people, can any person who is in full possession of his reason, believe that the infinite Spirit of Wisdom that rules this universe, ever commanded men thus in cold blood to cruelly and brutally butcher their sons, brothers, neighbors and companions? And how can Christians have the face to say that the infinite Spirit of Wisdom was ever this blood thirsty Lord God of Israel.

Now I am still aware of the penalty for a perjurer. I am still aware that I am in a court of justice. Hence I must still prove my assertions. I have said that this so-called infallible book was a book of falsities. Now I am going to prove that it makes one contradictory assertion, about which no little boy who knows the difference between 1 and 2 can have the slightest doubt. Ezra and Nehemiah gave a list of the numbers of Jews who returned from the Babylonian captivity. Ezra says: "These are the children of the province that went up out of the captivity, of those which had been carried away, whom Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon, had carried away into Babylon, and came again unto Jerusalem and Judah, every one unto his city."

Nehemiah says: "These are the children of the province, that went up out of the captivity, of those that had been carried away, whom Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon, had carried away, and came again to Jerusalem and to Judah, every one unto his city."

Now, from the similarity of the two books, it is evident that they refer to the same thing, and that the writer of one had copied from the other, or, taking the orthodox view of it, that God inspired both writers to use

(Continued on next page.)



The Progress of Spiritualism in France

Spiritualism appears to an outsider to have become stationary in France, after having made apparently gigantic strides since the introduction of what is termed Modern Spiritualism into the mother country, with such mediums as Joan of Arc were in vogue days.

Despite the active war waged by priests against the doctrines of Spiritualism, against the teachings that God is a God of Love, and not one of revenge and hatred; despite the voluntary blindness of official science refusing to accept the facts of spiritual communion, the tide of truth has rolled steadily from the other shores of the Atlantic, and swept slowly but surely Catholic bigotry and scientific folly from its path.

Many years had elapsed since the Rochester rappings, they harbingers of light, had created inquiry about Spiritualism in America, before France, following the lead of her younger sister, had many thousands of Spiritualists, whose belief in certain facts was so strong that neither stubborn denial nor wily insinuations on the part of materialist or priest could shake that belief, founded on truth, enabled others also to find out at last that the grave has no victory, and death no sting.

Spiritualism appeared to have reached the climax of its progress in France when the crowned head then ruling was not afraid to say that he, too, was a Spiritualist, and openly received at his court a true medium in every sense of the word. Table-tipping became a fashionable rage, but the solid truths of Spiritualism were unheeded in the whirlpool of thoughtless pastimes and pleasures, that was dragging everything down to fatal political struggles, war and civil strife. Spiritualism had become a pastime for the wealthy and thoughtless; the poor could not look higher than the hard daily toil for their bread. Science disdained to enter into its broad. Science disdained to enter into its broad. Science disdained to enter into its broad.

But fortunately an undercurrent of serious thought was kept up by a series of earnest seekers, such as Henri Delaage and other men, who found consolation in the result of their researches, and who still worked on the great problem of the future, far away from the whirlpool that was fatally dragging France and the French Court into ruin.

The war of 1870 finally broke out; disaster on disaster accumulated on the head of the devoted country, and civil strife finally appeared to have swept out Spiritualism, as it had endeavored to sweep out Catholicism and despotism; but poor mutilated France, slowly raising herself from the ground where she had been thrown, began to lift her eyes to higher things than mere pleasure and sought consolation in her trials elsewhere than on earth.

Many a widowed mother, many an orphan, and many a childless parent, sat mourning in the thousands of desolate homes, traces of the pitiless scythe that Death had put among the herds of human beings driven to slaughter to prop a tottering throne. Desolation lay on the face of the land; smoking ruins were to be seen in the place of smiling homesteads; feeble old men, tilling a soil sodden with the heart's blood of their healthy and hearty sons, whose bodies had become the prey of kite and raven. This was a picture, fearful indeed, to contemplate, but alas! a natural consequence of thoughtlessness, squandered time, and despised responsibilities.

Then came the time when the work of the quiet seekers began to bear fruit; that the light began to dawn in many families where war had, perhaps, left more than one vacant place. Spiritualism began working at the root of the social tree, and having thus started it made very rapid though silent strides. Still the blind gropers of official science refused to investigate. "Magnetism," they cried, "means imagination, and Spiritualism folly." But facts accumulated. America, England, Russia, Germany, all had their scientific authorities, who were honest enough to say, "I have seen, but I cannot understand," and others who frankly confessed they, too, admitted to be true what the "mad" Spiritualist advanced as the cause of certain phenomena.

But France must ever follow the light found by others; while the knowledge of certain facts is admitted by many tens of thousands, officially they cannot and must not be facts, because they are outside of the routine of French science. But routine cannot hold its own against truth; and Science finally decided to quash magnetism and Spiritualism at one blow: Spirit rappings were produced by the muscles of the leg; that M. Schiff found out by himself and the troop of scientific sheep followed the bell-wether. But sometimes the communications concerned parties or events of which no one present was cognizant!

Could not spiritual phenomena be explained by magnetism? "Although magnetism," said they, "is outside the boundaries of our omniscient human science, it is better to admit something that may be imagination than to admit something else that is certainly folly."

And French Science began to dig out the mysteries of magnetism, hoping to prove that, after all, Mesmer's animal magnetism might be something more than magnetism, and that all the other faculties of Europe had been mesmerized into folly.

Suddenly the scientific world was astonished that something new had been discovered; a "force" dubbed hypnosis, by which man could by his will control the will and bodies of other men. Science then lifted its hands in astonishment, and immediately Prof. Charcot was called "illuminist."

But, timidly objected the Spiritualists, we claim that animal magnetism has the same properties, that it produces the same effects, and is precisely the same thing as your hypnosis.

"Hush!" replied grandiloquent Science. "We call it hypnosis; though it is precisely the same in its effects as animal magnetism; yet it cannot be so, for you know animal magnetism is a myth; it is hypnosis and nothing else."

Astonished at the remarkable "discoveries" made in "hypnosis," French science forgot all about Spiritualism. Everything became hypnosis. A man cuts his neighbor's throat, he is hypnotized; another says he believes in table tipping;—the man and the table also are hypnotized. A man of scientific valor, like Crookes or Zöllner, believed he saw, but bahl! we know what hypnosis means.

If the hypnotic rage continues, we shall soon hear that the earth is hypnotized by the sun, and "suggested" to revolve in its orbit. But is hypnosis a force? "Oh! dear, no," says Science; "it is a cerebro-spinal disease." Yes, friends, know once and forever that

magnetic sleep, somnambulism and catalepsy are nothing but diseases of the brain and nerves. Under penalty of scientific excommunication I warn American Spiritualists that they must believe that Spiritualism is likewise a species of inflammation of the brain; French Science has declared it to be so. A girl in "hypnotic sleep," reads a closed book printed in some foreign tongue; it is not clairvoyance, it is a "nervose," an eating away of the brain by some new infusorium.

But a woman has painless parturition when under the influence of "hypnotism." Surely that is not a disease? Why, certainly, a very bad case indeed. She must be affected with total paralysis of the brain, the organ that secretes thought and sensation, as the stomach secretes peptic!

Poor Science, you have made a leap into what is darkness to you, and you have become so dazed by the sudden light that you stand bewildered, not daring to believe what you see. Some of these days you will be forced to admit, in the face of the world, as you have done with magnetism, that there is a soul in the body you love to study; that the soul is worth while studying also; and that a rap is a rap and not a "suggestion."

The tide of truth is becoming stronger and faster; somnambulism, both natural and provoked, is being discussed as magnetism was discussed, and the step from somnambulism and clairvoyance to the spiritual trance is not far to take.

Facts accumulate on facts,—facts that cannot be denied, and theories crumble to dust before the light of truth, as the mummy crumbles to dust before the face of the sun.

Some few years hence some professor will "discover" Spiritualism as Professor Charcot "discovered" magnetism, and will baptize by some Greek name the truths for which modern Spiritualists have been fighting so long; this illustrious professor will force official science to admit the truth thereof, and everybody will immediately step forward and declare, "I was a Spiritualist years ago."

I render homage here to Doctor Paul Gili, whose interesting book, "Le Spiritisme ou Fakirisme Occidentale," has been the cause of provoking much discussion in the scientific synods; yet I would have hoped that the learned Doctor would have more boldly expressed his private opinion as to the cause of the facts, instead of merely asserting facts to be facts. It is already, however, a great step, and let us hope that by the time his second book appears, the progress of Spiritualism will have advanced sufficiently to enable him to declare himself a Spiritualist or a Fakirist, as he pleases.

Hypnotism has no lack of subjects to experiment on here; but good mediums for physical phenomena are sadly lacking.

"Spiritualism is unscientific," declared a celebrated professor one day to me.

"Well, Doctor, what would you have said ten years ago about hypnosis?"

"Oh! well, of course it appeared absurd then, but science has made some progress since then."

"Very good, doctor, within ten years you will say that Spiritualism is a science also."

"If I could see and control displacement of material objects without visible contact, I would be a Spiritualist."

This is the eternal reply: we must see and control.

More harm has been done to our cause here than can be imagined by fraudulent mediums from other shores. These impostors, though mediums also, believe they have tumbled into a country where people will swallow down sideways the first "apple-ghost" offered to them. It is a very great mistake, and for one man they may convert by genuine phenomena, they render five hundred completely skeptical by practicing a single fraud.

When I say that "mediums" are lacking, I mean men or women who would withstand ridicule, of which the French are so afraid; the public scoffing and shrugging of shoulders, a feature particular to the French character when it cannot understand a new problem. Hypnotism has any amount of public lecturers and experimenters, but Spiritualism hides away in dark corners, because no man can yet say, "Come and see, and ye will believe."

We want a public medium who speaks the language, who has the courage to withstand scoffing, and who is honest. We want some one to start a good society here composed of honest people, who are Spiritualists. What confidence can Spiritualists have in themselves, or outsiders in Spiritualists, if it is a well known fact that the very head man of a spiritual society is less of a Spiritualist than many a bigoted Catholic, and that he only wraps himself in the cloak of Spiritualism the better to live on the fat of the land, instead of honestly plying his tailor's needle, and commits actions which would send any other man twenty times, instead of only once, before the police court?

Such, Mr. Editor, are the great evils that hinder the progress of Spiritualism in France. Lack of good public mediums; those that are good hide away with small family circles; badly directed spiritual societies as a rule. When these three evils are banished Spiritualism will make such rapid strides that I hope in twenty years hence, it will sit triumphant in the sanctum sanctorum of the University of Paris.

For my part, my mission is to help it get there, and with the help of my guide it will be there.

G. D. HOME.

Paris, France, Nov. 8, 1887.

The bogus lord, Hugh Courtney, or John Reginald Talbot, who has been fooling Newark (N. J.) society people, has sent a Newark sketch of his life, with sundry advice on the art of getting on in the world without industry. Newark circles are very much stirred by the claim that he has several spy letters from Newark belles, photographic copies of which he may some day see fit to send to the newspapers.

Catie may now be seen almost daily conveying packages and boxes from the railway station to the Vatican, all Jubilee gifts to the Pope being admitted by the Italian Government free of duty. His Holiness is said to take great pleasure in personally superintending the unpacking and directing the collection of these gifts as they arrive.

The Boston Herald says: "With a refined and cultivated woman in the Klyffe, Parisians will be much more contented with their new president than they were with the good Grévy, who was formerly a washerwoman, was labored by society, though respectfully tolerated as the wife of the first man in France."

Maria Steel, a negro, whose age is put at 115 years, has just died at Savannah, Ga. Two sons, both of them very old "uncles," survive her.

"The McBatzenbergs" is French's name for Princess Beatrice's Scotch baby.

A wise man is not inquisitive about things important.—Broomes.

In Memoriam of Nathan Tuttle.

On Thanksgiving day, at the advanced age of 89, my father joined the immortal ones, the thoughts of whom have during the last years of his life been his great consolation.

He was born at Northville, Long Island, June 1st, 1798. The early years of his life were passed on one of the old farms that his ancestors purchased from the Indians. There have been nine generations from the John Tuttle (as the name should be written) who first came to Orient. It was a romantic locality, then somewhat lonely, the sound bounding the farm on the north, the coast being formed of high precipitous bluffs. The solitude of these silent fields impressed his sensitive nature and combined with a naturally sad temperament, tinged his character.

When fourteen years of age he was engaged in repelling an attack of a British man-of-war on a coasting vessel driven on the beach. The combat lasted all day, and at night the enemy left the handful of defenders masters of the vessel.

He became weary of the farm life on the island, and hearing of the advantages of Cayuga Co., N. Y., then the far West, he started on foot to make the long journey on his twentieth birthday. The next year he married Miss Moriah L. Monroe, who was a native of New Hampshire, and one of the Leland family. After four years they moved to Almond, N. Y., and began on a wilderness farm. But the discouragements were too great, and hearing the stories of the desirable country in Northern Ohio, he turned his face again westward. The old steamer Superior, one of the first, brought him and his wife up the Lake to the rude pier at Huron. That Port was a rude collection of buildings, but its inhabitants entertained lofty expectations. His muddy streets soon terminated in the by-paths of the wilderness, which fringed the shores of the Lake.

In the fall of that year he secured the land on which he erected a log house, and made his permanent home. The land was covered with heaviest growth of walnut and oak, which he cleared off with his own hands.

His was an intensely religious nature, and he was educated in the ways of the old-fashioned Westminster Catechism, but his active mind was not content. It rebelled against the narrow creed, and in mature life he became a Unitarian. This did not satisfy him, and he was constantly harassed with doubts, which he imputed to the author of evil. Of course these misgivings affected deeply a nature like his, to such a degree that until fifty-five years of age, he rarely smiled. It was then that his attention was called to the Rochester rappings. He subscribed for the first Spiritualist paper published, and became, not suddenly, but after mature examination, a Spiritualist. The new religion solved the mysteries in which he had been enshrouded. It brought the light of day into the darkness. In every respect he became changed. Nature put on a new aspect. Instead of gloom there was joy. Hell and Satan, ever present in his imagination, shrank to his sensibility by their cruelty and injustice, disappeared.

He was free, and the smile of joy came to his face. He read the Bible afresh for its new meaning. He read all that was published on the subject, and was as deeply interested in the English and Australian periodicals devoted to liberal thought and Spiritualism, as in the cause in this country. He was an indefatigable reader on all subjects, especially ancient history, and as he preserved his sight until the last, never using glasses, and his memory growing more retentive with age, he became extremely well informed in a wide field of knowledge.

His kindness of heart was exhibited toward animals in a marked manner. He was a successful breeder of cattle and fine horses, and every one was named, and a pet. They received only kindness at his hands, and he would refuse to sell a horse until he could place it in kind hands. He carried this to such an extent that he abstained for nearly twenty years from flesh, because he thought it wrong to take life.

His modesty was another distinguishing trait and no one ever heard him utter a word that would cause a blush on the cheek of the most fastidious; nor would he listen to vulgar talk, without rebuking it.

He was an indefatigable worker and never speculated or bargained. He was too honest and thoughtful of the interests of others to be successful as a trader. His word was as good as his bond, and when he made a promise he failed not to fulfill. He could say with truthfulness that he never wronged anyone, and every dollar of his possessions had been earned by his own labor. He never let the sun go down on anger entertained by him against any one.

He was sustained to the last by his religious convictions, which with him had all the certainty of knowledge. He looked forward to the future with his last moments anticipations, and during his last moments his conversation was addressed to friends in visible. He suffered from heart disease, and its complications, and the painful sense of suffocation, but he uttered no word of complaint, yet often expressed the hope that each attack would be the last. After one of unusual severity, he said with a smile, "The long day's work is done—I am weary—I will rest." Again arousing as from sleep he said, "This is a beautiful place; I am glad it is over." Then the angel who stands by life's portal with inverted torch, broke the silver cord which bound the winged soul to earth.

It was a sad moment when we saw only the struggle and gasp of the body, surrendering the spirit, but we know that by his side were the dear angels to receive him. Though tears would fall we could not selfishly call him back to the old form. He had passed the valley and the shadows, had drank the draught to its bitter dregs. He had labored faithfully through life's long day. The harvest was fully ripened. He had nothing to gain by staying here; he has the progressive possibilities of the angel spheres now before him, to go forward in the grand destiny of immortal being. Our prayer is, and we know it will be answered, "Remember us here in the shadow, until we come to the borders of the River of Light; be with us in that supreme moment, and welcome us to the evergreen shore." He had chosen for a text for his funeral discourse: "Be not deceived: God is not mocked: As a man soweth, so shall he also reap." It was consonant to the stern principles of justice and honesty which had ordered his life.

The Hon. W. D. Johnson gave the address which for brilliancy of thought and eloquence of diction was incomparable. He gave a just and discriminating eulogy on the life and character of the deceased, whose sturdy integrity he held up as an example for the imitation of the coming generation. Dr. E. L. Perry, who is known to the readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL by his poetry, and who has composed the words and music of many exquisite sacred songs, sang three of these in a penetrating and pathetic manner.

On the casket was placed the worn sickle with which it occupant had reaped for many a weary day. It was gilded and wreathed with immortelles, and by it lay a sheaf of wheat. The bearers were early friends of the deceased; their united ages approached 450 years.

Father and mother were the oldest couple on the Fire-lands, having been married 68 years, and now at 87 she is bereft of her companion. His is the second death that has occurred in the old homestead he built forty-two years ago, and the third that has broken the family circle in these sixty-eight years.

Berlin Heights, O. HUDSON TUTTLE.

The First Apostolic Church of Modern Times, at Washington, D. C.

Opening Address by the Founder, S. M. Baldwin.

Before the address was delivered the audience agreed that the lack of unity among the churches was the chief cause of preventing the destruction of military establishments in this generation, and the formation of an arbitration court to settle all international disputes.

Friends, we have met to-day for practical and important work: we are here to lay the foundation for a progressive combination between the two worlds, so as to give our departed friends and co-workers their long desired opportunity.

This great multitude out of the body have always been patiently trying, according to the laws of their place of residence, but especially have they had a better opportunity during the past forty years, to make us all understand that they have not gone away off to heaven or hell, as we all have been taught, but that they wish to be often near, and can by their large experience in the higher grade of existence, give us infant scholars in the lower class, much good advice, and often warn us of impending danger, while we are confined to this narrow abode and subject to so many inharmonious conditions. These millions of people who know the true situation all agree in saying that if we can be persuaded to give them the required encouragement, by right living, and by keeping our bodies and minds pure and honest, that they will soon succeed in changing our present misery in this phantastic society, and in due time make this now wretched earth, a most desirable as well as delightful abiding place.

Those now present at our first meeting, cannot but regard this undertaking of the utmost importance, when they reflect that we propose to give congenial employment to those who say that it is their chief source of delight to spend their whole time in doing their utmost to elevate and to educate those where they once lived, who have so long struggled and earnestly prayed to be relieved from a bad system of religion and a bad state of society.

It is not strange that some of the clergy, whom it is supposed would have been the first to welcome this only evidence of continued life and conformation of their faith, were the first to oppose this apostolic way of salvation. This, however, was also done by the church of old under similar circumstances; simply because they were both on a wrong foundation, in conflict with human nature, in vainly trying to save the world by preaching salvation by opinions and ceremonies, thereby causing great inharmonies in families, States, and nations. It is an admitted fact that people are no more accountable for their opinions, than for the color of their eyes or skin, and there is nothing that they so much honestly differ in, as their religious opinions, and all that we require as we journey along together, is the greatest possible charity and forbearance for one another.

Before the dawn of this new dispensation, which demonstrates that there is absolutely no death—nothing but change—the world was stumbling along in the gloomy night of darkness, contending and divided over their supposed condition in the hereafter; and most of the people were then guided by their animal natures, and superstition reigned supreme.

By well directed co-operation between the two worlds, daybreak is at length visible. The problem of the ages is being solved, and before the coming light of truth, creeds tremble, ignorance dies, error decays and humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.

It is gratifying to know that many of the clergy who regard these phenomena as identical with the experiences of primitive Christianity, are encouraging its progress in their various congregations; so that in the near future it will permeate the whole church with a practical religion, resulting in a universal creed and pure Christianity for the whole earth. It will also furnish modern Christians with a most effective and irresistible weapon for combating modern atheism and materialism, against which the church is now in many cases almost powerless. Those of the clergy who continue to ignore this purifying process through which the church is now passing from the old to the new dispensation, will naturally be classed in the same category with their brethren of old who opposed early Christianity, and will realize that by so doing they are virtually encouraging the discord everywhere produced by vainly trying to make us all think alike when God has made us to think differently in non-essentials, in the same ratio that we all look differently. Many of us who have been members of large family circles, and have been children of many prayers, can now look back and see how the contention over non-essentials and unimportant opinions and useless creeds, caused about all of the inharmonies at home, and now deeply regret when too late, that the time spent over this discussion has bereft us of the best part of this valuable life.

From the ignorance of the apostolic age, it is not strange that the divine plan of salvation which the church tried then to establish, failed to be appreciated. Soon after the death of Jesus and his followers, and even now those educated in opinion religion, find it hard to accept of the elevating tendency of these heavenly influences. It is believed that the apostolic standard of fruits and works as explained in the book of James, is a solid foundation for all churches in all ages, when kept from corruption by frequent Pentecostal experience, which will become highly educational when fully appreciated. The opinions of the members of this church will never be called in question, our only standard of action will be the sermon on the mount, the golden rule, and the best that Jesus gave for a true Christian: "By their fruits shall ye know them." It is believed that this peaceful religion of divine inspiration, now practically endorsed by twelve millions of people in the United States, will so transform society, that in the near future it will take the place of the present inharmonious orthodox or opinion religion, and become the basis of the long-prayed-for peace on earth and good will to men. Thus, when co-operation, arbitration and education should have had their perfect work, will

come the golden era, when all can make the most of this short, preparatory school, and be ready for promotion to the higher life at any time because they had learned to live according to nature's laws in human life.

A NEW DEPARTURE PREPARATORY TO THE GOOD TIME COMING.

The first apostolic church of Washington, D. C., will convene every Sunday at 3 o'clock, in the Central Methodist church, Fifth street between M and N, n. w., for the purpose of obtaining wisdom by the true means of agitation of thought, the opening speaker limited to twenty minutes, and ten minutes for closing remarks, to be followed by short speeches from the audience, and the time of any speaker be extended by a majority vote.

On every Monday evening at the same place will be given demonstrations of continued existence, from those who now live near and around our contemplated heavenly homes.

To this Monday evening conference, the clergy who are supposed to be at leisure on this evening are cordially invited to attend and take part in questioning those who have been promoted and whose only way of advancement there is to do their utmost here to elevate the inhabitants of earth. This church is founded to promote the apostolic plan of salvation by removing the great sources of inharmonies among the people.

The evident and urgent necessity of uniting among the churches to aid in hastening the now pending millennial dawn, is found all through the Bible, but especially in the 12th of Corinthians, 2d and 3d of Acts; also in the 24 chapter of Revelations the following suggestion to the clergy, is four times mentioned—"He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Science of Death.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

NUMBER FOUR.

Planet life is the united expression of matter, force and intelligence, expressed in everything from rock, mineral, plant, insect, bird and beast up to man; and life is always seeking, as best it may, to express intelligence. We all have a somewhat definite conception of matter and force, but I feel the time has now come to ask, what is this wonderful intelligence which guides matter and force, so that a world is built, and an earth history recorded in eternity? Just as matter is one atom multiplied by many, so force and intelligence must stand as individual atoms too. So there is no need for man to continue his puny attempts to think of an infinite intelligence, for we can all easily conceive of intelligent individuals, although their number may be countless millions.

Here I disclaim any belittling of Deity. He simply stands to me as incomprehensible, and I care nothing for the description and definition of Him, woven by theological minds to suit their creed and their religion; but if there be such a Deity, I propose to show that he must stand as infinitely above the pulpit God, as the gospel Jesus stands above Brother Talmage, who wants Ingersoll imprisoned for blasphemy.

The key to this problem of humanity will be found in this fact of the eternal existence of every atom of intelligence. I must try and make my thought very clear, for I am now about to deal with the grandest subject that can ever be presented to the mind of mortal man.

Matter, force and intelligence are all eternal and all alike composed of individual atoms. The thinker must perforce acknowledge that all three were needed to make this world just what it is. But the intelligence that was acting as maker to this planetary system of ours, was not composed of the same atoms of intelligence that were at work up yonder in the Pleiades, any more than the atoms of matter were the same.

The next thought is that the quantity of matter and force in our system is rigidly limited. There are just so many atoms and no more, therefore the intelligence at work is, of course, limited in its number of atoms too.

Let us now try and mark the distinction between the intelligence we find expressed in humanity, and the intelligence that is expressed in life below man. The first exhibition of life in matter is expressed by drawing one atom to another. This is called attraction. It is the way nature manufactures the beautiful crystal; but in nature's next step we find a higher manifestation of life, for we discover growth proceeding from the interior outward.

Nature's processes are always analogous. The same law of evolution that produces world after world from a parent sun, evolves all forms of life upon a planet. So we find intelligence working upon matter from the outside away up through the forms of life until humanity is reached; but at that point we discover that nature has at last evolved conditions that will permit life to peep out from within. The instant that becomes possible man on earth is born, and until that happens there can be no humanity to people a planet.

We can now take another step, for we see that the possibility of this highest manifestation has depended upon the refinement of matter. We must not think of matter as better or worse, as poor stuff when crude, and angel food when refined. That would be nonsense. The most atheistic atom can do duty in the rock if you simply change the proportion of force and alter conditions, for then life must manifest outside that atom. And as those atoms become what we call refined life will creep into the interior, although intelligence will still have to operate from the outside. At last comes the time when even intelligence can find its home in the citadel of life, and we call that humanity. In a word, I mean to suggest, that in the crystal, both life and intelligence are external. In insect, bird, beast and vegetation, whilst the life is inferior, intelligence is an outside influence, but in the form of manhood, life wedded to intelligence becomes the essence of humanity, and thus completes an individuality that was imperfect in every preceding form. Still we must remember that this does not imply the creation of an individual intelligence, for we have seen that intelligence must always have existed, like matter and force, outside and before our little creation.

All the changes we have been marking are simply deaths, but just so long as man's mortal senses can follow the change, he does not call it death. These changes grow, and must continue, for restless activity seems to be the law of matter, although at one time it may appear to us as crude, and at another sparkle in the sunbeam. Man's form on earth is built up of more refined matter than are the forms around him; and man's form of to-day is elaborating particles yet more vitalized, till presently intelligence finds a more beautiful temple than this body, whose atoms then retire from duty and go to work



elsewhere. But that is "death," by which term you mean to say you have lost sight of the old form; yet you never saw the spirit of your friend, so all you have lost by this change is its manifestation through a form you could see. That which death leaves of your friend will be the theme of my next and concluding article.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Trumpet Call to Spiritualists.

BY A SPIRITUALIST.

Every candid thinker who believes in the philosophy of Spiritualism must admit the basic importance of its phenomena; but it must not be forgotten that the importance of the phenomena is basic, and that there is need of something higher than continually digging and prying about foundation stones. It needs but little experience with the phenomena of Spiritualism to convince a candid mind that the intellectual products of passive mediumship can never equal the products of the soul in its active state. Whether the souls of the mediums organism impose necessary limitations upon the communicating intelligence, or whether the larger part of so-called inspirations are merely the self-quickening of the medium's own powers, certain it is that the communications and actions of departed great ones are not consistent with their lives on earth. Shakespeare, if we believe the tragic medium, has become a school boy rhymist; Plato babbles nonsense; the sages of antiquity become the murderers of the king's English and the assassins of common sense. Raphael lends his hand to daubs such as might excite the admiration of a savage in his war paint, but of no sober, cultured mind. Mozart, Beethoven, and other tone masters whose souls were once vibrant with music of the spheres, are now become the cheap drummers on pianos at dollar dances, their grandeur of conception and feeling all gone, and their music contented with a jig or hornpipe. The great souls of the ages, come down from Olympian heights, are engaged in peddling cheap morality and fustian nonsense at twenty-five cents per admission. The dignity of the great is departed, and monarchs, queens, sages, priests, masquerade in extemporized costumes before the staring eyes of mortals who, tired and cloyed with the sights of this world, are seeking fresh novelties and sensations on the borders of the next. Reverent truth seeking is almost unknown; but instead we find open-mouthed wonder, morbid curiosity, a seeking of marvel and miracle for its own sake. The sacred privacies of domestic life are invaded, secrets long buried are brought to light, the scroll of the soul's life is unrolled before curious eyes, that the mad thirst for tests may be not sated, but gratified. Wonder after wonder is performed, till the mind grows dizzy with their contemplation; and still the cry is "give, give." It is no wonder the cunning of the hands is called in to supplement the works of the spirit. To such a length has the mad hunt for marvels been carried, that the possibilities of spiritual laws have been exhausted, and legerdemain must patch out the phenomena of the Spirit-world.

It is time that this phenomenalism should receive a check. To learn the alphabet is necessary; but to stay dallying with a-b ab, and looking curiously at the letters, and pronouncing them again and again in various tones, when the mind should be going onward to higher lessons of truth, is to dwarf and cripple our spiritual faculties, and let our own reason remain unused. Let phenomena have their place, but let them keep it. Let the alphabet be learned, but let it not be forgot for what end it was invented. Let us study psychic laws, and learn of the mysteries of spirit; but let us seek truth rather than miracle, and desire edification rather than amusement. The faculties of the soul must not be wasted in the vain search for empty marvels. Let us feed no longer on husks, but return to the father and his bounty.

Phenomenalism can furnish no permanent conditions for spiritual growth. The things of the spirit are spiritually discerned; and only as physical phenomena are signs and symbols of underlying truths and principles can they be of any service to the soul. The time is come for a forward movement to the ranks of Spiritualism. Phenomenalism has had its day and done its work for thousands. Upon the basis thus laid there should be build the high temple of a spiritual philosophy and a religious faith. The world waits for the master builder who shall lay the cornerstone of this new temple. Orthodox creeds are fast dissolving. Articles of belief no longer have their old time meaning. The real belief is read between the lines of all the creeds. Liberal Christianity is almost paralyzed with doubt. Materialism and agnosticism are making deep inroads upon the ancient faiths. Christianity has no weapon sharp enough and no armor strong enough to turn the edge of the sword of Goliath of the Philistines. If the claim of Spiritualism is true, there is a claim of Spiritualism to be made. Shall the opportunity now offered for the upbuilding of a Universal Temple on the ruins of the old faiths be embraced by Spiritualism, or shall she wrap herself in the drapery of phenomenal delusion, and sink into the sleep that can know no waking?

December Magazines Received Late.

**THE WOMAN'S WORLD.** (New York and London.) Number one of volume one of Oscar Wilde's magazine is issued and shows grace and refinement in its *tout ensemble*. The publisher promises to make this monthly worthy of its title, and everything likely to be of interest to women will be dealt with as fully as possible. Lady Archibald Campbell contributes *The Woodland Gods*, with illustrations; the Countess of Portsmouth, an article on the position of Woman, while Annie Thackeray gives a sketch of Madame de Sévigné's grandmother. Other interesting articles are: Above the Cloud-Line; The Children of a Great City; The Oxford Ladies' College; and The Recent Telepathic Occurrences at the British Museum. A serial by Geo. Fleming is begun. Literary Notes, and Fashions for the month complete the table of contents. Price, 35 cents a number and \$3.50 a year.

**THE PATH.** (New York.) A paper on the Bhagavad-Gita opens the December pages of this monthly and is followed by Songs of the Unseen; The Theosophical Meaning of Goethe's Faust; Notes on the Astral Light; Correspondence, Tea Table Talk, etc.

**THE METHODIST PULPIT AND PEARL.** (Fort Wayne, Ind.) Suggestive and timely articles are found under the following heads: Sermons; Outlines of Sermons; Law and Usage; Educational; Editorial Miscellany; Department of Language, Etc.

**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.** (New York.) A double Christmas number is out for December and has a fine table of contents. An extensive list of engravings of celebrated portraits and paintings are interspersed through the pages of reading matter adding much to the beauty of the number. The story of Jael is continued, also the Mediation of Ralph Harriot, and Coaching Days and Coaching Ways. The Sea of Galilee by South Kensington is an interesting paper and What Players are They? will be read with pleasure.

**THE HOMILETIC REVIEW.** (New York.) The departments in religious thought, sermonic literature, and discussions of practical issues have their usual amount of valuable reading this month.

**MENTAL HEALING.** (Boston.) Contents: Evil, Its Nature, Source and Remedy; The Denials of Jesus; Plato and Christian Science; One in God; Editorial and What is Mental Cure.

**THE ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE.** (St. Louis, Mo.) An illustrated holiday medley opens this monthly for December and is followed by short stories, poems and literary notes.

**BADYHOOD.** (New York.) The table of contents is as varied and suggestive as usual.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

(All books noticed under this head, are for sale at or by order, through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.)

**ROUGH DIAMONDS, or Man's Nature and Actions Considered, in 999 Aphorisms, with Hints to Business Men.** By Dr. J. M. Rice. Chicago: J. W. Dinsdale, 243 W. Madison St. Pp. 135. Price 25 cents.

An accurate idea of this book can only be ascertained by reading its contents, hence we make the following extract, from which the reader can pass judgment:

A ship is often laid up for repairs, but a man's conscience is seldom placed on the "dry dock."

An evil report increases its volume every time that it is told. A good one is often lost before it gets cold.

A man will bear being told of his virtues, but tell him of his faults and he will kick like a mule.

Pride is often out at the elbows, and seeks to hide its shabby appearance.

Every year after millionaires build a magnificent palace, lives in them and at last dies in a hovel.

One who kindly submits to being told of his faults is on the road to reform.

A man who dies in debt, his chief mourners are his creditors.

Those who would believe that life is not real, let them try to borrow a twenty dollar piece when they are broke.

Jealousy feeds on suspicion, destroys affections, and desolates many happy homes.

Those who do good through promises of some future reward, are liable to be led astray.

The miser never leaves anything behind him worth remembering, except his gold.

Honesty is his reward, but seldom a bank account.

Happiness reigns in the cottage, Kings and Queens in their palaces, and the miser in his hovel.

Superstition is born in ignorance, lives in priestcraft, goes to heaven without an intelligent effort of his own.

Mankind is entitled to a great deal of credit for belief or unbelief. It is only the hypocrite that should be despised.

It is not necessary to clothe truth. It is only falsehood that needs a new suit of clothes every time it makes its appearance.

If you have a friend that you value tell him of it while he lives, or don't mourn his loss when he is gone.

When the ten commandments were written there was a power behind them, but nowadays there's not enough power in the moral atmosphere to compel the school boy to commit them to memory.

Advice given without being asked for is seldom appreciated.

All public spirited men die easy, being conscious of having lived to a purpose.

Those who wait for the tide to land their boat upon the shore are often carried out to sea.

There is no bore so great as those who tell the same story every time you meet them.

Man has beautified the earth, and dug the precious metals from his bowels to secure pay for his labor.

If one would be respected, he must first respect himself.

Never seek any society, unless you first consider the points that make you equal.

The happiest man is one who cannot be convinced that he is living in error.

The dudes are the progeny of the baboon, the mingling link between them and the human race; not having sufficient intelligence to entitle them to the name of either.

If there were no more harm in the way of the human tongue than that of the dog's tail, Adam and Eve would have remained in the Garden of Eden.

If a man is ever found who practices just what he preaches he should be sent to Barnum's Museum.

Life is a pension and we draw from it about all that belongs to us.

The man who receives much praise from his neighbors, never drove a nail of kicking mule.

If we all had the knowledge of world building, and were to agree to build one to suit everybody there would be such a diversity of opinion that we should never be able to lay the foundation.

The ancients tell us of spirits who walked and talked with men. We believe it. It is common in these times for men to get full of spirit and want to talk to everybody.

Don't allow yourself to believe that you were born to reform the world. It will need much of your time to keep your own house in order.

Great men tell us that the greatest study is man. Find one who studies his own actions and reports on them as often as he does on his neighbors.

their consumption will aid in the production of wealth or not" (64), "unless this distinction is preserved it is impossible to draw the line between the wealth that is capital and the wealth that is not capital." [We see how well Mr. George preserved the distinction.] Labor is human exertion; capital is human exertion, laborious and otherwise, and capital is the product of human exertion. The product of labor is the wages of labor; (44) labor, the product of labor, and capital are the same thing. Labor is its own reward—it draws its wages from itself; and as labor and capital are the same thing, labor draws its wages from capital; that is, capital pays labor, notwithstanding Mr. George's repeated insistence that the "maintenance and payment of labor do not even temporarily trench on capital, but are drawn directly from the product of labor,"—which, ["angle and ministers of grace defend us!"] is capital.

Such is the nature of the exhibitions in "George versus George" of Henry George contradicting himself, and of his inability to cope with much less deft than the great masters in current Political Economy. Mr. Rutherford also detects in Mr. George a tendency after he has demonstrated a proposition to drop from it some important word or phrase, and then use the emasculated form, as though it were the original and established proposition, as a basis for, or in support of, some new proposition. Rutherford evidently does not expect George to rival Euclid, nor look upon him as his disciple. Rutherford is correct.

**OUTSIDE THE GATES** and other Tales and Sketches by a band of Spirit Intelligences through the Mediumship of Mary Theresa Shephard. Boston: Colby & Rich. Price \$1.50.

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The author in his preface says that a family consisting of a father, mother and daughter in spirit life were in the habit of coming to Mr. Gordon and it was through messages from them that he received his most valued and positive evidence of immortality. The Father was known as "Benjamin," and a daughter as "Marna," and these chapters are given the author by these spirits with the exception of the first story which purports to be the history of a woman who did not live up to her high light while on earth. This woman was a Spiritualist, and her environment had always been among people of liberal ideas, yet she had permitted herself to some extent to be dishonest in business transactions, and after a brief earthly career, she found herself in spirit life—but "Outside the Gates." She then gives her experience from a spirit's standpoint, and vividly portrays her life there and the steps taken for her soul's growth in the spirit world. After describing the different persons that she was enabled to help by her advice and teaching, and the different vicissitudes of her life, she finds herself "within the gates" but it was not 'til she had worked out her salvation by ministering to others unselfishly.

Benefice gives two very interesting chapters on thoughts from a spirit's standpoint. He says: "Evil spirits may approach and make themselves known to you, but if your thoughts are free from guile, if you for mankind and a benevolent desire to be of use inspire you, you need not fear, such will have no power to harm you; they will only receive a blessing by coming in contact with you, and they may have been brought to you by some beneficent guide for that purpose. In harmony, dispassionate dealings, and impurity, will open a door to malicious and depraved spirits. .... There are two chapters devoted to "What I found in Spirit-life." Part second contains "Marna's story," "Here and Beyond," "Slippery places" and "The Blind Clairvoyant," all pleasing and instructive chapters—stories well told and possessing a healthy moral tone. The book should meet with a large sale.

**VOCAL AND ACTION-LANGUAGE CULTURE AND EXPRESSION.** By E. N. Kirby. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McElroy & Co. Price, \$1.25.

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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 17, 1887.

## Occult Telegraphy.

For several years past it has been more or less widely known that a young man in Cleveland claims to be a medium through whose aid spirit telegraphers demonstrate their continued existence, and communicate valuable information by means of the Morse alphabet. W. S. Rowley is the name of this medium, as the regular readers of the JOURNAL already know, and during the current year considerable newspaper notoriety has been given to his claims, and to what purported to come by telegraph from the spirit world through his office.

From the first the JOURNAL has noted the case in its columns because of private advice from telegraphers, who are also experienced observers of spirit phenomena, to the effect that such messages were received, bearing every evidence of being bona fide communications from friends in spirit life. These experts were not, however, absolutely certain that the telegraphic instrument was worked independent of contact with the medium; that is to say, they were not sure that muscular action on his part did not do the work. The young man was well known in the city and bore an excellent reputation, and the instrument was specially designed for the work and to operate without physical contact; Mr. J. H. Wade being the main promoter of the enterprise. Yet there were reasons, not involving the good faith of the medium, why those aiding in perfecting this system of telegraphic communication between the two worlds believed it not impossible that the instrument was worked by involuntary action of the medium's muscles; in other words that he was, in fact, a component part of the machine, an elongation of the lever which closes the electric circuit, the working of which by an operator produces results so meaningless to the untrained ear and so full of import to one who has learned to read the sounds.

It will at once be apparent to the reader that unless the instrument could be guarded against the possibility of this being the true explanation of its working, independent spirit telegraphy could not be successfully demonstrated and the method would be open to serious objections, affording another avenue for unconscionable swindlers to follow their vocation among the credulous and uninformed. It was not possible for Messrs. Wade and Wright to give much personal attention to the matter, owing to want of time. It may here be said in passing that the amount of time, patience and careful experimentation necessary to reach complete success and final conclusions on the workings of subtle, psychical forces in combination with natural forces scarcely less subtle and even more refractory, can only be appreciated after personal experience. Again, there is not one person in ten thousand who is by nature qualified for the work, and a far less number have the technical training essential for observation and experiment where results are sought that shall stand the scientific test and successfully meet reasonable criticism. Fortunately this difficulty does not environ some forms of spirit communication to any great degree, and any intelligent person is competent to satisfy himself, even if unequal to the task of presenting results requiring technical knowledge and preliminary training. Mr. Wade has been very cautious about expressing a final opinion as to the independent character of this telegraphy. Formerly a spring extended

from the key to the slate lid of the box in which the instrument rests, making it possible to write by pressing on the slate. Mr. Wade and Mr. Wright, manager of the Western Union telegraph lines at Cleveland, found by experiment that either could work it in this way, but neither believed Mr. Rowley conscious of so manipulating the instrument, though they could not prove he was not, and thus the matter was open to criticism.

Prior to the 25th ult., Mr. Wade had not experimented with Mr. Rowley for some months; on that date, moved thereto by a letter written to a mutual friend by the editor of the JOURNAL, to the effect that if Mr. Wade would certify the independent character of the telegraphic messages it would be published, he visited the medium and made further careful tests—the reader will bear in mind that Mr. Wade is a practical telegraph operator—which satisfied him beyond doubt that the medium was not an elongation of the lever, but a generator or reservoir of a force utilized by spirits who worked the instrument without contact on the part of the medium. He declined to make this statement for publication over his own name for the very good reason that he could not spare time to answer the numerous letters sure to follow, and suggested that the editor of the JOURNAL visit Cleveland and investigate the subject for himself. This reasonable and timely suggestion was complied with, and the editor spent five days in that city giving the business his undivided attention, and reaching conclusions which he is ready to express.

The editor is neither a telegraph operator nor an electrician, but no technical knowledge of either telegraphy or electricity is necessary to determine the validity of Mr. Rowley's leading claim, to wit: that the instrument now works without human contact. It only requires the careful study of a well trained observer to establish this fact beyond all doubt. After satisfying himself, the editor found he was incompetent, through a want of preliminary acquirements of a technical nature, to present the matter to the public in shape to attract the attention of scientific men; and further, that even if possessed of the necessary qualifications the work required months of time, extended and varied experiments and the employment of experts in telegraphy, electricity and stenography. In this dilemma he was directed by Mr. Wade to a gentleman who for the past six months has been carrying forward on his own account exactly such a series of experiments as was wanted and who had a report of every detail of his work. Having by extended and judicious inquiry satisfied himself of the truth and veracity of this investigator, as well as of his competency for the work, the editor made an arrangement whereby he secured for the JOURNAL a series of papers covering the essential portions of the record.

The publication of these contributions which will without doubt be intensely interesting, and it is hoped permanently valuable, will begin probably in next week's JOURNAL, certainly with the first number of the new year. The expense involved in securing the data for such a series of articles and their preparation for the JOURNAL is necessarily large and the editor feels he has a right to ask his subscribers to show their appreciation in substantial ways, by aiding in extending the subscription list of the JOURNAL, promptly liquidating indebtedness where it exists, and renewing for one or more years in advance.

## Sapp's Shorthand Sounder.

In the study of alleged spirit phenomena as generally exhibited to the public, one has not only to be an accurate observer, versatile in resources, cool and determined, but must also have a good opinion of human nature, however much he distrusts individuals; otherwise he will not be long at work before his disgust at barefaced frauds unearched, and contemptuous pity for the perpetrators, will drive him despairingly from the field or render him cynical and blindly skeptical of any real foundation for the claims of persons purporting to be mediums or aids to spirits in manifesting. No sooner is a new phase of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism developed than there spring up pretenders able to deceive the ordinary observer. The strong inclination is to credit the claims of another who assumes to demonstrate what one wishes true and is earnestly seeking to prove. One may be a good business man, a skilled mechanic, a successful lawyer, or a scholar and yet exhibit the most appalling fatuity the moment he enters, or thinks he enters, the realm of psychic investigation. No other field of illegitimate traffic, therefore, offers within narrow limits, such safety and success to the charlatan as that of simulating spirit phenomena. No matter how often his tricks are exposed, he never fails of finding more fool timber wherewith to keep the pot boiling, and is able to play the martyr and retain the sympathy and patronage of many who while they are forced to admit trickery, throw the onus on the Spirit-world or by some sort of sophistry exonerate the pseudo-medium.

While in Cleveland last week our attention was called by a number of citizens to the claims made by Dr. L. W. Sapp, a homeopathic physician and an old resident of that city. It seems that Sapp hired Rowley, and utilized the spirit telegraphy obtainable through his mediumship, for the purpose of diagnosing disease. The spirit doctor

who uses Rowley's line gave abundant proof of his ability, seldom making mistakes, and often astonishing by his remarkable gifts. Business thrived at Sapp's office. In the course of time Sapp declined to longer employ Rowley, the only reasons, as told us by Sapp himself, being one of wages, Sapp desiring to save the salary going to Rowley, which he apparently regarded as a useless waste of money. From statements made by a number of credible informants it appears that immediately after parting with Rowley, Dr. Sapp uncovered an instrument, which to all appearances was a duplicate of Rowley's, and continued the business at the same old stand. He claimed to be able to read the Morse alphabet, and to obtain messages by the same method as did Rowley. To several callers he explained that one Annie Kerr, a young woman who was once in his employ and who passed to spirit life feeling she owed him a debt of gratitude, was the spirit telegraph operator and that the spirit doctor who dictated the messages was his former partner, Dr. Williams. A picture of this young woman hangs upon his office wall and he frequently calls the attention of visitors to it when telling his story. This story seems to have been adhered to without alteration for some little time, until he found, apparently, that it needed modification to meet exigencies which he evidently had not contemplated. His revised and improved statement is that he does not claim that the telegraphing is by the Morse alphabet, nor by any code known to the public; but that by some occult process he is able to read it. This was his story up to the time we visited him; the chances are that it has now been still further revised, and will need yet more revision.

In a Cleveland daily paper of the 6th ult., there appeared a skillfully prepared article, well calculated to impress the general public. With the light in which we can now read that communication its esoteric significance seems plain. That the article was written for the purpose of assisting Dr. Sapp to hoodwink the public will be clear to any person capable of collecting and analyzing evidence. It also hedges against dangers which he evidently had begun to vaguely realize were imminent. But he had not yet fully awakened to the risk he was running in alleging that he used the Morse alphabet, or at least his literary helper had not. A careful study of the article affords evidence that Sapp had even then a slowly dawning consciousness of the Morse rock ahead, but was not able to, or dared not, fully explain this to the newspaper man, for the latter incorporates in his article the distinct declaration, so often previously made by Sapp, that the Morse alphabet is used. Sapp took a trip to New York about Thanksgiving time, and exhibited his telegraphic outfit on Sunday, the 26th, before the afternoon meeting for spiritual manifestations, held under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists of that city, his engagement having been announced the week previous in our respected Boston contemporary. His success there was not of an overwhelming character and he returned home.

Upon the 5th inst. we called upon Dr. Sapp, and requested to see him work and explain his instrument. He readily complied, but declared he did "not claim it was as yet scientific." Just what idea he intended to convey was not clear to us and evidently was not to himself. He is a rather large, well formed, sinewy man, and as he seated himself at the operating table and pressed his two broad palms upon the top of the box containing the key that works the electric instrument, it was clear that if the machine could be made to move by hand power it would soon be jumping to its task with more alacrity even than Standard Oil magnates stamp on competitors. Click, click, click, promptly came from the sounder. Evidently the supposititious operator was on hand—certainly under hand—and ready for work. Sapp then repeated the message which he claimed the French operator of Irish parentage was sending us from the Evergreen Shore. Evidently the means of communication in use between the doctor and the female operator at the other end of the line was a doubly condensed and abbreviated shorthand. We've heard in times past of such a language in use by lovers, but never expected to hear it put to such prosaic, practical use as discussing the laws of electricity and magnetism. It only took a couple of ticks to spell words of nine letters, and sometimes with one tick the expert receiver scooped in several short words. Having shown by this display what could be done, the doctor relieved the lady operator by removing his hands from the box that held her and proceeded in a halting, confused way to talk of the subject.

At this point a call in the front office required the doctor's presence, and during his absence our right index finger was irresistibly moved into contact with the slate lid of the mysterious box. Cautiously that finger pressed upon the slate, as though endowed with intelligence and seeking a response from the invisible hand of the operator. It came! One little click; but we could read it. It spelled e-n-o-u-g-h. While the finger was detailed on this work, we had opportunity to observe that there was considerable flexibility in the slate lid, differing in this respect from Rowley's, which is quite rigid. On Dr. Sapp's return the conversation was continued, and he stated that the spring on the inside of the box touched the slate lid; that the instrument would not work unless it did. He further asserted that Rowley's was fixed in the same way. Upon our stating that we had repeatedly tried to work Rowley's by pressure without success, he ex-

plained our failure by saying that Rowley fixed the instrument for our experiments either by pushing down the spring in the box or by turning the screw of the sounder which stands in view on the table. We knew this statement was without foundation, so far as our experiments with Rowley were concerned. We had guarded carefully against any tampering on his part. Upon repeating the question for the third time as to whether the instrument would respond to our hands, Dr. Sapp replied in the affirmative, and permitted a trial. We found no trouble in producing the same sounds as when under his hands. The doctor then again said he did not claim the thing was scientific, nor that the Morse alphabet was used, but that he could read the sounds as ticked off under the manipulation of the spirit operator. "In that case," we responded, "you must have an alphabet which you can read, and which has been agreed upon between you and your operator." "Yes, that is it," hesitatingly replied the doctor. He then stepped to the wall and took down a cabinet picture, the smiling face of a young woman, and said, "This is my spirit telegrapher." "Was she a telegraph operator in this life?" we asked. "No," he responded "but out of gratitude she has now taken up the work of assisting me in this method of communication." During the interview the doctor attempted to explain his alphabet. He got no farther than t-h e, t-h e; and this was given in the Morse alphabet, in our opinion. He apparently has laboriously mastered a few letters of the Morse system.

On the next day we procured a dial scale such as is in common household use, marked to weigh twelve pounds; this was first taken to Rowley's office and he was asked to put his instrument thereon and work it while in that position. To this he readily consented, though evidently quite in the dark as to our purpose. Adjusting the scale so that the dial face was toward us and wholly out of Rowley's view, we asked him to put the box containing his instrument thereon. We found it weighed two pounds. Then Rowley, resting his elbow on the table, lightly touched with three fingers the upper left hand corner of the frame of the slate cover of the box. Instantly the pointer indicated less weight, and after vibrating a few seconds it turned back two points and remained stationary, indicating a weight of one pound and fourteen ounces. As the weight would naturally have been increased slightly when the fingers rested on the cover we were surprised at the decrease, but said nothing to Rowley of the story the pointer was telling until thoroughly satisfied by repeated experiments that although the weight was actually increased, the pressure on the scale spring was decreased. (The philosophy of this seeming contravention of natural law will appear in the series of papers spoken of in another column. Further experiments with scales and balances will then be given.) "How is this?" ticked out the sounder, and at once we proceeded to converse with an intelligence which assumes the name of "Dr. Wells." In reply to questions, he gave answers on matters of science which we are entirely sure were far beyond the knowledge and capabilities of the medium. Whenever the sounder ticked, the pointer on the dial scale responded so that a telegrapher—as we afterwards learned—could read the message by the vibrations. "Why not try Dr. Sapp with the scale?" ticked out the instrument. Leastwise this was what Rowley declared it said, and his manner, evident surprise and amusement at the message, were certainly not feigned.

We adopted the suggestion and in company with Mr. George Howe, a well known citizen, called on Dr. Sapp and after some preliminary conversation proposed the experiment, to which he readily consented, though like Rowley he seemed to have no conception of the object of the trial. On putting his box upon the scale, it was found to weigh exactly the same as Rowley's; but of this we only made a silent note. The doctor's brawny hands came gently down upon the slate cover, and away bounded the pointer on the scale. With three skips and a jump it reached the twelve pound mark, and still no response from Annie Kerr; then with a hop the pointer went a pound and six ounces further—which was as far as the spring of the scale would mark the pressure—and Annie ticked off in original short hand, "We are glad to see you both," to which the guests cordially responded. The object of the call having been accomplished we soon bade the doctor adieu.

Later in the day the experiment with the scale was repeated at Rowley's room, in the presence of Mr. J. H. Wade, Mr. George Howe, and Prof. G—, two of the observers being practical telegraphers, with most conclusive and satisfactory results. These experiments are here briefly given to enable the reader to better understand the difference between the exhibit given by Rowley's instrument and that produced by Dr. Sapp.

After carefully gathering the testimony of credible witnesses who had visited Sapp, heard his statements at different times and witnessed his exhibit, and after a personal study of the matter we have no hesitation in saying that in our judgment his claim of obtaining messages from the Spirit-world by means of his telegraph instrument is wholly false and without a shadow of foundation in fact; that he is not self-deceived, but is knowingly practicing a fraud. He had not the foresight to see the difficulty he would have in maintaining his claim, and the danger of exposure to which he was ever subject. And having begun the deception he has not ingenuity enough to get out of it with a show of honesty, and so he blun-

ders along, only faintly realizing the dishonorable position he occupies, and without sufficient moral sense to comprehend the enormity of his offense.

## "The Open Court" without a Judge.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Underwood have read with profound regret the announcement of their withdrawal from *The Open Court*. This must be regarded as a misfortune by all who are interested in liberal religious thought. The journal was one of the ablest ever published in America, unsurpassed in the high character of its contributions, and in its general excellence even by any of the first-class periodicals. The editors made *The Open Court* what it was; it was, indeed, the creation of their own brains. *The Open Court* has received recognition and praise from every quarter, and its future has seemed full of promise and of hope.

And now the editors are practically forced to retire from the paper on account of the unreasonable interference and demands of the man whose money founded it and by whose urgent invitation Mr. Underwood assumed charge of it less than a year ago. Mr. Hegeler is doubtless a well meaning man, but he is too erratic and inconsistent, and knows too little in regard to the requirements of journalism to have anything whatever to do with the management of such an enterprise. We understand that Mr. Underwood secured a guarantee of independence, from the beginning, but the proprietor of the paper we judge has not fully respected the contract, for the editorial valedictory declares that a point had been reached where self-respect demands their resignation. It seems that Mr. Hegeler wished to make a place for Dr. Paul Carus, a German who has been living with him and acting as his secretary. He insisted that this man, who is without reputation and, so far as we are aware, is possessed of no special qualification for the position, must be an associate editor. "For good and sufficient reasons" Mr. Underwood declined to accept him, and rather than do so, withdrew from the paper.

What kind of a journal will be produced under the management of Dr. Carus we are unable to conjecture. His articles in *The Open Court* have not impressed us as remarkable in any way. But we understand that Mr. Harry Falkenau, a gentleman of ability and education, has been secured to put Dr. Carus's ideas into intelligible English, and to give the paper a literary finish and flavor for which Mr. Hegeler's secretary alone would be unequal. Whether Mr. Falkenau's name will appear as one of the editors or Carus will take the credit of Mr. Falkenau's work, remains to be seen.

Mr. Underwood is to be congratulated on the high character and success of *The Open Court* during the short time he controlled the enterprise, and his friends everywhere will be glad to see him at the head of another similar paper, unhampered by the whims and conceits of any Mr. Hegeler.

"The following editorial from the Boston Sunday Herald expresses the general feeling on the subject as we find it indicated in the columns of our exchanges:

The retirement of Mr. B. F. Underwood from the editorial control of *The Open Court*, which he was out to establish in Chicago a year ago, under the proprietorship of Mr. Edward C. Hegeler, is much to be regretted. The *Index*, which is very ably edited, was given up with much regret in order to make a liberal paper which should be a better representative of the interests of the free religious thought of the country; but from the inception of the new enterprise it is understood that Mr. Underwood has been hampered in carrying out the plan which were necessary to give such a journal success, and his retirement means that the liberal cause has received another blow in the house of its friends. It is believed that there is room for a liberal religious journal in the United States, and there is no reason why Mr. Underwood, who has had large experience and much success as a journalist, should not be reinstated in a paper of this sort in Boston. If Mr. Hegeler could have been induced to keep as gloriously aloof from dictation as to the management of the journal into which he put his money as the late Mr. Beresford-Hope did from the control of the *Saturday Review*, which he owned, it is believed that Mr. Underwood might have accomplished a large and helpful purpose in bringing together those who, in different parts of the country, hold by the principles of free religion. No one understands this field better than he, and no one is better fitted to take charge of its journalistic interests.

While in Cleveland last week we had an opportunity to observe the good work of Dr. Leon Priest, whose power as a healer seems to increase with the demand for its exercise. He is busy from eight o'clock in the morning until near midnight, and seems to grow more robust and elastic the harder he works. His wife, Mrs. Mary V. Priest, has developed great talent as a teacher of mental therapeutics, psychopathy, pneumatopathy, or whatever one chooses to call it. In her classes as regular students may be found many of the best known ladies and gentlemen of Cleveland, members of the several learned professions, leaders of society and literary circles. At the opening of her course of December lectures last week, at 160 Huron street, the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Priest, we noticed an array of carriages such as are usually only seen before the residence of some prominent society lady on a special reception day.

A. A. Burnham writes: "The services at 133 E. Madison street, last Sunday afternoon were well attended. Mrs. S. F. DeWolf explained 'The Law of Prophecy,' and Mr. Seely related some remarkable tests that he had received, through the Bangs Sisters' and Mrs. Blodgett of Iowa. Mr. Williams advised more unity and sociability among the spiritual societies in Chicago, and suggested a grand jubilee, in which all local societies might join. Mr. Princes, of Worcester, Mass., gave reminiscences of his early spiritual experiences."

"The Bangs Sisters" were present, and the



continuity of life amply proven by the slate writing tests. The vocal selections by Mrs. Cole and Mr. Weldon were as usual inspiring and harmonizing."

The Open Court is not closed exactly, but the Judge has retired and his seat is occupied by the private secretary of the gentleman whose platonic purse pays the bills of this court. Whether the able advocates of liberal thought will care to argue their cause before the dummy, remains to be seen. Mock courts are all well enough for boys to practice in, but are not especially valuable to men.

Spiritualists are to be congratulated in that they have got rid of that ex-preacher, whilom lecturer, maker of corner stores, delineator of life in the Spirit-world, etc., etc., the Rev. James M. Peebles, M. D., ex-consul to Trebizond, pseudo moralist, etc., etc. He realized several years ago that the long practice of an unmentionable crime against nature had made his name a stench in the nostrils of Spiritualists far and wide, and that his season of honor and profit among them had passed. He then tramped the country as an itinerant doctor. On Sunday, the 4th inst., this old goat was received into the Episcopal fold, being confirmed by the Episcopal bishop at Hammon, N. J. It is good for Spiritualists but tough on Episcopalians.

E. H. Dunham, of Providence, R. I., writes: "I had intended to give you the particulars of an alleged materializing séance given in this city Saturday evening, Nov. 26th, by those 'wonderful' mediums, Mrs. Stoddard Grey and her son Dewitt C. Hough, but the more I think of what I witnessed that evening, the more am I filled with indignation and disgust that such things can be even tolerated by Spiritualists of common sense. It was an exceedingly transparent fraud, and the thirty-five persons who paid their dollar to witness it, could have saved ninety cents and witnessed a better exhibition of the same kind at our local Dime Museum the week previous. Should the woman and her son repeat their visit for the same purpose, I very much fear they may be sorry they came."

Miss Jennie B. Hagan closed her engagement with the Worcester, Mass., Association of Spiritualists, Sunday, November 27th. For the month of December she will speak for First Spiritualist Association, Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa. She will make week evening engagements in that vicinity. She lectures January 1st and 8th at Dover, N. H. the 15th, 22nd and 29th at Haverhill, Mass. for the First Spiritualist Society; the 1st and 2nd Sundays of February at Troy, N. Y.; 3rd and 4th Sundays at Portland, Me. During the month of March, Miss Hagan will speak in Cincinnati, Ohio, and would like to make week evening engagements in that vicinity. She will also answer calls in the West for April.

If one wants to see how two talented people, whose literary products have made them known far and wide can do the daily tasks incident to farm life, work hard every day at occupations which must be most un congenial, and who can still keep cheerful, happy and hopeful, if any one wants to see such a couple, let him journey to Walnut Grove Farm, near Berlin Heights, Ohio, and there he will find Hudson and Emma Tuttle. This is what the editor did last week, and he felt amply paid for leaving Cleveland before daylight, walking the platform of a cheerless, fireless, country station for a half-hour while waiting for a conveyance, and then being dragged through the mud for three miles by the reminiscence of a once valuable horse, now put to the respectable but wearing work of hauling the mail and any stray passenger.

A study of the noble endeavor of the Tuttle's, a knowledge of their laborious, studious lives, of their self-abnegation and devotion to duty, would profit many people in these days of discontent and unrest. Ease loving, whining souls, whose greatest pleasure seems to be in hunting up and revelling in a new pain or ache, or suppositions hardship should be transported to the Tuttle farm, there to learn how to cheerfully do the thing that lies nearest, and to struggle with the world in a manly and womanly way that brings its own sweet reward in the knowledge of duty well done and a world made better for their living. And the country abounds with people who are slowly but surely demonstrating the certainty of "Progress from Poverty," as Stebbins puts it, and giving the lie to Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." To few farmers is it given to wield so wide and so healthful an influence as do the Tuttle's, but all can do something, each according to his talents and opportunities.

It is reported that the editor of the *Banner of Light* has been presented with the white skirt which formed a part of the "find" in the late Fay exposé, the donor, with true Boston consideration, first having the garment carefully laundered. This addition of magnetism to the sanctum satisfactorily accounts for the unusual vivacity and youthful freshness displayed in the moss-covered columns of our esteemed contemporary for the past two weeks. Speaking of Mrs. Fay reminds us of a remark she is said to have dropped some time ago; and which helps to substantiate her sincerity as well as to corroborate the excellent character given her in his columns by the venerable single gentleman who has so long and skillfully conducted the white washing department of the *Banner*. "If I could have rooms with folding doors," said Mrs. Fay, "I could have as many spirits as Mrs. Ross." The gentleman who reports this item to the *JOURNAL* and whose name and achievements in science are well known on both sides of the Atlantic, adds: "She has got the folding doors now and was proceeding vigorously when caught."

## DR. WOLFE AGAIN REVIEWED.

His Attack Upon the Platform Refuted.

To the Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

Says Dr. Wolfe.—Understand me, I volunteer no lance in defence of this woman. Wright.—Why not? Are you ashamed to defend her? Surely, she is worthy of defence, if she be the medium you claim; if all be true that you assert, she is the most wonderful woman that ever lived, and your article describing the appearance of Plipton, Napoleon, Josephine, etc., is the most wonderful document of the nineteenth century. As a woman you recognize that some defence of her is necessary. The womanly qualities of Mrs. Fairchild I have not assailed. Adeney that she is a medium. I claim that all that happens at her séances are the result of contrivances and devices of a purely fraudulent character; and that there is no more spirit at work there than at a peep-show. Do you concede that she cannot be defended with success as a woman? I think that she may cry: "Lord, save me from my friend."

Dr. Wolfe.—As a medium her peer is not to be found among millions of her sisterhood. Wright.—You assert that she is a medium. It is your work to prove that she is one. Let me say that you have not done it yet. You may assert it a thousand times, but that does not make her a medium. You have your testimony, but your testimony does not amount to proof. What kind of evidence is it? It is evidence gathered under conditions of such laxity that fraud was possible. The conditions did not exclude fraud. There was one or more possibilities for her, or her confederates, cheating you. You cannot say you were not cheated, because there is a possibility that you may have been deceived. Then you have testified to most extraordinary phenomena, not known in the past experience of the scientific mind, and therefore will need the sustained testimony of a great many experimenters, under conditions where fraud could not be practiced, which make it easier to accept the phenomena than reject them. Dr. Wolfe might learn a very useful lesson from the calm and careful habits of the late Charles Darwin. This morning I was reading the newly published autobiography of the distinguished author of the *Descent of Man*. He was accustomed to say, "I shall not be content till I have tried it." His mind always seized upon exceptions, and he was always trying new experiments. Why could not Dr. Wolfe accept a suggestion made in behalf of progress, that he see Plipton again and make a thorough corporeal examination of him; then tie him to some immovable object to ascertain what will become of him; and thus demonstrate that these parading forms are not mortals nor the work of mortals.

You exaggerate when you say that she has not her peer among millions of her sisterhood. That can only be a rhetorical flourish at best.

Dr. Wolfe.—We must differentiate between the woman and the medium.

Wright.—Such a distinction cannot be permitted. We know things by their qualities. If Mrs. Fairchild be a medium, mediumship is a quality defining Mrs. Fairchild. She cannot be eulogized apart from her qualities. We cannot say a good priest and a bad character; a bad woman and a good medium is such a monstrous thing the sooner we get rid of such an incongruous thing the better. I think that this is the better way to put it; a good woman will not stoop to fraud, but a bad one will.

Dr. Wolfe.—J. Clegg Wright slanders this medium shamefully.

Wright.—Slander means a false accusation, defamation uttered with malice to injure. I have not slandered. I do not slander; that is not one of my vices. This comes with bad grace from one who has culled every dirty epithet he could find from the copious vocabulary of slang to heap on me. We feel the blows we get, but not the blows we give.

Dr. Wolfe.—I never knew a medium but her, who could give sufficient power to six spirits to write on six different slates, wet and without pencil, which I looked in my fire and burglar-proof safe.

Wright.—That was a trick. A message written upon a wet slate becomes visible when dry. It is one of the commonest tricks known in the slate-writing profession. You are more easily cheated than I thought. After studying your writings I am convinced of this fact: the more wonderful the phenomena, the more delighted you are, and the more voraciously you accept them. It ought to be the other way: the more wonderful the phenomena, the greater the caution and the more stringent the tests should be. We need test after test and demonstration after demonstration of extraordinary phenomena, which apparently contradict the experience of mankind. These séances have never yet attained to that degree of development, where we could say that every condition of evidence is complied with, and logical certainty completely attained. Any one doubting what I say about the trick, can try it for himself. Write upon the slate with a soft pencil, and then wet the slate all over, and the writing will disappear; you may even lightly wipe the slate, and when dry the writing will appear again as it was before. To do it well, and clean, requires a little practice, that is all.

Dr. Wolfe.—My impression is that these two nobodies know not what they are talking about; if they do, for their slander in the language of the "kid," they should both be clubbed, knifed, and shot for the same reason that T. Pepper left Sheffield, and their ancient prototypes, Ananias and Sapphira, lost their abdominal viscera.

Wright.—Who would ever think of writing a sentence like that, with a mind fitted for careful and discriminating work on what I may call the greatest and most sacred subject of the nineteenth century. First, I am called a nobody, which is not true; secondly, a liar, in language so dirty and contemptible that I am ashamed a man claiming culture, education and spiritual knowledge, should use it. Nothing shows the nature and quality of a man's mind so perfectly as the manner in which he clothes his ideas. What would we say of the Archbishop of York, if he used such language? Would the scientific world venerate Huxley as it does if he used language so low as this? If Dr. Wolfe used that language in any drawing room in this country the rules of polite society would exclude him forever therefrom. Besides, this language has not the decency of simple truth. Great controversies and difficult experiments are not decided by strong language. A mind which habitually uses strong language may be vindictive and declamatory, but it can never be scientific in its operations. Such a mind I will not trust to make accurate observations, and not by any means trust its inferences.

Dr. Wolfe's mind is impulsive. He lacks self-control. He is high spirited, and when opposed he loses self-possession, and runs over.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

## BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

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The Records of a Ministering Angel, by Mary Clark.

The Next World Interviewed, by Susan G. Horn—Messages from well known authors, statesmen, thinkers, etc., etc.

Wolfe's Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism needs no commendation. The price has been reduced to \$2.00.

Chapters from the Bible of the Ages, is out in a new and handsome edition; only \$1.00.

A New Edition of Psychometry, by Dr. J. Rodas Buchanan, also Moral Education, by the same author.

Maria M. King's Inspirational works, Principles of Nature, and Real Life in the Spirit-world.

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Dr. R. B. Westbrooke's The Bible—Whence and What? and Man—Whence and Whither? The complete works of A. J. Davis.

Dr. Babbitt's The Principles of Light and Color, and Religion.

Epes Sargent's The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, which should be in the library of all investigators and thinkers, also Proof Palpable.

A Study of Primitive Christianity, by Lewis G. Jones. The chapters herewith presented were prepared for lectures and are strong expressions of the best results of the higher criticism of the New Testament, and the origins of Christianity.

A report of the Seybert Commission, appointed by the University of Pennsylvania to investigate Modern Spiritualism has attracted such notice that many want to read it for themselves.

Beyond the Gates by Miss Phelps is a combination of the literary and spiritual. This popular author has for her latest work between the Gates, a continuation of her delicate style.

A band of intelligent spirits have, through the mediumship of Mary Theresa Shelhamer produced an interesting work entitled Outside the Gates; and other Tales and Sketches. This work is destined to sell well as it meets the demand of a large class of inquiring minds.

Unanswerable Logic, the Spiritual Discourses of the well known lecturer Thomas Gales Foster.

Solar Biology; A Scientific Method of Delineating Character; Diagnosing Disease; Determining mental, physical and business qualifications, from date of birth. By Hiram E. Butler.

Spirit Workers in the Home Circle is an Autobiographical Narrative of psychic phenomena in family daily life, extending over a period of twenty years, by Morell Theobald, F. C. A.

The Mystery of the Ages Contained in the secret doctrine of all religions, by Marie, Countess of Caltheus, Duchesse de Pomar; also A Midnight Visit to Holyrood, by the same author.

Spirit Teachings, by M. A. (Oxon). These communications have attracted wide attention. Many find in them words which are suitable and more or less helpful in confirming their own experience.

Rev. E. P. Powell has issued a valuable work entitled Our Heredity from God.

Space forbids further mention, but any and all books in the market can be ordered through this office.

Partial price list of books for sale, postpaid: Poems of Progress, plain \$1.50, gilt, \$2.10; Poems Inner Life, plain, \$1.50, gilt, \$2.10; Poems of the Life Beyond, \$1.50; The Voices, \$1.10; Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism, \$2.00; Chapters from the Bible of the Ages \$1.10; Psychometry \$2.16; Moral Education; \$1.50; The Principles of Nature, 3 vols., \$1.50 per vol.; Real Life in the Spirit-world, 83 cents; The Bible—Whence and What? \$1.00; The Complete Works of A. J. Davis, \$3.00; Religion, Babbitt, \$1.50; The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, \$1.50; Proof Palpable, cloth \$1.00, paper 75 cents; Man—Whence and Whether, \$1.75; Arcana of Nature, 2 vols., each \$1.35; A Kiss for a Blow, a book for children 70 cents; Vital Magnetic Cure, \$1.35; Animal Magnetism, Dejanze, \$2.15; Diegeles, \$2.15; Future Life, \$1.50; Home, a volume of Poems, \$1.50; Heroines of Free Thought, \$1.75; Incidents in My Life, 50 cents; Leaves from My Life, 80 cents; Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation, \$2.50; Meditations by Kardec, \$1.50; The Spirits Book, Kardec, \$1.50; Nature's Divine Revelations, \$2.75; Our Homes and Our Employments, Hereafter, \$1.50; A Transcendental Physics, \$1.10; Records of a Ministering Angel, \$1.10; Mind Reading and Beyond, \$1.35; The Missing Link, \$2.00; Primitive Mind Cure, \$1.50; Divine Law of Cure, \$1.50; Immortality, Barlow, 60 cents; Physical Man, \$1.00; Stories for Our Children, 25 cents; A Study of Primitive Christianity, \$1.50; The Next World Interviewed, \$1.50; Our Planet, \$1.50; The Soul of Things, 3 vols., \$1.00 each; Radical Discourses, \$1.35; Beyond the Gates, \$1.35; Between the Gates, \$1.35; Outside the Gates, \$1.35; Unanswerable Logic, \$1.50; Solar Biology, \$2.50; Spirit Workers in the Home Circle, \$2.40; The Mystery of the Ages, \$2.50; A Visit to Holyrood, \$1.50; Spirit Teachings, \$2.50; A Report of the Seybert Commission, \$1.00.

The first number of *The Two Worlds*, Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, editor, has come to hand, and presents a creditable appearance.

Mrs. Maud E. Drake, formerly Mrs. Lord, writes from Kansas city that with her husband she is about to visit California, going first to Los Angeles.

Rowley & Whitney, room 39, number 89 Euclid avenue, will hereafter keep the *JOURNAL* on sale, receive subscriptions and take orders for books.

Patrons of the *JOURNAL* can obtain copies every Sunday at the news stand in Metropolitan Temple, Fifth street, San Francisco, Cal., arrangements having been made that will insure a regular and uninterrupted supply.

We have received from S. E. Cassino, Publisher, Boston, the following gift books: Green Pastures and Still Waters; God Bless You, and Old Oaken Bucket. These illustrated poems are gotten out in exquisite style and color, and are indeed most appropriate gift books, and the publisher is to be congratulated upon his success.

While in Cleveland, last week, we frequently heard commendations of Mrs. A. J. Symes, 43 Richland Avenue, and of Mrs. Standen, 25 Linden street. They were spoken of as excellent trance mediums as well as estimable ladies. It was our good fortune to meet Mrs. Symes, whom we found to be of a deeply religious nature, with a keen moral sense and high aspirations. For want of time we failed to have a séance with her, and for the same reason could not meet Mrs. Standen and others, including many old acquaintances. On our next visit we shall try to do more visiting and less investigating.

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T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York

The Missouri and Kansas Farmer, published monthly at Kansas City, Mo., has reduced its subscription to the remarkably low rate of 25c per year. The Farmer is a large and handsomely printed paper, containing eight pages, with six columns on each page—and everyone of them twenty inches long. A subscriber to this journal will get 576 of such columns in a year, all for 25c. It is the cheapest paper printed.

Lee & Shepard of Boston, have just brought out a new edition of Baker's speakers, consisting of Negro, Yankee and Irish dialects, recitations and Grand Army speeches, at 50c each; and Baker's Humorous Speaker at \$1.00.

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### By a Grave's Side

—ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHEN  
*Christian Register.*

**Incomplete.**

To the Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*

A. R. Wilkinson writes: "I'm **JOURNAL** the fullest and most ably good that I get, or sell anywhere."

### Materialization.

To the Editor of the *British Philosophical Journal*

fact, we understand just why those two renowned spirits should be on hand at the Doctor's séances, in company with Ski and Black Hawk, who assisted them to materialize. Indians are the children of nature, and their magnetism is purer. It does not add a feather's weight in the scale for Napoleon in spirit life, to have been a great general, and

### The Effect of Color on the Mind

**PROBATION AFTER DEATH.**  
**A Distinguished Clergyman of Syracuse Converted to the New Doctrine.**  
 The orthodox clergy of this city, Syracuse, N. Y.

### PROBATION AFTER DEATH.

said: "Last night for the first time in a long period I have had a few hours of refreshing sleep. Ordinarily I remain awake, the mind occupied with a number of thoughts and anxieties. Then Yarns suddenly appears to my vision, perfectly distinct down to the minutest details, just like a large picture with all its colors—the green trees, the rays

### Some Aspects of Pessimism.

"Tears that spring and increase  
In the barren places of mirth,"  
with an appalling accuracy from which we are glad  
to turn away our shocked and troubled eyes.—*Agnes  
Repplier, in December Atlantic.*

**Spiritual Philosophy in the Light of Science.**

Mr. Charles Dawson of New York, one of the leading exponents of modern Spiritualism in the scientific aspect, lectured in Columbia theater, Nov. 21st, on "Our responsibility to the nineteenth century." Preliminary to the lecture proper, Mr. Dawson said that what he wanted to bring particularly before the audience was the fact that the things which were known at that time now, though they were before, and that it is taking into consideration phenomena and facts that a little while ago were neither known nor comprehended. He spoke of the experiment in hypnosis instituted and carried on by Dr. Charles Richet, of the Sorbonne, at Paris, France. He said, was merely another name for mesmerism, and was a condition of sleep, a semi-trance, in which sensitive persons are completely under the control of the operator, and will do anything they are told to do. In the instance of lady who was mentioned in the introduction of Dr. Richet's will, to make her believe in his favor, and another attempted to poison her sister. These are facts that have forced themselves to the attention of the French scientists, and have passed under the notice of French jurisprudence.

### SOME UNKNOWN TONGUE

which bounds the vision of mankind is growing wider and wider and facts hitherto hidden from his vision are coming into view.—*Plain Dealer, Cleveland, Ohio.*

### Servants' Reasons.

her arrival to come to New York for an afternoon shopping. Before her return the girl mounted the stairs with her bundle and said to the little daughter who had been left at home: "Tell your maw I've gone. I'd like ter-stay, but the ornaments and furniture in the parlor's too awful vulgar. I wouldn't be no more'ller stay where things was so

For the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

—

scarcely strengthen or weaken the case. Everywhere in the universe are form, substance and consciousness; and, by the way, the folly of "killing" the poor Anarchists is but an evidence of judicial ignorance. - Reformation by kindness, persuasion and psychical healing were needed, if indeed the reformation were not needed by ourselves!

For the Religio-Philosophic

... as large as my hand at first; it grew large and there came gradually to view in the centre, that upright part of a cross. It looked like those wax crosses you have often seen in frames with wreaths of white flowers hanging on them, except there was no crosspiece there where it ought to have been.

"No," she said, "see nothing but the darkness, and nestled closer to me. I lay very still lest this beautiful scene might vanish. I never dreamed of anything as lovely as this. Ours is only the light that comes through the mist and gives me just a glimpse of the beauty that was hid behind it; but this was not to be, for it gradually faded from my sight, and not until 'the red ray more' was peeping in at the window, did I close my eyes in sleep. Daisy and I have come to the conclusion that these things mean something. They were realities. I know there are those who are capable of understanding and enjoying such things, but where shall we go to find them?"

## Are Stones Alive?

It is true the crystal's life is unlike that of higher creatures. But the difference between vegetable and animal life is no greater than that between mineral and vegetable life. Linnæus, the greatest Swedish naturalist defined three kingdoms; by saying, "Stones grow; plants grow and feel; animals grow and feel and move."—E. D. Walker in *Christmas Wide Awake*.

### Death.

I had an aunt by this name, who was but recently deceased, and who had been a great sufferer for several years before her death. Dr. Slade was a perfect stranger to me, and he could not have known who I was.

Fort-Wayne, Ind. THOMAS JACKSON.

## Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous

A remarkable specimen of graveyardstone has been

received in Menasha, destined for the cemetery there. It is a sixteen-ton stone in the form of a tree with birds and squirrels in its branches, ferns at base; also a large cross, a pot of stone flowers, open book and a roll of music. By some oversight the cabinet organ was omitted. The stone was made for the grave of a young woman.











# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

L.O. Draper  
THE ARTS AND SCIENCES  
LITERATURE

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLIII.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 24, 1887.

No. 18

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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EIGHTH PAGE.—Unseen Worlds. Was it a Case of Obsession? Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Excerpts from T. L. Harris's "Lyric of the Golden Age."

## DEATH OF SUPERSTITION.

O Joy! the mighty Armies of the Spheres  
In sun-embellished ranks, advance, and charge,  
And all the ghastly hosts of Frauds and Fears  
Turn coward and flee and strew Death's ocean marge.  
Old Superstition, once a shadowy large,  
Eclipsing earth and darkening out the sun,  
Trembles, recoils, and on the narrow verge  
Of farthest space, light-driven, expires unknown.  
Death, Slavery and Hate all feed Oblivion.

Hail, thou great Future; welcome and all hail!  
Mince and Radiances never more  
Shall desolate thy coast with iron hail  
Of terror from the red Finfolian shore.  
The cursed twins dull Night incenseless bore,  
Slavery of mind and body, they depart  
From Time and Nature. Mines of yellow ore  
No more shall be the gods of lower and mart—  
The wild wolf avarice cease to gnaw the human heart.

## CALVINISM REJECTED.

"As one who bears afar through trackless woods,  
Where he has lost his way, the wailing choir  
Singing hosannas, and by those sweet tones  
Is guided where the congregation bow  
In worship, I was led from night's dim thrall,  
The Spirit Pollok said, "to love and peace  
And harmony. I left the lower earth,  
Thinking mankind born reproach, sin-cursed,  
Black as perdition, from the mother's womb;  
The greater part doomed to an endless hell;  
But woe to realize that Mercy lives  
And reigns omnipotent wherever God  
Hath made an earthly footstool for his throne,  
Wherever suns blaze on the slopes of day,  
Or spirit-spheres their spiral rings unfold.  
Black terror made my earthly life a dream  
Of judgment and perdition. Better taught,  
A king of Faith and Hope and Joy and Peace  
And Loving-kindness, infinite from God,  
Flowing to every soul, every word  
In the wide universe his word hath made."

## PROGRESS.

### ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Let there be many windows in your soul,  
That all the glory of the universe  
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane  
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays  
That shine from countless sources. Tear away  
The blinds of superstition; let the light  
Pour through fair windows broad as truth itself  
And high as God.

Why should the spirit peer  
Through some priest's curtained orifice, and grope  
Along dim corridors of doubt, when all  
The splendor from unfathomed seas of space  
Might bathe it with golden waves of love?  
Sweep down the debris of decaying faiths:  
Sweep down the cobwebs of worn-out beliefs.  
And throw your soul wide open to the light  
Of Reason and of Knowledge. Tune your ear  
To all the world-wide music of the stars  
And to the voice of nature, and your heart  
Shall turn to truth and goodness, as the plant  
Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands  
Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned  
bights.

And all the forces of the armament  
Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid  
To thrust aside half-truths and grasp the whole.

## The Ninth Paradise.

In the nine heavens are eight Paradises:  
Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.  
Only the blessed dwell in the Paradises:  
But blessedness dwells in the human breast.  
Ourselves create them in the Paradises:  
The uncreated Maker in the breast.  
Blessed, O man! want those eight Paradises  
Then is without the ninth one in the breast.  
Given to thee are those eight Paradises  
When thou the ninth one hath within thy breast.

—W. E. Allen's translation from the Arabic.

## THE RETURN OF THOUGHT.

H. W. THOMAS, D. D.

The subjective and the objective are terms with which all students of philosophy must be very familiar and the facts that they express are in some sense at least a part of the common experience of those even who are strangers to the schools. Those who think at all have in some way hit upon the facts of the self, and the not self. Self-consciousness assures each one of his own personal existence; and he is at the same time conscious through sense perceptions of a something that is not himself, or of the great world that impinges upon him; as the light that reaches the eyes, and the sounds that fall upon the ear, and the various objects with which he comes in contact.

In the earlier and more active years of life, the natural tendency is to move outward, to learn the things outside of one's self; and necessarily, most persons are compelled to work with material forces; hence it is that reflection, and then introspection, or the turning of the mind upon itself and pondering upon the inner life, come later on in the world of individual experience. And for several centuries now, our world has lived largely in the objective and intensely active in all these outward-reaching directions. And the results reached in the physical sciences, and the larger knowledge and use of the material world are so great that we are now standing amazed and almost confounded at our vast power in controlling natural forces.

It is probable that we are only in the beginning of these wonders—that we shall go on in the direction of still greater discoveries and inventions; but while this is so, another fact seems equally evident and that is, that the minds that have achieved so vastly in the outer, must be impressed by that fact, and as a consequence begin to ask, and with a new and deeper meaning, what is that power within, that thus goes forth upon such mighty missions? And, indeed, this return movement is already apparent in many directions.

Man is beginning to study himself, and the nature of his wonderful powers; and the greatest developments of the near future are to be along this line. A being who can do so much, who is so mighty in his power over material forces, must himself be great. When man could do comparatively nothing and lay helpless beneath the forces of nature, it was possible for theology to teach that such a being was but "a miserable worm of the dust," but now man has so far demonstrated his greatness, that he can no longer consent to be called a "worm," and to be trampled upon or crawled over by his stronger fellow animals, or worms; and to be accounted deserving of only wrath and damnation in the world to come. He is beginning to feel and to assert his God-like powers and rights.

Spiritualism, the Mind Cure and Theosophy, are all parts of this return movement of the spirit of man to a contemplation of his own real nature; and to the realization of the fact that he is a spirit, and as such a part of the Infinite Spirit; that reason and justice and love in man are divine; are in their degree like the same great qualities in God. And hence man is beginning to see that his "life is more than meat and his body more than raiment," that his larger life is in his vast and far reaching correspondences with the unseen.

Naturally enough, the beginnings of this return, as in Spiritualism, were largely objective; appeals to the senses—rappings and table movements, and so on; just as most religions have a childhood period of outer forms and demonstrations. But the return of thought must be to thought, and of reason to reason, and of spirit to spirit. And hence the subjective world must enlarge until each soul shall realize more fully its own great self-conscious life, and the vast spiritual universe in which it lives, and of which it is a part, and with him will be a profounder realization of what life is, and of its duties and responsibilities. We are hastening on to the near time when mankind will feel and know that they are immortal; that there is no death, only change, and that they are in eternity now; and that life should be a vast transactional sum of righteousness, of truth, of love, and of ever unfolding power and increasing joy.

## THE MIDDLE GUARD.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

There has been a wonderful movement in the past thirty-nine years since Spiritualism announced itself to the world. The rappings have been strong enough to demolish the walls of narrow creeds, and lead the churches to higher grounds. This rapid advance under the pressure of the liberalizing tendencies of the age has really been the great prevailing cause of the failure of organic effort among Spiritualists. The hard lines have not, it is true, been voted out of the creeds, but they are tacitly allowed to gather dust in silence, and ministers speak only of the bright and sunny side. As members have become convinced of the reality of Spiritualism they have turned to their ministers, and met so rebuke. If they have attended spiritual lectures, they compare the sermons in their own pulpits with them, and find that there is harmony; different wording,

but the same meaning, and the preachers find that the more spiritualistic they are the more popular they become. Why, then, should members detach themselves from their old church home, when all that is required of them is to be quiet and enjoy their belief? And often their minister gives them more spiritual food than they would receive at the pronounced spiritual lecture.

Hence it is that the great class who have become Spiritualists in the churches, remain in the fold, holding to the associations of the old home, and while secretly feeling that their position is a false one, and the foundations of the church cause ruinous, throw all their social influence and wealth on its side. In the other extreme are the seekers after tests—insatiable and insatiable—who hesitate at no impossibility, and only complain because the camel is not larger, they are called on to swallow. These have pressed Spiritualism to the borders of the grossest materialism, and by fraud and credulity have made it a term of reproach. Between these extremes are a valiant few,—a Middle Guard!—who seek to establish their belief on a firm basis of science, and evolve therefrom a true philosophy of life. They accept immortality as a fundamental fact, proven by the communion of the departed, and would enshrine the purest morality and highest discipline of conduct in their lives. They, however, are doomed to see a great majority of those who should stand by them, drawn toward the churches; while to the world they are represented by the other extreme, of blatant phenomena and test hunters and all the disreputable frauds and shams that eagerness calls into being. They are powerless to stay the divergent tides for they act alone, and without organization; yet are they strong and fearless—this unorganized army, and were they to awake to the full consciousness of the tremendous responsibilities which rest on them, they could reverse these currents in a mighty flood.

In communion with spirits, the evidence that the departed exist in a world of light and progress, an opiate that soothes the soul that it falls asleep to all the vital issues that rest thereon, and accepts the silence or indecision of the preacher as full acknowledgment? Are you satisfied, oh! loiterers in the outer vestibule of the churches, with your ambiguous position, believing with all your heart one thing, and appearing to the world as advocating quite another? Say you that it is impossible for you to come out openly and stand with those who would make Spiritualism all the term implies, because of the odium of that extreme, which has dragged it down into the mire of lust, credulity and fraud, and made it synonymous with folly and rascality? I sympathize with you, and have prayed with tears that it were not so, but that does not change your responsibility. Rather is it not augmented thereby?

Does the fact of spirit communion take away the sense of trust, of duty, and obligation? Certainly not! and yet from a superficial view of the actions of many who are loudest in their praise of the new philosophy one would be led to think this were the case. When the dogmas of heaven and hell, a personal devil, the fall of man, redemption by the blood of Christ, and forgiveness of sins, have disappeared as the vagaries of a frightful dream, the soul is apt to fall from a state of painful tension to one of apine indifference, out of which it is difficult to awake. And yet the new doctrine calls for greater activity, more reliant powers, and offers more tempting rewards than the old that has passed away.

What is the new demand? What does it expect of those who recognize its truth? This is Christmas tide, when our thoughts revert to him who taught the divinity of man, who gave his life in confirmation of the doctrine, that love should rule the world; who taught that self-sacrifice was above all sacrifice, and murmured forgiveness through the ashes of his death. Three hundred millions bow in sweet peace to the influence of that ideal type of divinely-forgetting love. In this ideal we see as in a mirror what should be realized in every human life; all creeds and trappings wrought by men cast aside, this divine life should be ours, not because we are to escape torture or gain paradise by its possession, but because it is our heritage, and brings the realization of the only true and perfect happiness.

If angels sang, how grandly through the arches of the spheres must resound the voices of the spirit host when all children are born with divine possibilities, and the angel sphere bends low and mingles with this life of earth!

We testify to the advent of angels. We accept immortality and the communion of spirits. The friends we left in the years of darkness, with heart-pangs, and eyes blinded with tears, are with us in the joy of unending life. Ring ye bells, the tidings of the old; ring louder still the blessed gladness of the new! Fill all the air with syllables of joy! for the Angel of Death has become indeed, the Angel of the Resurrection! Our friends live; they love us still; they can return and assure us of meeting them after this earthly day is done.

This is the wine of a new life of consecration to duty. It brings its obligation, and they who believe are recreant to their belief if they give not undivided support.

They who stand by the Unitarians or Universalists because most liberal and tolerant, who declare that Spiritualism is

taught from their pulpits; they who stand by more conservative churches because they are more respectable before the world, did they but turn and support the "Middle Guard" who have borne the heat and burden of the day in holding aloft the banner of the truth, it would prove the strongest organization of the time.

The communion with spirits may be sweet, but there is infinitely more in life. This is but a means to acquire a knowledge of our duty, a means to right conduct in the mortal years.

We are not like children to chase the butterfly of pleasure to gather the flowers of delight, and do what is most pleasing for the hour; we must tread the rugged path of duty, with bleeding feet, if need be, and when by deeds of unselfish righteousness we have made ourselves sweet as vernal bloom, the butterflies will come to us bringing the pleasure we have earned but have not sought. Spiritualism urges active effort to ransom from the thrall of ignorance and the bonds of superstition, and the redemption of mankind from the unthinking bigotry, the hate and brutality of the past. A perfect life, that we may be perfect hereafter, is emblazoned on the banner of the Middle Guard who represent Spiritualism at its best and truest. The Spiritualist is not an idle dreamer, so well satisfied with the assurance of the presence of the departed that he leaves the world to care for itself. He is his brother's keeper, and Cain only may deny that responsibility. The only life worth living is that devoted to the highest, purest, and noblest acquisitions of the spiritual nature. Successes of this life are successes only as they benefit spiritual growth. If they entice from duty, and ardent endeavor, zeal and devotion to ideal excellence, they are disastrous failures.

Great wealth and the favors of fortune, are means bestowed on the willing spirit for its greatest achievements. In solitude, clad in coarse garments, with a crust of bread, it may cultivate and exalt itself, but in practical life, wealth is essential for the propagation of religious or moral systems, and should be held in abeyance to the behests of spiritual commandment. If this is done, the spirit on the shores of immortal life will feel that earth-life was not a dream of what should have been, but an actual of thoughtful doing, which it finds a treasure multiplied a thousand fold.

Berlin Heights, O.

## A RINGING LETTER

From the Pastor of Unity Church, Boston.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I would like to be a part of your Christmas number; and yet, so hard pushed have I been with work, that I have found it quite impossible to write an article. What can I do, then, but send you an earnest, even if it be a brief letter?

I am glad to be a part of your Christmas number; I say this, and chiefly because I believe you stand for a fearless and honest search for truth, and that against heavy odds. For not only do you find the old faiths, and most of the established respectabilities of the age against you, but you are subjected, both on flank and rear, to a heavy fire from those who ought to be your friends. The cause you advocate has suffered more from its friends than from its enemies. And you have bravely fought the enemies not only, but the false friends besides. I hope that all who admire honest bravery under difficulties will come to your rescue, and there ought to be enough such in a country like ours to make the difficulties a thing of the past. This I say, not because I believe all that you believe, but because I do believe that it is out of such efforts as yours that the truth will some day come.

There are at least enough facts involved in the mysteries of what is called Modern Spiritualism, to make it worth the while of honest and earnest men to study and try to understand them. I cannot but hope that the truth of spirit existence, and of possible communication with them, may one day be demonstrated beyond all reasonable doubt. And I want you to be supported because I believe you are helping on a settlement of this great question.

For a great question it most certainly is. It is either the grandest truth or the most lamentable delusion of the modern world. And it would certainly seem to be worth while to find out which.

But the difficulties connected with the settlement of the problem are enormous. Fools and rascals on one side, and "scientific" men on the other, who scout the whole matter because they cannot get a spirit into their laboratory and subject him to their kind of test, these show some of the difficulties.

But I believe the human mind is competent to solve the problem. All that you want, all that any honest man wants, is the truth. And while you make it manifest that it is the truth, and only that you are after, I for one will bid you God-speed! So may you have a happy Christmas not only, but a grander New Year than ever.

Boston, Dec. '87. M. J. SAVAGE.

No good deed is without its reward, even though not apparent to the world. A pleasant feeling warms the heart at its recollection, and conscience says "well done," though no word of gratitude comes from the recipient of the kindly act.

R. HEBER NEWTON, D. D.

Expresses His Interest and Declares that Despite the Seybert Commission, the last Word is Far from Having Been Said on Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I wish that I were well enough to take part in the Christmas number of your paper, with something worthy of it. Let me at least assure you of my sincere sympathy with you in the gallant fight which you are making.

Despite the Seybert Commission, the last word is far from having been spoken on Spiritualism. As every one knows, who knows aught of it—even though like myself he still remains unconvinced—the real force of the movement rests on experiences with which professional mediums have nothing to do. In the same way, I suppose, that he who is blind finds out to his surprise how many blind-folk there are in the world, and he who is lame thinks everybody has a secret kink in one leg, it has seemed to me that everybody, or at least every other body has been having secret experiences of an occult sort. While these things hold within home circles, it will take several Seybert Commissions to lay Spiritualism—be it what it may.

In the interests of science, every one ought to appreciate your brave effort to free this mysterious something from the incubus of mediumistic fraud, so heavily handicapping the movement. And with the bare possibility before them that the ultimate residuum of Spiritualism may be the demonstration of the reality of the life beyond, for which the heart of man cries so piteously, all thoughtful people ought to back such an effort as that which you are making; if only to the extent of a subscription.

R. HEBER NEWTON.  
New York City, Dec. 12.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## THE DREAM-FOLK AT MY FIRE-SIDE.

ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

There is nothing like an old fashioned fireplace filled with blazing logs, for making one feel sociable, and now that the golden autumn tide is ebbing (though we have no sign of a frost as yet at Sunny Brae), the air is crisp and chill, and we are glad of an excuse to build a fire, while the roses and hellebores, jessamine and violets continue to bloom, unconscious of December's near approach. And as I watch the shadows come and go to the mellow music of the dancing flame, a thousand memories of the old-time come trooping in. I hear scared whispers of a dread something, in the air; see groups of eager men and women, and in their midst a flaxen-haired child, whose tiny hands seem possessed of some strange power whereby the unseen becomes palpable and the silence speaks! How white and earnest is the mother's face, until, through tireless search and questioning, she believes the truth is found,—the truth so glorious! The dead live; and none are lost, and all have chance of happiness!

And this picture, with many lights and shades and endless variations, was reproduced the wide world over. For tens of thousands a spiritual spring-tide, with bursting bud and fragrant blossoms of eternal hope, broke over the hills of time; the germs of an old, old truth, long hidden in the chilly mould of a grim theology, like a rose-vine on the north side of a stone wall, kissed by some heavenly ray stealing through the crevice of a creed, began to stir, push and climb, until it reached the top-most tier, and there met a full sun-burst of angelic love that sent it laughing down in living beauty upon the beaten, blood-stained paths of human life, that all might see, believe and be made happy!

But even as many go through this world of ever shifting scenes of loveliness, blind to the marvels of sun-rise, cloud-pictures, and majesty of sea and mountain, so truths quite as manifest and partaking of nature's infinitude are passed unnoticed or misused. The night shades may mask a villain and aid his murderous act as well as unveil the pure stars! And so it has come to pass that what was to a million hearts a glad surprise—the finding of Heaven so near, is now associated in our minds with sad and vulgar things. But shall we allow a few, or even many, cowardly dagger-thrusts to make all the pulsing heavens hideous? Shall we permit the phenomenal frauds to foul the broad and shining up-lands of spiritual thought and action? ... The fire-place is a wonderful picture-world to-night! I see the shadows of a mighty storm creeping over the whole round earth, and few men heed! Whence come the clouds? From vast seas of ignorance, vice and misery. While we wrangle over non-essentials, drink wine and jest with ghosts,—at supinely waiting for spirits to do our work, say, our very thinking, or spend our breath decanting on the splendors of spirit-land, our own individual, present world is little better for our being. Shall we rise and make ready for the storm, and so, mayhap, avert calamity? ...

Silently among the flickering fire-talks sit the forms of the so-called dead. Little children whose pellucid eye-deeps, in which gather no shadows of regret, sparkle with innocence and joy. O happy are they whom the child-angel love to visit and kiss and mature faces full of awful mournfulness, as though earth-sorrows, sterned, sat on lip and brow,—and noble countenances, beautiful with hope, love and sympathy,—how

(Continued on Next Page.)



For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Scene at a Child's Funeral.

The Hand of a Spirit Plucks Rose Buds  
from a Bouquet Lying on the Casket—  
Lined to Adella.

HON. A. H. DAILEY.

We who have attained to a knowledge of the continuity of life and of the possible sweet relations attainable between the two realms of existence, can afford to endure much that is thought and said of us by those who regard us as too credulous or as deluded. Who has not lost a friend, and who would not be comforted by knowing that love dies not, and that our friends can and do commune with us? Surely none. These holiday seasons are full of pleasing scenes, but I think there are few who do not experience a somber vibration of the inner consciousness from the memories of days gone and friends departed.

The JOURNAL recently gave a touching tribute to the memory of a sweet little girl, Adella Tice Quackenbush of this city, who left her friends in grief at the call of the angels, Saturday, November 20th, 1887. She had, from infancy, spent her summers with her mother and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Tice, at Lake Pleasant. Her bright face and joyous life enlivened the scenes around their cottage, and she had many friends who were grieved at her transition. The following beautiful incident occurred at her funeral:

The body of the little child was reposing in an open white velvet casket. Around were exquisite floral displays, and her name "Adella" was beautifully inscribed on several of the pieces. Across the foot of the open casket, was a bouquet of large rosebuds, the gift of a devoted nurse. Several friends, including my wife and myself, were seated facing the casket, and only a few feet away from it. In the midst of the services, a large rose-bud loosened from this bouquet and fell with a thud upon the floor. A moment or two later, another one fell in the same way. Our attention now was riveted upon the phenomenon, for so it evidently was, as the buds were so placed or arranged as not to separate or fall without some intelligent agency.

After a little time, a third one rose up as if lifted, and fell over the side of the casket to the floor. Mrs. Dailey, who was watching the occurrence, states that she distinctly saw the chubby hand of a child lifting at the bouquet as if attempting to move it into the casket. We have since learned through our spirit friend Daisie, that several spirit children were present, and one who was closely related to Adella, and after whom she was named, was trying to place the bouquet upon the lifeless feet in the casket. Surely such scenes are too beautiful not to be told to the world, which is so full of sad and weeping hearts.

Her death has inspired the following lines:

Adella! Adella! oh, flower of the morn!  
Too rare and too fair for this bleak world's adorning;  
The angels have parted the leaves that concealed thee—  
The ever-green leaves with which we have concealed thee—  
Have plucked from our hearts without asking or warning.

Adella! Adella! sweet flower of the morning.  
Adella! Adella! oh, heavenly token!  
Too dear for the bier, they have ruthlessly broken.  
Have numbered the ties of affection which bound thee—  
The soul reaching ties of affection which bound thee—  
Have borne thee away ere our prayers were outspoken.

Adella! Adella! sweet heavenly token  
Adella! Adella! oh, jewel of heaven,  
How bright was the light which our Father had given;  
It shone in our hearts as a star in its glory.  
It gleamed in our home as a day-star of glory;  
To hold thy young life, even with death we have striven.

Adella! Adella! bright jewel of heaven.  
Adella! Adella! thy cold form reposes,  
In the gloom of the tomb; beneath chapters of roses;  
From the house of the dead thy spirit ascended,  
From hearts that enshrouded it thy spirit ascended,  
An angel of light in the land of the roses.

Adella! Adella! an angel reposes!  
Adella! Adella! as a dove in the morning  
Alights from its flight, the bright heavens adorning.  
Falls down from the skies to the cot of its loved ones,  
Is drawn from the skies to the home of its loved ones,  
Adella returns to the hearts that are mourning.

Adella descends on the wings of the morning.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

[The scene witnessed by Mrs. Dailey is confirmed by the testimony of another correspondent who says that several persons observed the same little hand and saw the roses fall.—ED. JOURNAL.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Religious Spiritualism.

SOLON LAVER.

One who is neither prejudiced against the claims of Spiritualism, nor able to accept them in whole as final explanations of the multifarious phenomena of the movement, may yet perceive some truth hidden equally from the narrow-sighted skeptic and the over-zealous believer.

It is evident that the movement known as modern Spiritualism is characterized by a class of phenomena similar to those which have attended various historic movements in religion. The visions of Mohammed; of Swedenborg, of the Hebrew seers and Christian apostles—whatever may have been their source—are evidently illustrations of a psychic law which finds modern expression in the clairvoyance of the hypnotic sensitive and medium. The powers of healing claimed and often exhibited by modern faith curers, mind cure doctors, magnetic healers and others, are evidently of the same nature as the powers manifested by the Hebrew prophets, the early Christians, and others of ancient times of whom marvellous but doubtless often authentic tales are told. The power of speaking in tongues has been claimed and, according to what would seem excellent testimony, manifested by many, besides the early Christians. The phenomena of Spiritualism, in a word, are modern instances of psychic laws which have found expression in every age of the history of mankind. But there is this vital difference; that whereas in former times these phenomena were always identified with some form of religion, and were looked upon generally as manifestations of Jehovah, God, or other deities, in these times they are attributed to the power of disembodied human spirits. Thus these phenomena have lost their distinctively religious character, and Spiritualism as a movement has been purely secular. Whether this has been a loss or a gain is the question. The phenomena will not, of course, be again looked upon as direct actions of Deity. But may they not be surrounded with their religious atmosphere, and the tremendous impulse of religious enthusiasm be gained for their study and cultivation?

The phenomena of nature were once looked upon as direct manifestations of Deity or deities. Gradually this belief disappeared, and Deity was lost sight of in law. But again we are coming to see God in nature, and the phenomena of the physical universe are again being clothed in the garb of religion. May not the phenomena of Spiritualism

be in a similar way restored to their former religious significance? May they not, as manifestations of spiritual laws, as relations of a world of spirit to which human spirits are related by ties that are eternal, be freighted with the same religious significance as when they were considered to be direct actions of Deity? Is not the same God back of them as of old? Are not human spirits—now believed to be the authors of these phenomena, parts of the Infinite Spirit, who was formerly believed to be their author? Do we not in a real sense exist in God, our life part of His infinite life, our powers manifestations of His boundless power? If God is back of the flower, as the life from which its life is derived, is He not more back of our lives, the Spirit in which our spirits have their being? And if the beauty and perfume of the flower are in any sense revelations of the life of God, are not human thought, affection, and all the mysterious movements of the human soul more truly manifestations and revelations of that Infinite Spirit that is over all?

The writer is not attempting either to convince skeptics that the phenomena of modern Spiritualism are produced by disembodied human spirits, or to convince Spiritualists that said phenomena are not rightly attributable to that source; but simply aims to show that whatever their source, whether Infinite Spirit or finite spirits, they are and ought to be of profound religious significance. If Spiritualists who hold these remarkable phenomena as revelations of that world which is the eternal destiny of the soul, can surround them with the atmosphere of reverence and religious feeling, the many abuses that now cling to them would disappear, and Spiritualism would take its place among the great religious movements of the world. What a church might Spiritualists build if they would! With inspiration and vision with powers of healing and prophecy, with all the spiritual gifts of primitive Christianity restored, and with none of the medieval accretions which damage Christianity in these days of scientific thought, it might sweep the world with the rapidity of the wind, and bless mankind with a beautiful faith and the knowledge of eternal life.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

WM. Q. JUDGE, F. T. S.

In the records of forty years of American Spiritualism the Astral Light is not unknown; it has been referred to by many mediums while under what is called "control," and spirits in speaking of it have at times detailed some of its properties. Its place in nature and the part it plays at séances, mind reading and tests, demand for it more attention than it has hitherto received from those who believe in the Summerland.

The real witnesses produced for the majority of "spiritistic" phenomena are these spirits, and their word must be taken by their followers wherever possible; especially must this be so whenever the spirits agree with a large body of evidence found in ancient and medieval writings.

Some years ago Mrs. M. J. Hollis-Billing gave the editor of the JOURNAL several sittings with the spirit Jim Nolan, who delivered replies to queries prepared, and which were published. Mrs. Billing has never been accused of fraud, and by turning to the files of the JOURNAL the report can be found. This spirit's utterances are entitled to weight. He said, in substance, that there is a plastic medium existing in nature called the Astral Light, in which are pictures of persons, dead and living, and of all their thoughts, actions and circumstances; and that in producing what is called a materialization of a deceased one, a magnetic mirror was constructed by the control, on to which was reflected out of the Astral Light, the face or form desired to be seen, and that as each change was made a new picture was drawn from the Astral Light.

Although as a body—whether in published works or in private discussion—Spiritualists have ignored the Astral Light, it has long been recognized by Theosophists of both the present Theosophical society and those of two hundred years ago, while the Hindus have, for ages, known of it and called it the Akasha.

What, then, is this Astral Light? It is what is called by Eliphas Levi, the "plastic medium" that interpenetrates each thing and every point of space; medium, place, place, state or condition of the other, where in is recorded an image of every object that comes before it, an echo of every word ever spoken, an unbroken chain of continuous pictures of all that happens here below.

As well as are to be found in it the shades and forms of the departed—not their spirits but their religious, existing there until they all pass away in natural course, and there, floating, darting, wavering, swimming to and fro, like fishes in the sea, are the other classes of spirits, called "elementals" by the old Cabalists, nature spirits by others, Gnomes, Sylphs and Salamanders.

In this Astral medium is a vast babel of sounds—the undying reverberations of uttered speech, the utterances of which have long ago passed away; noble sentiments, clothed in faultless rhetoric; horrible discords produced by the senseless and vicious talk of all times and persons; sweet music, the din of war, and the solemn chant from out cathedral aisles. Every odor man ever smelled, and every sound, divine or diabolical, are there. It is a burial ground for mummies, as it were. The fluidic envelope passed off by every one at death, is caught in it and there leaves its impression, even after that envelope has itself dissipated into the various elements. Just as the long ago dead tribulate impacted in the earliest fossiliferous strata, leaves behind it when removed, a clear impression of itself, so that which lodges in the Astral Light stamps there an imperishable image.

Finding, then, this Jim Nolan agreeing with ancient records on that subject, Spiritualists are bound to investigate along the lines indicated, or else be guilty of ignoring an important element in the problem before them.

An intelligent reply from a thing or influence, unseen and unknown, except by what it manifests, is not, *per se*, proof of an intelligent conscious entity behind it, or of identity with a deceased person. An unintelligent man can learn and repeat like a parrot a series of highly intelligent sentences. Out of the Astral Light can be brought—resurrected so to say—either a picture of a person or a scene, or the discourses of Plato. How then can we afford to ignore the existence of the Astral Light or refuse to make some inevitable conclusions? Is it because we are afraid that the Summerland will disappear, or that we do not wish to accept as true something not in accord with our preconceived notions or present experiences? As for me, give me truth, no matter what it costs or what fondly loved idea it destroys.

New York City.

JOTTINGS FROM NEBRASKA.

Letter from Mrs. Ella M. Dole.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It is now eight weeks since I left home to seek the rest I felt I sadly needed, after nearly two years constant work. I assure you I have appreciated to the fullest extent the good time made for me by relatives and friends. I arranged to have sent to me, what I felt I could not do without, viz., your paper and the sermons by Dr. Thomas.

I find here, and also at Atchison, Kansas, a large field for a test medium like Mrs. Foye or Mrs. Lord. My mediumship is not adapted to the need of a community where something that is startling can alone attract attention. As I realize this to be the case, I am making no effort, except in a private, social way, to be of benefit.

If I had not through the experience of years learned the lesson not to permit my spirit to be disturbed over any false impression of myself capable of correction, I should feel annoyed over the thought (judging from letters) that seems to exist in the minds of many, both in and out of Chicago, that I have given up my mediumship, through becoming a Christian Scientist. Have you ever found a person willing to exchange gold for silver? Mediumship is the grandest gift ever given to man. What can equal its power to prove another and higher existence beyond this vale of tears; to bind the broken hearts crushed by the loss of a loved one, often many, so that they have strength to move cheerfully on their pathway that, but for the knowledge of meeting again their dear ones, would be desolate and lonely.

Christian Science, while it teaches the individual to rise above physical ills, fails to comfort sad hearts, at least so I judge from the fact that so many of my sitters were Scientists. This fact incited me to study the Science, to see the cause, if possible, of the lack of power in it. The light soon came to me when my teacher of the Eddy school, announced that, at a meeting held that day by Scientists, they had decided that Spiritualism was materialism!

The bomb thrown in my case failed to explode, so I studied on, and you can imagine my surprise to find that mediums had been teaching the Science for years. Have they not demonstrated the power of spirit over matter? Have they not taught to go to God as to a Father, claiming the right of a child, not as an outcast, only going still farther by permitting all to enjoy the companionship of their brothers and sisters, the dear ministering spirit-loved ones zone, as well as that of the Father?

Has not Spiritualism proclaimed the fact, "Go, heal the sick?"

This hobby, so to speak, of the Science, has it not taught charity in its broadest form, and love to such an extent that it has led to evil minded persons seeking to cloak their sin under its banner, as sinners have been known to creep into churches for worldly benefit? And how inconsistent for orthodoxy to turn its back on Spiritualism and accept Christian Science, when the latter is its foe, for nowhere does this latter thought even hint at vicarious atonement. Save yourself, is its motto! Show your spirit how to master matter, the cruel. This and many other grand thoughts paid me well for the time devoted to the study, and one day I felt the inspiration to go forth on a mission to Mrs. Eddy's hearers, the Spiritualists, the mediums, and oh, what a welcome I have. How glad they are to find that they have the truth; only need to be shown how to turn the current of thought against physical ills; that they can be Scientists and keep possession of their senses; that they can still love nature as God's handiwork, and not creation of mortal mind; that they can place one hand in the Father's, and with the other reach across the chasm of death to the "invisible world," asking for the way to be shown to do good. In time all the Scientists will fall into the line of spiritual interpretation of the Science. They will proclaim their faith in spirit communion as Helen Wilman, one of their best healers in Georgia, has done. They will throw off the mask that it is best to wear for the present, and acknowledge that there is a power lying back of all personal gift of healing, let it come from what source it may.

Beatrice, Neb.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
SPIRITUAL FELICITY.

B. R. ANDERSON.

At first thought, it is impossible to comprehend the beauties of the new religion, Spiritualism! Kaleidoscope like, it is ever presenting new beauties. A few years ago, all over the earth days of religious observance carried something extremely unpleasant with them. The preacher in this country, and in England, talked of but little else than a terrible hell, or a heaven that differed from hell only in the manner of punishment. Now all of this is changed; every pulpit echoes, to some extent at least, the glory of Spiritualism. Hell has vanished, and heaven has been repaired.

But the greatest change is that experienced by the intelligent masses at large. Death, in the light of modern Spiritualism, simply opens the door to a change fraught with new power and advantages never thought of until our souls were flooded with this new light.

The world is growing better because of the gradual downfall of the thought, that to be bathed in bliss eternal, man has simply to "believe and be baptized," and in its place is growing the creed of love, justice, charity and forbearance.

It may not be inopportune to mention in this connection our aptness to seek for the zenith of wonders as proof of spirit communion, thus neglecting many of the phenomena, humble in their nature, but which seem to whisper hope and consolation to the hungry soul. It may be possible that comfort has been derived from materialized forms, so real that the sifter has forgotten that he was visiting with one who had passed from earth-life; possible, but I doubt it. The few forms which the writer has seen, did not seem real; not seeming real they cast a shadow upon the thought of death, rather than a halo.

The simpler the communication the sweeter, if we are only sure of its spiritual source. A few months ago the writer and wife, and a friend and wife, sat for spirit communion at the writer's home. Our custom was to begin with table tipping, receive orders thus, and then proceed to a higher plane. On the present occasion we had not received directions through the tipping and had just abandoned the effort. Our lady friend was preparing to go home; she suddenly changed manner, and said: "Well, we are here now, but we cannot stay."

I asked, "Who is it," she answered, giving the name of our control. By that time the writer and wife had seated themselves at the table.

"There," said she, "they are coming now." At that instant the table, which had not moved before, sailed up. I turned to the medium, who sat a few feet away from the table, and asked, "Who is tipping it?" She answered promptly, "Mrs. A's grandmother." I then instantly asked the communicant "Who are you?"

Grandmother, was at once indicated. A word or two more and the medium who had not even looked at the stand said, "Good-night." As she said goodnight, as if by preconcerted signal, the table dropped into our laps, our customary goodnight signal. No coaxing after that could produce the slightest effect on the stand, and the medium was freed from influence.

A lady held her first séance with us. We almost positively knew from the family bigotry that she knew nothing at all about Spiritualism. She became entranced, immediately. After this entrancement, she said she had met and shaken hands with many of her deceased relatives. She gave us directions for the formation of circles, talking like an old experienced Spiritualist. She said, "They told me so."

On such occasions we were permitted to sit and converse with friends from the other side to our hearts' glory.

One séance would so strengthen the writer that the trials of the business week seemed utterly absorbed by the joys of the happy communion.

Concordia, Kan.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
OF MATTERS PSYCHICAL.

ANTOINETTE VAN HOESEN WAKEMAN.

That the beautiful palace of truth may be entered by a multitude of ways, as various as they are numerous, is a fact which it is good to recognize, for thereby is gained that reasonable tolerance which is the only mental attitude consistent with continued advancement.

At the recent meeting of the National Prison Association at Toronto special attention was given to the different methods of identifying prisoners. In discussing the "Anthropometric" method, which consists of the notation of certain bone dimensions which remain unchangeable in the same individual, data from French statistics were brought forward, which demonstrated that out of 100,000 subjects there were barely ten who showed approximate figures, so infinitesimal is the human species.

This differentiation is a harmonious law and is not confined to the physical, but extends through the mental and spiritual. Hence for what fact should we be more thankful than that truth may be gained by ways innumerable and that each individual may pursue the way which according to the laws of his being is alone possible to him. While this is so, and even he who is hobby mounted may enter an outer court of truth's citadel, although truly he may not hope while so mounted to reach the inner sanctuary where burns the sacred flame of fine logic, there are certain general laws which to violate is to ultimately become unable to distinguish truth from falsehood. In psychic investigation there is one of these laws which I believe, both from experience and observation, to be all important, and that is the law of practical every day activity, in conformity with the commonest of plain common sense. And a pivotal truth which must be accepted in order to conform to this law of first importance, is that what we are seeking, in such investigation, is the viewless actualizing and the transcending continuance of the segment which we hold within our partial grasp, and which we call scientific knowledge?

As God lives, what is written in the flesh is not contradicted in the spirit, and what is evident in the material is not given the lie in the unseen.

He who understands through earnest and exhaustive study the functions of the body; who with earnest labor seeks to understand nature's recognized laws while violating none of them; who puts himself *en rapport* with grand interpreting souls, who have had broad visions, through earnest study of their works has accomplished in psychic study what he who would build an enduring structure has done, when he has laid his foundation deep, solid and sufficient.

My own study of matters psychical was, in the beginning, wholly subjective and so continued through many years of utterly lonely and most severe physical labor. I now know that this labor was the greatest possible blessing, for the relentless master, Necessity, kept me unflinchingly to the law of works, through a period when I might easily have become either one of those impressionists, who are like a ship without pilot or rudder in the midst of a wide uncertain ocean, or a member of one of those "circles of illusion" which, when formed, carry away whole multitudes, as in the days of Perkins and his "Tractor," the "Tulip Mania," and as we may see without any very close observation in our own day and midst. During those years of subjective study and daily labor, there were borne in upon me unbidden truths, which as I recognized as truths I could not reject; but neither could I assimilate them, as they were parts of a whole which I did not at all comprehend.

At last the time came when, touched by objective light, those truths became instinct with significance and the formless chaos of facts began to appear a perfectly consistent whole. Then it was that with ecstasy I began to understand the story of the deliverance of the children of Israel, and how it was that the magi of old Egypt (who by dint of asceticism had acquired occult powers, which however were limited by motives not wholly subversive to the highest good) had followed the real adept Moses through a part of the phenomena performed by him by means of sacred scientific laws, by which he effected the liberation of his people. Also how the witch of Endor had called up Samuel, how the prophets had prophesied, and seen visions, and angels had visited, and saints communed with the children of men. The story of the blessed Nazarene became a beautiful reality, and not a mystical tale which taxed my credulity the utmost and left my reason with her face in the dust, for I saw the miracles as a reasonable exemplification of the result of an understanding of the innermost secrets of nature and an unrelenting but unbending, persistent and holy conformity to those laws which were, and are, and must be.

I will say that the Bible was my first investigation, to the study of which I have spoken; that it has been my greatest help and most satisfying conformation, and that prayer has sustained me when all else failed.

Such investigation as I have been able to make in the midst of a very busy life (the psychic study I have made has not been in the line of my bread-winning) has shown me clearly that the clairvoyant who foretells the most improbable event long before it transpires; the great inventor; the master mind of genius; the prophet, adept and seer, have each of them either through wisely directed

persistent effort, or illumination, conformed consciously or otherwise to universal laws; the same laws which must be sought by faith and made and kept our own by works. And as the connecting dashes which have revealed the mighty consistency of all that is, have come to me, like the grand tender man, Hans Christian Andersen, I bow in the presence of any worshiper, simply because he worships, and a strong and joyous psalm arises in my soul to the God, En Soph, the Boundless, for the gift of conscious being.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The Lesson of Ignorance.

CHAS. DAWBARN.

Only a few months since I made the acquaintance of a minister in whose family Spiritualism had broken out. Viewing the phenomena with the fond anxiety of a father who knows all about mumps, measles and whooping cough, a doctor had been called in. With professional sagacity he proceeded to take a general view of his patient as a whole; and discovered that she was a young girl of about twelve years of age, rather sleepy looking, and very shy before strangers. The father accused his child of shaking violently, and uttering harsh sounds that nobody could understand, while all the time she was apparently asleep or unconscious.

The wise physician felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, listened to her heart, and carefully noted her temperature. It might be hysteria; malaria was not impossible. Evidently the first thing to do was to administer a dose of castor oil, and then watch for further development.

At this point the mother interfered. For several months she had been quietly dabbling in the shallows of modern Spiritualism, and had made up her mind that her young daughter was a medium, and that some spirit was attempting her development. The minister did not know that his fond wife had actually attended circles, and even held them with her children in her own home, till the family was rapidly becoming an open gateway to the Spirit-world.

There were eleven children in all. Minister's wives are usually a success as incubators. The mother told me that the four youngest—sweet little dots from four to eight years of age—held private circles of their own. Two of them were clairvoyant, and described the spirit children who flocked to this juvenile reception. So the father and the doctor were likely to get the worst of it under such conditions as these.

A few days before I made the minister's acquaintance, a Russian sailor had told the family that the unconscious girl was talking excellent Russian. By using that sailor as interpreter, the spirit told the tale of his life and death in a town not far from Moscow. This discovery was of great theological interest to the preacher, for he considered his child miraculously blessed with the gift of tongues, as in the days of the apostles. But sad to say, it was not long before he discovered that the spirit could not stand the fire of a cross examination, but grew confused, and contradicted himself as to names he must have known in earth life, if his account of himself were correct. So the preacher declared his daughter possessed of a devil, while the mother was naturally indignant at such an accusation.

At this stage I made the acquaintance of the family, and both parents appealed to me to help them out of the difficulty. A little explanation of the psychic laws governing spirit control soon led to a further experience with the Russian spirit, who now brings a spirit interpreter, and is a warmly welcomed friend.

It seems to me there is an important lesson in this incident. Like that preacher we are ready at a moment's notice to open our court and "try the spirits" without considering that even a spirit is entitled to a fair trial before a competent court. A moment's thought should convince us of the difficulties that may prevent our rendering a just verdict. Let us take the case of the Andover professors tried for heresy because they believed that the heathen who had never heard of Jesus might possibly be saved. Now, let me attempt to select a jury competent to try that case. Allow me to present you with this list of Australian savages. But you object because, as you say, they are without sufficient intelligence. I quite agree with you, so I invite you to make your selection from among our Universalists, whose intelligence and integrity will be vouched for by a whole nation. Again, you object and tell me such men have already declared their belief that everybody will be saved. I cannot deny it, so here is yet another list composed of the Congregational ministers of Chicago who refused to send a word of sympathy to Mrs. Beecher when a whole nation was mourning its dead hero. But you make reply that such men are quite willing everybody should be damned but themselves; and once again you object to allowing them to act as jurors. But after so many objections I ask, where, in the name of common sense, can you expect to find an unbiased jury?

Now, let us apply this illustration to the case of spirit return with its many difficulties, perplexities and unknown laws governing such intercourse. Are you the savage, the Universalist, or Congregational minister of modern Spiritualism? or have you a diploma from Nature attesting your ability as an expert for both worlds, to give a just and true verdict for or against a spirit? If not, would it not be well to begin the new year with a resolution to "go slow" and carefully study the laws of hypnotic suggestion, that leave their impress on the human brain long after every outward appearance of control has ceased?

And since we can never approach the Spirit-world without being ourselves on trial, would it not be well to ascertain the verdict of that spirit jury? Perchance that verdict might be "guilty"—guilty of self-conceit and of ignorance of spirit difficulty of control, as well as of ignorance of our own influence, both upon medium and upon spirit; and it is just possible we might discover that myriads of teels and years of phenomena can only leave us in the dark, unless we make careful study of philosophy, and seek for light—more light every day of our lives.

Among traveling salesmen order is Heaven's first law.—*Life*.

Santa Claus is being measured for his Christmas suit.—*New York Morning Journal*.

It isn't necessary for a man to know enough to go in when it rains if he has an umbrella.—*Life*.

An oculist doesn't want an eye for an eye, and a dentist doesn't want a tooth for a tooth. They want \$——.—*Life*.

A show spoken of as "a rare entertainment" proved to be a performance not well done.—*New Orleans Picayune*.







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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 24, 1887.

## Greeting.

To the thousands of old readers who have read the paper weekly for years, who have by their subscriptions and contributions to its columns added both to its value and stability, we give the warm, right hand of fellowship and a word of cordial, grateful greeting. You have our heart-felt thanks for your confidence in the integrity of our motives and accuracy of our statements where questions of fact have been involved. Your cheering expressions of sympathy with us in our arduous task have been an ever-renewing and continually supporting force. In expressing our gratitude and extending this holiday greeting, let us impress upon you with all the tremendous emphasis which the exigencies of the cause demand, the imminent importance of continued moral and financial support. Our task is greater than it is possible for one to adequately comprehend who has not sat in our office and observed the multifarious duties and great responsibilities ever overshadowing us. The field is ripe for the harvest but the laborers are few. We have ever aimed to present the phenomena of Spiritualism in a way to command the respect of rational inquirers and to substantiate the claim of a continuity of life beyond all reasonable objection. We have striven to make prominent the philosophical, ethical and religious phases of Spiritualism, utilizing the phenomena as a scientific basis for a true and noble philosophy of life. We have promptly exposed error, delusion and wickedness hiding under the white cloak of Spiritualism, and for so doing have earned, and received, without stint, the opposition and vindictive hatred of a considerable body of traffickers in commercial Spiritualism, their dupes and defenders.

We are to day more determined than ever to continue and to complete the work of placing Spiritualism before the world on a strictly scientific basis, and to make more and more prominent its advanced phases. We see our way clearer for this work than ever before. We shall in the future strike more crushing blows at fraud and folly than we have in the past, if that is possible. We shall also be better able to do constructive work, as gradually, the great problem is relieved of the incubi which in the very nature of things must of necessity attach while in the formative period. In this stupendous undertaking we can do but little without your ever-active assistance. Remember that in co-operating with us you are only doing a solemn duty you owe to the cause which has brought to you spiritual light and great happiness! Remember that your obligations are not less than ours, and that in the world to come you will be held to a strict account—by your own souls. You have your future happiness in your own hands and can mar it or make it as you

choose! You cannot reach supernal spheres on flowery beds of ease, nor lie thereon when you reach your spirit home. This you know already and we only now remind you of it that you may join us in redoubled efforts for the redemption of the world, to the end that universal happiness may the sooner prevail.

To thousands who do not regularly read the JOURNAL, or who may now see it for the first time we give greeting, and cordially invite you to a study of the central claims of Spiritualism. The JOURNAL aims to be fair and just and fearless. It is in no narrow sense a sectarian paper. Its scope embraces all matters which touch the springs of human life and happiness. It is especially devoted to the demonstration of the continuity of life beyond the grave and all that this implies to both stages of existence. It seeks to right the wrongs of the oppressed, to do justice to all and to aid in every reform calculated to make men happier, more noble and better fitted for life here and hereafter. The JOURNAL opens its columns to the orderly discussion of all topics within its scope; it publishes much that is not in accord with the views of its editor, for he believes that "the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." He holds that error is the sooner made harmless by exposing it to the scorching rays of reason and public criticism; and that truth grips with a firmer grasp the more it is heated by the white fire of scrutiny.

If you are interested in the great psychical field in which lies the solution of life's greatest problems, as you certainly must be, you are invited to become regular readers of the JOURNAL, and to lend it your valuable aid in guiding the world to higher grounds by paths that lead from the innermost being of the most ignorant and depraved soul on earth to the heights of ineffable glory and happiness beyond the veil!

## Capital and Labor—Misconceptions.

A current popular error among, at least, the more ignorant of those who work for wages, is the idea that capital as such is the enemy of labor, and that whatever restricts the power of capitalists must necessarily be helpful to workingmen in overcoming the evils which oppress them. Hence the fierce tirades against capital so often heard at labor meetings, and the unreasoning abuse, or silent sullen dislike of the "capitalistic class" by those under the influence of this foolish misconception.

If these men could understand that capital in the broadest sense, is but another name for the collected and stored-up work of hand and brain, of the living and the dead, converted into useful property and possessions, such as productive lands, houses, goods, money, knowledge, etc., they would see that the progress of civilization consists mainly in the accumulation of capital, or of those products of physical and intellectual work and which, increased and bequeathed onward from generation to generation, distinguish civilized from savage life, and are absolutely essential to progress in the future as they have been in the past. In the wild cry, "Down with capital," there is no reason and no sense. The more capital mankind possesses, the greater its power to free itself from the rude bonds of the material world, to understand and utilize to its highest advantage the physical forces of nature, thereby increasing its happiness and moving on to the fulfillment of its true destiny.

Yet there is a real evil which, in fact, is the cause of the wide and increasing dissatisfaction that among the ignorant and undiscriminating finds expression in unqualified denunciation of capital, and a feeling of ill will toward those who own it. This evil is the unequitable distribution of capital. If all had capital, no complaint would be heard; on the contrary every one would be ready to testify as to the advantages derived from it. Disadvantages there would be, of course, from such a general distribution of the stored-up work of the race, but to these we need not here advert, since the condition supposed, if indeed, ever possible, belongs to the remote future and involve enormous changes in our industrial and social life. The point we wish to emphasize is this: that the object of the working man's opposition should not be capital itself, but whatever injustice there is, and there is much, in its unequal distribution by which the interests of the many are subordinated to the interests of individuals comparatively few in number.

It is a great mistake for those who work with their hands to claim that they are the laborers par excellence and to separate their interest from general social questions. All who contribute to the varied needs of men; all, except those who in idleness live upon the work of others; all who work whether with brain or hand, are laborers and have a common interest in the cause of labor. If the work is differently paid for, the fact should be considered in connection with the quality of the work and the difficulty, danger and expense of its performance. The knowledge and skill which direct the work of a thousand men in a great manufacturing establishment are more rare, belong to a higher intellectual order, and will ever command larger pay than the labor of one of the men thus employed. Corporations and concentrated wealth are necessary now as they have been in the past to industrial progress. That there is danger in the power they are able to exercise in their own interest at the expense of the people we all know; and this, legislation backed by public sentiment, alone can overcome. To the intelligence and virtue of the people we must ultimately look for those changes needed to guard against

the unjust exactions and encroachments of individual capitalists or combinations of capitalists whose avarice and greed oppress the poor and defraud the public.

The more we advance toward the heights we are destined to reach, the more we outgrow the condition and the inherited results of that real struggle for life, which has left behind deep traces of its distinctive action, since ever it passed from the physical to the intellectual phase; the more must reason and justice interfere to equalize the means and circumstances under which each individual has to carry on his struggle for existence. If, as is indisputably true, capital is the stored up work, physical and intellectual, of our ancestors and contemporaries, it is a proposition that cannot be successfully controverted, that all men come into the world, according to the simple principle of natural justice, with an equal right to this capital. This truth is not affected by the fact that, as society is now organized, there must be wealth and poverty, and inequalities of property, culture and station, and that in disregard of acquired and recognized social rights, a general distribution of goods among all the living were made, the old condition of inequality would soon return; we speak of natural justice and of that ideal social state which, if never to be realized under present conditions, urges and encourages the philanthropic mind to aspire to, and work for, such partial equalization, at least, as is practicable and as will lessen the monstrous contrast of poverty and wealth, of wretchedness and happiness, of wanton excess of knowledge and ignorance, which are presented by our present social state; and which seem, from an enlightened point of view, to make our claims and pretensions to a high civilization little less than mockery. With an equitable distribution of the products of labor, much of the evil that now confronts us would soon disappear.

When penetrating beneath the surface, and inquiring into the underlying causes of these inequalities, we do not find that they consist entirely in the improvidence, intemperance and idleness of the many, and the superior wisdom and virtue of the few. When, for instance, we consider that the value of property is enormously increased by increase of population and by the rise of industrial and other conditions, and that the increase of value is the result of the aggregate activity of the population, it is evident that the great advantages resulting from the change belong, in justice, to the many and not to a comparatively few individuals, to whom under the present system, they chiefly go to enrich. This point, with many others that cannot be mentioned here, must receive the attention of our legislators when the "working classes" become educated beyond mere opposition to capital, when they cease to accept blatherskites for leaders, and acquire the wisdom to elect to office men of brains enough to see what is needed, and honestly enough to act in the interests of the people.

These suggestions, to some, will seem radical and even revolutionary, for wealth is naturally conservative and is averse to change; but the march of human progress is over the cherished convictions and fancied interests of those who, like the ancient king Canute, unavailingly bade the waves to come thus far and no farther.

The principle of competition fundamentally operative in the process of evolution from the beginning, cannot be excluded now, but as the brute nature of man is reduced and the moral and spiritual side of his being becomes more and more in the ascendant, the merely animal and selfish elements must be eliminated, and the "struggle" and "competition" will be in the higher humanities, and in more effective methods for realizing in the outer world the visions of the inner world, the human mind and heart. As Darwin told his readers—some of whom have been slow to understand his words—the principle of natural selection ceases to be an important factor in development in proportion as intellect and the moral sentiments become active forces. Sympathy and co-operation continually soften the competitive struggle, and turn it into emulation to do the greatest amount of good for humanity.

## Christmas in the Light of Evolution.

Darwin's researches have shown that in everything in which humanity is interested a steady process of evolution from lower forms and conditions to higher can be traced.

Most of the Protestant American children of this generation, who as soon as Christmas week of one year is ended begin to plan and long for the next, do not know that to their parents, especially those of New England birth, the day now so looked forward to, the day heralded by weeks, and oftentimes months of preparation and of advertisement, was in the childhood of their parents taboed as a holiday, being looked upon as a Roman Catholic festival and as of no more concern to good Protestants than is St. Patrick's day now. But the devout Catholics who so enthusiastically hold Christmas as a day to be honored because they think it the birthday of "Jesus, man's Savior," as little suspect that they are celebrating a heathen festival, which was observed long before the birth of Christ, by the Romans, Celts, and Germans, in honor of the winter solstice, when it was believed that the Pagan deities were busy in giving renewed life and activity to the powers of nature for the benefit of man, and when they celebrated with great feasts the twelve nights reaching from the 25th of December to the 6th of January.

Later those heathen carried with them into Christianity the observance of these

festal days, and this so extensively that they became gradually adopted as days sacred to the new religion. The 25th of December was held in special honor as the probable birthday of Jesus, for though no record of the date of his birth existed, yet as in Palestine from the middle of December to the middle of February there is an interval of dry weather, when only shepherds could have "watched their flocks by night," and "the star of Bethlehem" be seen, so somewhere between those dates must his birth-day have occurred, and it was found easiest to utilize the beginning of the winter solstice as the date, since it was already a holiday, the observance of which could not be abolished.

Catholic England celebrated for many years these festal days, renamed "Christmas" days, adding each year new observances, born of their own needs or experiences, such as the yule log, the mistletoe bough, the Christmas candle burning, adornment with holly, Christmas plum-pudding, Christmas carols, and many other observances which had become linked with the day.

So interlinked had the celebration of Christmas become with Catholicism, that the Cromwellian Parliament abolished, by law, the observance of Christmas altogether, and the holly and ivy became seditious badges; and in Puritan New England "Christmas cheer" was a thing of the past, tabooed and frowned upon. But with the dawn of a more liberal spirit in religion due to an advanced civilization, the ostracized but ever beloved festival came to the front again; not as a survival of ancient sun-worship, of heathen mythology, of Catholic adoration, or of Protestant belief, but as a day sacred to the new religion of humanity, sacred to the observance of the Golden Rule, a celebration of altruism, when self-forgetfulness is the lesson of the hour, and remembrance of the need of others is the leading thought. So Christmas, one of the oldest of our holidays, has undergone like man and all with which he is concerned, a slow but sure process of evolution, and must still pass through other phases fitted to our own developments.

Already scientific inquiry has fixed its gaze on this rapidly growing but unsystematized Christmas spirit of bestowal and will soon direct into more useful and helpful channels, this now almost indiscriminate and sometimes hurtful gift-giving. Presently, in the light of a larger knowledge of humanity's needs—the needs of the giver as well as of the receiver—our Christmas will become a festival of thoughtful helpfulness of others, of well-directed and concerted action in behalf of all those in real distress, of united effort to better the conditions of life for all, but even as now observed we are glad and thankful for to-day's evolutionized Christmas.

## Occult Telegraphy.

This issue of the JOURNAL will be seen by not less than fifty thousand readers who did not see last week's edition, wherein we gave some account of our experience in investigating the phenomenon of a spirit working a telegraph instrument. For their benefit it may be briefly said that Mr. W. S. Rowley, of Cleveland, Ohio, has demonstrated to the satisfaction of expert electricians and telegraphers that spirits can and do utilize the electric telegraph as a means of communication with mortals. In the next issue of the JOURNAL we shall begin the publication of a series of papers giving a quite complete exposition of experiments made by an expert, which extended over a period of some months. The title of this exposition as prepared by the author, and copyrighted is:

"From Here to Heaven by Telegraph: A Scientific Investigation of Occult Telegraphy and Kindred Topics."

That this title is rather startling we admit, but it is hoped that it will not be thought sensational, as it clearly and briefly expresses, in the language of the author, the purpose of his papers.

The writer of these papers whom the JOURNAL will introduce to the public as Professor G—, is a gentleman of more than twenty years' experience in teaching the practical application of higher mathematics, and mental sciences. He was for eight years a member of the faculty of an eastern classical college, under the patronage of an orthodox church, and while there he was distinguished for his ability in mental and moral sciences, especially Logic, Argumentative Rhetoric, Moral Philosophy and Evidences of Christianity. For the past nine years he has been connected with a more technical institution, teaching applied science; and in that line he has two specialties—electrical engineering and the practical application of science to the detection of fraud. In this latter capacity he has been employed in both the higher and lower courts as an expert witness, and his recommendations from judges, attorneys, and others who have employed him, show that in discovering expert testimony, he is a man of the keenest observation, and that "his work is honest, skillful and accurate." He is a practical telegraph operator, and he has been a practical shorthand writer for twenty-three years. His telegraphy enables him to read the communications for himself and thus to be independent of the operator as to what the instrument says; also to know that the apparatus is the same that is in common use in telegraph offices; while his shorthand enables him to give verbatim reports of the conversations and discussions with all the parties concerned. More might be said as to the attainments of this gentleman, but these are the qualifications necessary to a thoroughly

scientific exposition of this occult manifestation; and the case is made stronger, it would seem, by having these qualities all combined in one individual.

Accepting this statement of Professor G—, preliminary inquiry equipment for the special task of investigating occult telegraphy as correct, it is pertinent for our readers to ask: "Is he a man of truth and veracity, strictly and conscientiously accurate in statements involving the facts of his experiments?" We believe he is, and base this opinion on statements made by competent informants.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

J. Madison Allen has been lecturing at Joplin, Mo.

Dr. Beck of Delphi, Ind., would like to know the P. O. address of Miss Nellie Tipples.

Capt. H. H. Brown has accepted a call from the Unitarian Church at Petersburg, Mass.

Charles Dawbarn has been lecturing at Albany, N. Y. The first two Sundays of January he lectures at Bridgeport, Ct.

Let the enthusiastic admirers of the JOURNAL, and there are many, each send in one or more new yearly subscribers during the next ten days!

We are prepared to furnish *The Two Worlds*, of England. The third number is at hand and has a good table of contents. Price for single copies, five cents.

The Illustrated London News has a most delightful double Christmas number, and with it are four Chromos in delicate tints. There is also much good reading matter, and the whole is an unusual attractive number.

Professor Max Muller is to bring out a new edition of the Rig Veda. It is to be printed at the Oxford University Press, and his Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram will pay the bills.

Every subscriber who is in arrears and who respects himself will square his account with the JOURNAL before New Year's day, or notify the publisher of a day certain when he can. It will also be only fair and just for those who like the paper to send, in addition, a renewal for a year in advance and if possible a new subscriber.

Mr. H. C. Brownell, late manager of the agencies of the Connecticut Indemnity Co., at Waterbury, Conn., has been made vice-president of the Home Benefit Association, whose main office is in New York City. Mr. B. is a subscriber to the JOURNAL and hence a good citizen whom the JOURNAL's readers in New York will do well to cultivate.

C. Fannie Allyn writes as follows from Saratoga Springs, N. Y.:—"We are having excellent audiences, Dr. W. B. Mills, a test medium of ability, is president. He is a noble, unselfish worker. His daughter presided at the piano. The Cause is much indebted to Dr. Mills, his wife and daughter. You can report Saratoga Springs in good growing condition."

Rev. A. J. Fishback, who left the Universalist pulpit about twenty-five years ago to become an itinerant Spiritualist lecturer, has taken another fresh start. According to newspaper reports he has been "converted" under the preaching of Rev. M. Boies, of Du Quoin, Illinois, and has joined the Christian church of that city. Mr. Fishback is a man of ability and the JOURNAL wishes him contentment and success in his new relations.

During the holidays, let those who are in a condition to be "merry" and "happy," remember the worthy poor whom they can help or encourage by some token of interest, whether it be a gift or a friendly word. Let none be deterred by a selfish philosophy or abstract theory of political economy from contributing to the necessities of those whose lives have been hard and unfortunate. There has been, to use Herbert Spencer's now well known phrase a "Survival of the fittest," but the intelligence and benevolence of men must, as far as possible, make all fit to survive and share in the world's bounties and beneficence.

An entertainment will be given in Adelphi Hall, corner 52nd St., and Seventh Ave., New York, on Thursday evening, Dec. 29th, under the auspices of a committee of ladies of the First Society of Spiritualists, the proceeds to be devoted to liquidating the indebtedness of the society. The entertainment will consist of a lecture by Prof. P. Wendover Bedford,—"A trip across the Continent," it being one of the most interesting of his many lectures illustrated with stereopticon views. The ladies interested in getting up this entertainment are Mrs. Henry J. Newton, Mrs. Daniel G. Underhill, Mrs. Milton Rathbun, Mrs. John L. Chase, Mrs. E. A. Wells, and Mrs. G. J. Win.

Wm. Emmette Coleman of San Francisco, writes: "A surprise 'pound' party was given Mr. J. J. Morse and family in San Francisco, on the evening of Dec. 6th, at the Carrier Dove office, by members of his classes and a number of other prominent Spiritualists, to the number of sixty or more. In addition to a variety of 'pound' packages donated, including all kinds of groceries and other edibles, dry-goods, perfume, etc., several donations in American coin were also received, two of which were equivalents of an English pound. Mr. Morse is now delivering a series of Sunday evening lectures on the relations of Theosophy, Christian Science and Metaphysics, to Spiritualism. The danger attending the mixing up the errors and the nonsense of these three delusions with the truths of the spiritual philosophy, it is needless to say, will be forcibly presented. These absurdities are working great ruin to rational Spiritualism."



## Our Christmas Number.

Although there are no special features in this issue distinguishing it in any marked degree from the paper of many other weeks in the year, yet on the whole we regard it as a particularly excellent number. If only we could have expanded its pages to four times the usual size, thereby making room for all the matter intended for it, we would have been very glad; as it is, a large number of contributions equally as good as those used await publication. And there is some compensation in the waiting, too, for quite likely readers will give closer attention after the merry round of feasting and pleasure has gone by.

We return sincere thanks to those friends who have helped to enrich this issue and furnish material for later numbers equally as interesting. Especial attention is called to the many incidents given of spirit presence and influence. These narratives are not fiction, but simple truth told by people who are to be believed; most if not all of the writers are personally known to the editor.

The thoughtful paper by Tuttle deserves sober attention; Dr. Thomas shows himself in sympathy with the latest spiritual thoughts; Heber Newton reflects the sentiments of the sober, intelligent public when he speaks of the cause of Spiritualism, the Seybert Commission, and the JOURNAL; so does that no less honest and courageous preacher, M. J. Savage. Spiritualists who desire to see their cause gain strength among rational people will please take special note of the communications of Newton and Savage, for they are accurate barometers of prevailing sentiment. Mr. Richmond's article on the eighth page is most excellent, and significant, too, when one remembers his able opposition to Spiritualism in years gone by. Indeed, it seems fabled, almost, to mention any particular contribution where all are good and each has some special value; yet did space permit we should like to make running comment on them all.

## Courts of Conciliation.

There is a movement on foot in Iowa to establish by legislative enactment what are called Courts of Conciliation. In Denmark, especially where these Courts of Conciliation are in operation, they have been very successful. They are composed generally of one judge and two assistants, who listen to any complaint upon which a civil action might be based. Only such actions can be brought before the Court of Conciliation, and a disagreement must be reached before the case can be heard in the regular courts. The principals to the action tell their own story in their own way, and witnesses are called in, but professional attorneys are not allowed to appear. The *Nation* reports that during the second five years of the system, out of 190,836 cases brought before the Court of Conciliation 121,970 were settled, and of the remainder only half were ever carried into the regular courts. It is evident that the litigious spirit which once prevailed so generally in this country is rapidly disappearing. In the large cities leading lawyers of late have commented on the marked decrease in litigation, and the Iowa movement will be watched with interest, as significant of what may become a very general movement in the future.

Beginning next Sunday evening, the Young People's Progressive Society, which meets in Avenue Hall, 159 22nd street, will open its door free to the public. The Hon. Joel Tiffany will address the audience at 7:45. Friday evening of the present week the society will give a Christmas party at its hall, to which all are cordially welcomed.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Valor.

EMMA TUTTLE.

When trouble came to my childish heart  
I prayed that the grave would take me,  
And told me in from the world apart  
Where never a woe could wake me.  
That was the cry of a foolish child  
Stung by the bees in the roses!  
A child who dreamed that our sorrows wild  
Die, too, when the grave uncloses.

But now I know 'tis a coward's part  
To drop when a sorrow bids;  
Better be up, with a faltering arm,  
Saying the wrong which smelteth!  
What avails a flood of tears?  
What avails a world's heart-breaking?  
The soldier-sons of these sin-stained years  
Panic not though their hearts are aching.

## A STRANGE STORY.

Thrilling Adventure of a Physician.

JOHN SLATER.

A quick step upon the stairs leading to the front door, a ring of the bell, and to the query, "Is Mr. Slater at home?" The answer "Yes, sir, will you walk in and take a seat?" He is engaged at present, but will soon be at leisure, and will see you."

I was engaged in giving a private séance to a lady, and after she had taken her departure, I went into the parlor and greeted a rather tall, well built gentleman, with a high, intellectual looking forehead and strong face. He arose on my entrance, and putting on his hand said, "Are you Mr. Slater, the spiritualist medium?"

I answered "Yes, sir."  
He said: "I am Dr. B., and if you have a few moments of leisure time I would like to have a short talk with you on Spiritualism and its phenomena, and also relate, if it will not bore you, a very strange experience that I had a short time ago. Hearing of you accidentally, I thought I would come up and see you, for if I were to tell my friends about what I have seen, they would say that I am laboring under an hallucination, or a phantasm of the mind, and you being a Spiritualist, I thought you might give me some explanation of my peculiar experience."

"In the first place, let me tell you that I am not a Spiritualist, nor have I until this present moment ever come in contact with any of the so-called mediums of Spiritualism. The fact of the matter is that I never even gave the subject a thought until this strange story that I am about to relate came to me."

"I was sitting in my office one evening not long ago, deeply thinking of a patient that I had been called upon to visit professionally that day. As you know I am a physician, and it was a disease that had baffled many, and to be candid, it baffled me somewhat. I was not altogether myself, and as it had been snowing all day and was very cold besides, I felt in rather a disagreeable mood. Well, I had not been more than two minutes in the state I describe, when I heard on the outer door a sound as if some one rapping; it was rather faint at first, but gradually got stronger. I arose from my chair and went to the door and opened it; there was no one there. A gust of snow blew in on me. I shut the door, returned to my seat, when the rapping noise came again, this time louder, and I jumped up suddenly, determined to catch the person who, as I thought, was playing a practical joke. I opened the door and I must say that I was nonplussed; no one was there, not even foot prints in the snow on the stoop. I looked up and down the street; no one in sight; nothing to see but the street lamp shedding its rays on the snow-covered ground. I did not know what to think. I returned once more to my chair, and again heard the rapping noise. I went to the door again, and opened it, and I started back in astonishment. On the top door stood a fair haired little girl, without wraps of any kind on, and she had not even shoes on her tiny feet. She looked at me steadily and said:

"Are you a doctor man?"

"Yes, I said, 'but come in, child, and get warm; this is not the kind of weather you should be out in.'"

"She did not answer my question, only looking into my face."

"She said pitiously: 'Won't you please come to mamma; she is so sick, and needs you.'"

"I directed her to come in, but she would not, only repeating in a plaintive voice that 'mamma was so sick.' I hurried on my overcoat, grabbed my bag, and as she had said that she would lead me, so I followed her. To make a long story short, I followed her to one of those dark and large tenement houses in the lower part of New York. I followed her up stairs until we had arrived at the very top of the house, she pointing at a door in the hall. I looked at the door and turned to speak to her, but she had vanished."

I was bewildered, and did not know what to do. I, a stranger in a strange house, I was going toward the stairs, with the intention of getting out of the house as quickly as possible, when I heard a loud noise, some one moaning. I stopped and listened. I heard the moan again, and I thought I would investigate. I opened the door, and asked if any one was in pain. A feeble voice answered out of the darkness, for there was no light in the room:

"Yes, sir, for God's sake help me."

"I quickly struck a match, and by its feeble rays, I saw a woman in a bed in the corner of the room. I took in the situation at once. I hurried out, and at one of those stores that are open at all hours, I got a candle, and told the woman to send some coal and wood up to the room. I hurried back as quickly as possible, and lighted the candle, and I found one of the numerous cases of starving poor. The woman had had nothing to eat for days, and was slowly starving to death. I did all that could be done for her comfort, under the circumstances, and was about taking my leave, when suddenly the woman burst out crying, and turning to know the meaning of her outburst of grief, she said:

"Oh! doctor, you have been so kind and good to me that I forgot my poor little Lily, who lies in the corner."

"I turned to the corner, and there on a trundle bed lay the dead body to the child who had called at my house, and brought me to the wretched hotel that I was in. She lay cold and stiff in death, and no doubt had been dead for a couple of hours. Now you may say it was a delusion. If so, the delusion was the means of saving her mother's life. Now I ask you, was it the spirit of the little girl who came to me, or what?"

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Flowers instead of Black Crape—The Growing Hope.

G. B. STEBBINS.

Light gains, the mists roll away, the dark clouds are dispersed, and the shining upward path is more plainly seen as the ages move on.

The star of Bethlehem told of a new gleam of "the light that never was on land or sea," primitive Christianity was a great spiritual awakening, and with every such period comes a feeling that what we call death opens a luminous upward path and is not a step into the dark.

The old grave yard was a gloomy place; weeds grew up around grim tombstones and the traveler hastened past the dreary spot with a sense of fear and chill. The new cemetery is beautiful; flowers bloom, paths wind through grass plots, and among fine shade trees, and children play and prattle among carved monuments.

The funeral of a past day was full of gloom and fear, which made the natural sorrow of parting a heart-breaking despair; to-day there is light behind the cloud, and life with the change from earth to mansions in the sky.

On Monday, November 21st, many friends gathered at the house of C. A. Newcomb, in this city, at the funeral of his wife, Mary—a woman tender and true, and never weary in well-doing. Beside the door hung a wreath of white flowers, and in the spacious rooms no gloomy black shrouded the pictures on the walls, but palms and white lilies told of life and light. In a recess at the end of the parlor stood the coffin, covered with delicate blue plush, and within it reposed in white silk, laid the earthly body of the beloved wife and mother, with her new-born babe in her arms, its cheek laid lovingly against her own, tenderly beautiful, and with the sweet peace of heaven on the face of both.

Over the mantle, near by, and against the wall, was set a bed of white amaranths, in which was wrought in evergreen the words: "Life and love are eternal."

Rev. Mr. Tomlinson told of the twenty years of wedded faith and joy since he married the couple, of whom one had gone before. Rev. Mr. Henderson, Baptist, bore testimony to the grace and useful virtues of the departed, in words full of charity and trust, and Rev. Stuart and Rev. Dr. Rexford closed in eloquent words of tender sympathy and uplifting hope, the last speaking of "the growing feeling that we in this life and those in the higher life reach and influence each other."

Only those invited went to the cemetery, and they were told, in written notes from the husband, that he felt sure it would be a pleasure to his wife if they would be present at that hour. No mourning was worn by the husband or children, and no needless gloom darkened their loving hearts.

The light of the star of Bethlehem shines still over the world, and the last forty years have witnessed another great spiritual awakening.

"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound,"

was the old thought and the old word. "Life and love are eternal," is the new thought and the new word. On this Christmas day we may well rejoice at the change. Detroit, Mich.

## INCIDENTS OF SPIRIT CONTROL.

E. H. W. BECK, M. D.

As single bricks in the hands of the skillful builder, when properly adjusted, make the massive wall, so do isolated facts necessarily add to the great structure rearing in this nineteenth century for the benefit of coming generations: a structure massive, grand, and peculiar, whose foundation stone is common sense, a rationalism that meets approval in the heart and head of every unprejudiced thinker.

The philosophy of Spiritualism is the cement that binds together these mighty truths that come in the upheaval of evolution, and as the result of scientific research, and which unite withal to make the structure perfect. Already its great walls are up; its imposing strength and beauty, its columns and cornices, and the outlines of the great dome, are attracting thousands upon thousands of thinkers and wanderers in this vale of tears, where heretofore the blind have led the blind, and a stone has been given the multitude when bread has been asked for.

Bricks, cement and binders alone are not sufficient for the safety and permanence of this building; nor phenomena, though in their myriad presentations; nor the philosophy alone, can build in the heart and spirit perception this grand Temple as it should be constructed.

We must be willing to carry along, in one harmonious whole, the phenomenal, scientific and philosophical, when both the symmetrical and substance will be appreciated, just as the anatomist and physiologist in the study of the bodily structure and organic functions, must see the relation existing between, and the mutual dependence of, one upon the other, in order to comprehend them in their completeness.

In 1856, Mrs. Nellie Tipple, a trance, personating, test and healing medium, came West from New York State. She was induced to come to Lafayette by the Hon. Daniel Mace, then a member of Congress from this district, and whose wife was slowly dying of consumption, so pronounced by her physicians. Within three months, under the care of Mrs. Tipple's Indian control, Mrs. M. was restored to health, and lived many years. Living witnesses in L., to-day will bear testimony to this fact.

Investigating Spiritualism at this time, I invited the medium to my home, where she remained three months. It would be fruitless for me to attempt to detail the scores of tests that occurred in her presence in this time. Let two or three suffice. Her chief control was a little Indian maiden, whose language was witty, and whose manners childishly innocent.

Night after night our room was filled with friends and neighbors ranged against the wall, while the medium, under control, was flitting around from one to another, answering the score of questions pouring in upon her like hot shot, describing spirits, reading character, etc., and to every man she stood before, who was a Master or Royal Arch Mason, she would cry out in childish glee: "I have found a Mason! I have found a Mason!" She never made a failure in the fact or distinctive degree. Further, she would retire with one, or a committee, and give true masonic signs.

Again a very common experiment was for each sitter to bring with him or her, and lay upon the table a daguerreotype, the old fashioned box picture of a deceased friend, and when bunched on the table, the owners alone could pick out their own. "Shanny," as we called the spirit control, would describe a spirit, then turn to the table in the center of the room, and at the first catch, cry out, "Here is em spirit," never failing in the selection during the evening. Shanny would even describe the difference, if any existing, between spirit and picture, in the manner of wearing hair, etc.

Again, a scurrilous article had appeared in our home paper against Spiritualists and Spiritualism, and especially against myself and family, for the part taken in open investigation of the subject. This occurred just before Mrs. T. came to my house, and we were yet feeling the smart of the criticism most keenly, while failing to find the author.

"Wait," says Shanny; "wait; me show you chief what scratch em mean." And within two weeks, while Mrs. T. and my wife were on the street, and passing a gentleman, Shanny, (for her control was instantaneous and perfect) cried out, "Him be that chief what scratch em paper," repeating it in subdued voice. Then in the twinkling of an eye, "Richard was himself again," unconscious of what had transpired. Fortunately no one noticed this little street episode, for the gentleman was just entering a shop, and the pedestrians were few and far between. When informed of this revelation, I considered with friends as to the best way of ascertaining the truth or falsity of this statement. A gentleman and myself went to the editor who had refused me the author's name, with the statement that we had discovered the writer of the obnoxious article; who would be willing to write a short apology if he, Mr. G., would publish it. "Certainly," says Mr. editor; "certainly, but who is the author?" "Why, a Mr. G. from New York, here for a few months for the purpose of getting a divorce, a stranger to us, and the last man we dreamed of."

"Oh, well, if Mr. G. will write an apology I will publish it," thus giving himself away completely. Then turning from the sanctum and going directly to Mr. G.'s room, we charged this thing upon him, adding the editor's acknowledgment, and in language more forcible than eloquent, got his admission as author, and a note of retraction, which was published in the next issue of our county paper.

Bricks make the wall. Delphi, Ind.

## The Spiritual Union.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Hall, 152 E. Madison Street, was packed to the doors on last Sunday afternoon. Mrs. DeWolf delivered an interesting dis-

course on "Out of the Old and into the New." Mrs. Orvis gave a brief but eloquent address, followed by others.

The independent slate writing through the Bangs sisters' mediumship was very convincing. A slate was thoroughly cleaned, a bit of pencil dropped thereon and given to a gentleman in the audience (a stranger to the medium) to hold for the writing. Seated at the left of the medium he pressed the upper surface of the slate frame firmly against the lower surface of the table. The medium placed her left hand up against the right hand of the gentleman; the other hands being in full view of the audience. In a few moments the slate was withdrawn and on the upper surface was a well worded message, pertinent to the occasion, and composed of seventy-two words. On the upper left corner were two finely drawn roses with leaves, all delicately shaded. The superior results obtained were undoubtedly due to the very harmonious conditions produced by the vocal music, which was the best that has yet been given at these meetings.

The hall now in use is too small for convenience, and the society have under advisement the renting of a more commodious building, probably on the west side. Due notice of the change will be given to the JOURNAL and city papers.

All communications for the Society should be addressed to Mr. Alexander Caird, secretary and treasurer, 106 Franklin St., Chicago, Chicago, Ill. A. A. BURNHAM.

Readers interested in the workings of high and low tariffs in the various civilized countries of the world, will find an unusually readable discussion of the subject by Hon. David A. Wells, under the title of "Governmental Interference with Production and Distribution," in the forthcoming January number of "The Popular Science Monthly."

The poet Whittier has a ballad entitled "The Brown Heart of Roger" in the forthcoming (January) number of St. Nicholas. E. H. Washfield furnishes it with several illustrations. The eleventh anniversary of the poet's birth, about to be celebrated, lends interest to this the longest poem he has given to the public in some years.

John Ruskin's portrait is to be the frontispiece of the January Century. The magazine will have a frank estimate of Mr. Ruskin, as a critic and teacher, by one who has traveled and studied with him, Mr. J. C. Stillman, the well-known art critic and correspondent.

Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood, which Hood's Sarsaparilla neutralizes, and thus cures rheumatism.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!  
Come to the mother, when she feels  
For the first time, her first-born's breath,  
And thou art terrible!

The untimely death which annually carries off thousands of human beings in the prime of youth, is indeed terrible. The first approach of consumption is insidious, and the sufferer himself is the most unconscious of its approach. One of the most alarming symptoms of this dread disease is, in fact, the irreducible hope, which lurks in the heart of the victim, preventing him from taking timely steps to arrest the malady. That it can be arrested in its earlier stages is beyond question, as there are hundreds of well authenticated cases where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has effected a complete cure.

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Catarrh and diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no better remedy can be found than "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold everywhere. 25 cents.

## Excursion to Florida.

Our first Excursion to Florida will leave Chicago January 2, 1888. By joining this party you will have the benefit of the lowest rate, best accommodations, and small expenses en route. For full information send name and address to M. Solomon, General Agent Florida Southern Railroad, 222 South Clark Street, Chicago.

Walking advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are the thousands it has cured.

## A Trial by Jury.

That great American jury, the people, have rendered a unanimous verdict in favor of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the standard remedy for bowel and stomach disorders, biliousness, sick headache, dizziness, constipation, and sluggish liver.

## Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:  
Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and F. O. address.

Respectfully,  
T. A. SLOCUM, M. D., 181 Pearl St., New York

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c a bottle.

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BEST HOLIDAY GIFT  
In an intellectual sense is a treat to Prof. Ledwith's course of memory lessons, which he teaches by mail from his office at 237 Fifth Avenue, New York. No other system of memory training was ever so highly praised as Prof. Ledwith's. Judge Gleason, Hon. W. W. Astor, Judge F. Benjamin, Prof. Harper and DeLoe, Richard A. Proctor and others, recommend it. It has been recommended by large classes at Yale, Columbia, Penn., Michigan and Chicago Universities.

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## BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

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Who can find a Christmas present more to be enjoyed than a book, especially one with golden words as well as gilt cover? Our list embraces the best works of the most popular authors. If science is sought for, what better than the instructive works of William Denton? The Soul of Things, Our Planet and Radical Discourses.

In poems, Lizzie Doten's admirable volumes, Poems of Progress and Poems of Inner Life. Poems of Life Beyond, compiled by G. B. Stebbins; Barlow's Voices, and Immortality, lately published, are excellent.

The Missing Link, a full account of the Fox Girls' Mediumship, written by Leah Fox Underhill.

The Records of a Ministering Angel, by Mary Clark.

The Next World Interviewed, by Susan G. Horn—Messages from well known authors, statesmen, thinkers, etc., etc.

Wolfe's Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism needs no commendation. The price has been reduced to \$2.00.

Chapters from the Bible of the Ages, is out in a new and handsome edition, only \$1.00.

A New Edition of Psychometry, by Dr. J. Rodas Buchanan, also Moral Education, by the same author.

Maria M. King's inspirational works, Principles of Nature, and Real Life in the Spirit-world.

The Arcana of Nature, 2 vols., and Physical Man, by Hudson Tuttle; also stories for our Children, by Hudson and Emma Tuttle.

Dr. R. B. Westbrook's The Bible—Whence and What? and Man—Whence and Whither? The complete works of A. J. Davis.

Dr. Babbitt's The Principles of Light and Color, and Religion.

Epes Sargent's The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, which should be in the library of all investigators and thinkers, also Proof Palpable.

A Study of Primitive Christianity, by Lewis G. James. The chapters herewith presented were prepared for lectures and are strong expressions of the best results of the higher criticism of the New Testament, and the origins of Christianity.

A report of the Seybert Commission, appointed by the University of Pennsylvania to investigate Modern Spiritualism has attracted such notice that many want to read it for themselves.

Beyond the Gates by Miss Phelps is a combination of the literary and spirituelle. This popular authoress for her latest work between the Gates, a continuation of her delicate style.

A band of intelligent spirits have, through the mediumship of Mary Theresa Shelhamer produced an interesting work entitled Outside the Gates; and other Tales and Sketches. This work is destined to sell well as it meets the demand of a large class of inquiring minds.

Unanswerable Logic, the Spiritual Discourses of the well known lecturer Thomas Gales Forster.

Solar Biology: A Scientific Method of De-lin-eating Character; Diagnosing disease; Determining mental, physical and business qualifications, from date of birth. By Hiram E. Butler.

Spirit Workers in the Home Circle is an Autobiographic Narrative of psychic phenomena in family daily life, extending over a period of twenty years, by Morell Theobald, F. C. A.

The Mystery of the Ages Contained in the secret doctrine of all religions, by Marie, Countess of Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar; also A Midnight Visit to Holyrood, by the same author.

Spirit Teachings, by M. A. (Oxon). These communications have attracted wide attention. Many find in them words which are suitable and more or less helpful in confirming their own experience.

Rev. E. P. Powell has issued a valuable work entitled Our Heredity from God.

Space forbids further mention, but any and all books in the market can be ordered through this office.

Partial price list of books for sale, postpaid: Poems of Progress, plain \$1.60, gilt, \$2.10; Poems Inner Life, plain, \$1.60, gilt, \$2.10; Poems of the Life Beyond, \$1.60; The Voices, \$1.10; Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism, \$2.00; Chapters from the Bible of the Ages \$1.10; Psychometry \$2.15; Moral Education, \$1.60; The Principles of Nature, 3 vols., \$1.50 per vol.; Real Life in the Spirit-world, 33 cents; The Bible—Whence and What? \$1.00; The Complete Works of A. J. Davis, \$30.00; The Principles of Light and Color \$4.00; Religion, Babbitt, \$1.60; The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, \$1.60; Proof Palpable, cloth \$1.00, paper 75 cents; Man—Whence and Whether, \$1.00; Our Heredity from God, \$1.75; Arcana of Nature, 2 vols., each \$1.25; A Kiss for a Blow, a book for children, 70 cents; Vital Magnetism Cure, \$1.25; Animal Magnetism, Deleuze, \$2.15; Diogenes, \$2.15; Future Life, \$1.60; Home, a volume of Poems, \$1.60; Heroines of Free Thought, \$1.75; Incidents in My Life, 50 cents; Leaves from My Life, 80 cents; Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation, \$2.65; Mediums, by Kardec, \$1.60; The Spirits Book, Kardec, \$1.50; Nature's Divine Revelations, \$2.75; Our Homes and Our Employments Hereafter, \$1.00; Transcendental Physics, \$1.10; Records of a Ministering Angel, \$1.10; Mind Reading and Beyond, \$1.25; The Missing Link, \$2.00; Primitive Mind Cure, \$1.50; Divine Law of Cure, \$1.50; Immortality, Barlow, 60 cents; Physical Man, \$1.50; Stories for our Children, 25 cents; A Study of Primitive Christianity, \$1.50; The Next World Interviewed, \$1.50; Our Planet, \$1.50; The Soul of Things, 3 vols., \$1.50 each; Radical Discourses, \$1.25; Beyond the Gates, \$1.25; Between the Gates, \$1.25; Outside the Gates, \$1.25; Unanswerable Logic, \$1.00; Solar Biology, \$2.25; Spirit Workers in the Home Circle, \$2.25; The Mystery of the Ages, \$2.25; A Visit to Holyrood, \$1.00; Spirit Teachings, \$2.25; A Report on the Seybert Commission, \$1.00.







# Daniel Webster on the Death of His Only Son.

[A subscriber at Rochester, N. Y., encloses the following stanza with the statement that they were written by Webster on the death of his son, and have not been in print for many years.—ED. JOURNAL.]

The staff on which my years should lean,  
Is broken e'er those years come o'er me;  
My funeral rites thou shouldst have seen,  
But thou art in the tomb before me.

Thou parent! to me no filial stone,  
No parent's grave with tears beholdst;  
Thou art my ancestor, my son,  
And stand'st in heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,  
Thy generation after mine.  
Thou hast thy predecessor passed,  
Earlier than I in the grave art thine.

I should have set before thine eyes  
The road to Heaven and shown it clear;  
But thou wast sprung at the sky,  
And leav'st thy teacher lingering here.

Sweet earth! I would learn of thee  
And hasten to partake thy bliss,  
And, oh! to thy world welcome me,  
As first I welcomed thee to this.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The Lord's Prayer Revised.

Father in Heaven, hallow'd be Thy name;  
Make Thy will on earth and Heaven the same;  
Teach us Thy precepts ever to heed;  
Forgive us our debts, oh! Father divine,  
To forgive our debtors, make us incline.  
If temptations assail, lead us we pray,  
To shun the evil, to choose the right way.  
Guide and direct, oh! Father above;  
Shield and protect, oh! Father in love.  
Bring us at last to Thine in Heaven,  
Praise and glory shall to Thee be given.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Prayer.  
L. A. CLEMENT.

Since I have learned to lean upon the spirit, I do not marvel at the faith in prayer shown by the Christian. I can understand what was meant when the spirit said through that greatest of all mediums, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there will I be and to bless." I can realize what the invitation "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," means. I know why men succeed who before entering upon any great and important undertaking always first invoke the aid of deity: why the soldier who looks upon prayer as the sign of the cross, is invincible. They have reached up and have taken hold of the source which yields an unexhaustible supply of power within the wisdom and resources of man's soul. Prayer scotches the spirit, beats the mind and gives strength to the physical.

Often through prayer a new lease of life is gained for the dying, and disease is overcome by the strength it gives. I would not assume that God, or the all-pervading intelligence suspends natural laws to answer prayer, but rather that as sunshine and shower cause the grasses to grow, so the heart mellowed by prayer becomes susceptible to the spirit's influence, and thus it gains the strength that the spirit can bring. I would not assume that we should pray to God, ever, for the uplifting of the heart in prayer to him, to Jesus of Nazareth, to the Holy Virgin, to the saints, to our father in heaven, to our mother occupying a seat by his side, to our brothers who have gone before, or to the spirit controlling a medium, or who is supposed to control a band whose aid we hope to obtain, will bring the blessing just as quickly.

I do not assume that we should get down on our knees, or hide ourselves in closets, or get out upon the street corners, nor that we should specially humble ourselves, but our hearts should reach up to the spirit, believing that God, or the all-pervading Spirit, can be reached through the power of prayer. We should go in erect, manly and in confidence, not sneaking, not complaining, but with thankful and hopeful hearts. We should go as one would go to the bank with paper that can not be discredited, confident that as we ask our prayers, they will be denied. We should live pure lives, believing always to benefit our fellow men, in order that spirit forces may not be gathered about us who will work us in our evil, malice and in confidence, not sneaking, not complaining, but with thankful and hopeful hearts. We should go as one would go to the bank with paper that can not be discredited, confident that as we ask our prayers, they will be denied. We should live pure lives, believing always to benefit our fellow men, in order that spirit forces may not be gathered about us who will work us in our evil, malice and in confidence, not sneaking, not complaining, but with thankful and hopeful hearts. We should go as one would go to the bank with paper that can not be discredited, confident that as we ask our prayers, they will be denied. We should live pure lives, believing always to benefit our fellow men, in order that spirit forces may not be gathered about us who will work us in our evil, malice and in confidence, not sneaking, not complaining, but with thankful and hopeful hearts.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Traveling in the Spirit World.  
GENERAL EDWARD F. BULLARD.

In December, 1854, with my first wife I made a visit at the residence of Gov. Talmaidge in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. After a few days I accompanied the Gov. to Philadelphia and New York, to aid in procuring the publication of the "History of the Nation," a book in which we took a great interest. My wife remained with the Governor's family, a distance of over one thousand miles from New York City. While in New York, one forenoon we made a social call upon Judge Edmonds at his parlor on Fifth Avenue near Thirty-second street, and there met the Judge, his daughter Laura, and Doctor Dexter. While conversing upon the subject of Spiritual communications, Miss Edmonds went into a partial trance and described my wife as being present, standing by my side. Miss E. had never seen her before, but Gov. Talmaidge pronounced her description correct. Miss Edmonds said Mrs. Bullard was anxious to talk with me, but as she could not do so without other parties hearing, she withdrew. In a few days, by regular course of mail I received a letter from my wife, stating that at the very time in question, she was anxious to converse with me, and was told by her angel friends if she would consent they would take her to me. She obeyed and apparently traveled through the other world, and as she passed along, she met many old acquaintances who had been several years there, some happy and some in grief. They all spoke to her as she passed hurriedly along and in a few moments she was in my presence. As I had not the power to see or hear her, and she could only make herself known to the medium, she declined to converse with me upon the subject about which she was anxious. After my return she fully corroborated her experience on that occasion, and gave me many interesting particulars, not important to relate, in regard to her conversations with the spirits with whom she conversed on that excursion.

As she passed to spirit life on February, 1859, and has often returned since, I thought it might be important that such well substantiated facts should be put upon record for the instruction of the public, and to elicit further investigation as to the great powers of the mind or spirit which yet in the body. On other occasions when I would return from a few days absence, no matter how distant, would frequently repeat to me conversations with her, with perfect accuracy.

The public set what good to know that these things occur?

When persons fully realize that their every act is open to the vision of their living friends, who sit in those on the other side of life, it can readily be imagined what the influence will be upon human conduct.

Saratoga Springs, Dec. 8, 1887.

# Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of Ayer's Hair Vigor is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, he converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to the same shade of brown it had when I was 25 years of age."

# Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. I look ten years younger."

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass.; Miss Beattie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt.; Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, or of Ayer's Pills, in connection with the Vigor, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

# Ayer's Hair Vigor,

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Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

# OPIUM. Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.

Dr. W. Stephens, Lebanon, O.

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Most important, enables any one, who familiarizes himself with the system, to carry on an immense mass of detailed information, readily and accurately, on demand. By experiment we have tested the author's memory resources, and have moved by them to wonder.—Advertiser.

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ON

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DAVID G. LOWE, Esq., of St. Apache, Manitoba, Canada, writes: "I have been suffering from a terrible bilious attack, and after the heart, poor rest at night, etc. I commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Feltet', and derived the very highest benefit therefrom."

Mrs. MORRIS E. TAYLOR, Connell, Ind., writes: "I think the 'Golden Medical Discovery' is one of the greatest medicines in the world. I gave it to my little girl and it cured her of the malarial fever."

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Golden Medical Discovery cures all a medicine possessing the power to cure such inveterate blood and skin diseases as are certainly be credited with possessing properties capable of curing any and all blood and skin diseases, for none are more obstinate or difficult of cure than salt-rheum.

"COLUMBUS, OHIO, Aug. 18th, 1887. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.: Gentlemen—For several years I have felt it to be my duty to give to you the facts in relation to the complete cure of a most aggravated case of salt-rheum, by the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' An elderly lady had been a great sufferer from salt-rheum for upwards of forty years. The disease was most distressing in her hands, causing the skin to crack open on the inside of the fingers at the joints and between the fingers. She was obliged to protect the raw places by means of adhesive plaster, salves, ointments and bandages, and during the winter months had to have her hands dressed daily. The pain was quite severe at times and her general health was badly affected, paving the way for other diseases to creep in. Oedema and rheumatism caused a great deal of suffering in addition to the salt-rheum. 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# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO  
ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears a mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLIII. CHICAGO, DECEMBER 31, 1887. No. 19

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. (Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones, movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.)

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## FROM HERE TO HEAVEN By Telegraph.

A Scientific Investigation of Occult Telegraphy, and Kindred Topics.

A Scientific Fact Demonstrated—The Proposition Stated and Explained—Explanation of the Instruments Used—Test Experiments Submitted in Proof. (Copyright secured. Right of translation reserved. PAPER NO. 1.)

In the interests of science, and science only, attention is earnestly invited to a candid examination of the evidence herein submitted in proof of the following

### PROPOSITION:

A disembodied spirit can communicate with an embodied spirit, by means of an ordinary telegraph instrument.

I shall show that this proposition is susceptible of the most rigid demonstration, and I invite the closest scrutiny, both as to the premises laid down and the methods of reasoning employed, so that at the close of this series of papers, each reader may see and know for himself that this conclusion is necessitated.

### EXPLANATION.

To simplify the case, it will be necessary to explain the proposition as well as the instruments used.

The proposition is categorical—that is, involves nothing disjunctive nor hypothetical, either in thought or expression. As a parallel proposition we might say, "A New York merchant can communicate with an Omaha merchant by means of an ordinary telegraph instrument." The exact parallelism of these two propositions will be further shown after explaining

### THE INSTRUMENT USED.

As in demonstrating a proposition in mathematics, it is desirable to confine the attention to some special case that embraces all the attributes called for by the proposition, so in this demonstration we shall confine ourselves to a special case; viz., the Occult Telegraph now in operation through the mediumship of Mr. W. S. Rowley, and in daily use at the office of Rowley & Whitney, at Cleveland, Ohio.

Reserving the history of its discovery for a future paper, or for the book which will appear in due time under the title of this article, I shall proceed to the more important question of genuineness; and that question must depend on the other impossibility, that Mr. Rowley, or any other person in the flesh, can produce a single tick upon the instrument, under the conditions in which it is daily operated. No evidence short of this can have any scientific value.

The instrument consists of an ordinary telegraph key enclosed in a box just large enough to contain it conveniently. The box in this instance is seven and three-fourths inches long, six inches wide, and two and a half inches deep, outside measurements; the sides being made of soft wood and the top and bottom of slate. These dimensions are not essential, however. A telegraph key enclosed in a box with slate top and bottom is all that is necessary. The key is screwed fast to the bottom of the box. The top of the box works on hinges, but there is no connection whatever between the top and the key within. There is a slender strip of brass fastened to the top of the key lever and

reaching obliquely up toward the slate top. This strip, which looks like a spring, is only a branch of the key lever, and would not be needed if the key lever itself were bent up into the same position. The force which closes the key is applied at the end of this branch lever. As generally used, the amount of force necessary at that point is one ounce, and when this force is applied and the key closed, the end of the branch lever goes downward one-eighth of an inch, part of which is due to the proper motion of the main lever and part to the bending of the branch like a spring. The instrument might be more lightly adjusted, requiring less force and causing less bending of the branch lever, but this is the way in which it was working when tested on different occasions before several witnesses. Tests with the instrument placed upon delicate scales and variously adjusted, will be given in a future paper.

This key is connected with a common telegraph sounder and battery, by two wires leading out through one end of the box altogether forming what is known to telegraphers as a short circuit. All the parts stand on the same table, or the battery may stand on the floor, but there are no wires entering or leaving the room, nor running to any other part of the room nor to any other part of the apparatus. All the pieces are loose on the table and can be picked up and examined inside and outside, underneath and everywhere. In fine, it is a common short line or local circuit, but the key which makes and breaks the circuit, and thus controls the sounder, is shut up in a box and so enclosed that no man, medium, mesmerist, nor any other kind of human being in the flesh can obtain a physical contact therewith.

As now used, there is a spiral wire leading across the inside of the box, passing over the terminals and connecting two small brass storage plates. I have had it so arranged that wire before, because I have used the instrument used without it, and it appears to work just as well. Neither are the storage plates necessary, but I will in the proper place explain the use that is made of these parts in economizing force. I have taken them out in the midst of an interview, and there was no interruption whatever in the messages received. For simplicity, I preferred to separate the essential from the nonessential parts, in explaining the instrument.

Now, to resume the parallel proposition. For a New York merchant to send a message by telegraph to an Omaha merchant, it is necessary that there be an operator in New York who can so operate his key as to send the message, and an operator in Omaha who can read from the sounder to receive the message. The New York merchant is to be supplied in our special case, or spirit telegraph, by an independent intelligence purporting to be the spirit of one Doctor Wells; and the New York operator, or the one who so manipulates the forces as to send the messages, is supplied by one who purports to be the spirit of John Rife, a former acquaintance of Mr. Rowley's, and from whom Mr. Rowley learned telegraphy. Many others besides Dr. Wells have sent messages through this instrument, and other departed operators than John Rife have manipulated the currents.

The parallelism of these propositions is further shown thus: The New York operator's key "makes and breaks" a circuit over the main line to Omaha, and the current from the main battery, so manipulated by him, operates the lever of a relay instrument in Omaha. That main current is too feeble to operate the Omaha sounder; hence the need of a relay, which is a somewhat similar instrument very delicately adjusted, and carrying a lever with platinum points so attached that the feeble motions of that relay lever simply open and close the short or local circuit in which the Omaha sounder is placed. The relay lever, then, is virtually the key to the Omaha short circuit. The Omaha sounder responds to the Omaha relay, just as that relay responds to the New York key. Thus the relay lever relays (lays again) the message from one circuit over upon another, which, being short, has a stronger current that makes the sounder speak out loudly. These facts are familiar to every telegraph operator, but are given here to assist the general reader in comprehending the following analogous operations in the case in point.

Our sounder is situated in every way like the Omaha sounder; that is, in a short local circuit. Our key in the box controls our sounder; just as the Omaha relay lever controls that sounder; so that our key is virtually a relay lever, just as the Omaha relay lever is virtually a second key. Thus in ordinary telegraphy, a relay lever is made to do duty as a key to a second or local circuit, whilst our forces use an actual key lever for that purpose.

Now, as their relay lever is operated by the current passing from the main battery over the main line, so the key in the box is operated by a current of animal magnetism passing from, or rather propelled from, Mr. Rowley's body, through the box, and manipulated within the box by the spirit of John Rife, who makes and breaks that current, the same in effect as the New York operator makes and breaks the current on the main line. Mr. Rowley's body corresponds to the main battery, and generates this animal electricity and magnetism, as does every animal body, in the nerve cells of the brain and wherever the nervous ganglia overlie the nerves throughout the body.

It should be noted in this connection, that

when the instrument is being operated, Mr. Rowley is not in any abnormal condition. He is not in a trance, nor hypnotized, nor in any other artificial or peculiar state, however slight. His mind is not controlled in any way, and when he is well and the weather is favorable, he feels no "control" in his body. He merely lays his hand on or near the box, and the messages flow in as though his act had simply switched another line into the office. Our replies are given verbally, as if speaking to the air; but our thoughts are also sometimes read and answered just the same as if they had been spoken.

Pursuant to the main question, there are now several subordinate propositions to be established. It will be noted, too,

1. That the main question presents three principal phases—Physical, Mental, Moral.
  2. That the physical and mental are all that are embraced in the terms used.
  3. That the moral aspect depends for its force on the other two; that is, no communication received is morally binding upon us, until, through the physical and mental phases, we have proved the communications genuine.
- The subordinate propositions can be classified under these three heads, but the experiments made in proof of them have often been purposely so devised as to test two or more phases in the same act or trial; and where the general harmony remains intact despite this severe cross-questioning of Nature, the propositions are not only demonstrated, but the doubter is furnished with line upon line and precept upon precept, until the volume of testimony thrust before him becomes overwhelming, and to doubt is impossible.

Under the head of Natural Philosophy or Physics, we shall prove:

1. That the key in this box is actually manipulated.
2. That the local current cannot be manipulated by any secret device or appliance.
3. That there are no secret wires, springs or other means intended to be used for that purpose.
4. That the key cannot be manipulated by pressure upon the top, bottom, sides, ends, corners, or any other part of the box or wires leading to the box.
5. That the force which does operate the key, actually presses upon the end of the branch lever.
6. That there is no more pressure within the box at that time, than just enough to close the key perfectly.
7. That there is a current of animal magnetism within the box when the key is operating, which is not there when the key is not operating.
8. That the intelligences controlling this instrument derive that current from Mr. Rowley's body.
9. That the intelligences controlling this instrument can propel that current where they please, use it outside the box or inside, or divide it up and use different parts of it in different ways at the same time.
10. That there is an electric current in the spiral wire which runs across the inside of the box.
11. That the slate top has a constant charge of residual magnetism.
12. That the slate top is more highly charged when the key is being operated than when not.
13. That this charge is animal magnetism, not mineral magnetism.
14. The physical rationale of the operation.

Under the head of Mental Philosophy and Psychology, we shall prove:

1. That Doctor Wells is an independent intelligence.
2. That he can obtain information by actual observation of material things and forces.
3. That the intelligences controlling this instrument are disembodied spirits.
4. That the communications received through this instrument are independent of Telepathy, Mind-Reading, Trance, Clairvoyance, Hypnotism, Stigmata, Psychometry, or any other psychical operation possible for human beings in the flesh to perform.
5. That the flow of animal magnetism is not subject to Mr. Rowley's will.
6. That different states of his health affect the supply of magnetism.
7. That different states of his mind affect the supply of magnetism.
8. But that no variations in his mind or body affect the character of the messages received; that is, that the controlling force, make no use of his mental powers, and that therefore, the communications received are not tinged with his sentiments, nor in any way influenced by his beliefs.
9. That the Psychology of Cognition is, as investigators of this subject, is complete; that is, that the testimony is such that according to all received rules of evidence, every sane man who understands the meaning and appreciates the force of this testimony is compelled to accept the conclusion.

Under the head of Moral Philosophy I shall consider the most diverse acts and errors, but only in a scientific point of view. Theology is not Moral Science. Such fundamental questions as "free moral agency," are not the special property of any class or race of humanity. It is just as pertinent for science to investigate the origin and nature of evil, as the origin and nature of good; and when discovered and proven, it may be no less surprising than that but little, if any, of the iron in the earth is native, but that much, if not all, came from above,

(meteoric), and always mixed with something better (nickel etc.). Once for all, let me say, I have no pet doctrine to uphold, nor any obnoxious dogma to overthrow. Seeking truth only for truth's sake, I am not afraid to know the truth. So, when by experiment I put a question to Nature, I have not the slightest choice whether the answer be yes or no, providing it be true. The truth being established, every one is at liberty to incorporate it into any religious belief with which it will harmonize, but by the laws of mental science, no one can with impunity reject it. It is in this spirit that the following experiments have been conducted, and the report of them in these papers is now submitted in the hope that the public will receive it in the spirit in which it is given,—not as an attempt to clash with preconceived ideas, but as an honest, earnest effort to discover truth for its own sake.

### EXPERIMENT.

[The following is a verbatim extract from an interview held on August 3, 1887, taken down in short hand, and is given in explanation of another interview of August 15, the whole of which is submitted verbatim.]

613 Prospect St., Cleveland, Aug. 3, 1887.

Dr. Wells.—Yes; it is necessary. We actually move the key.

G.—Can you tell me at just what part of the key you apply the force that moves it?

Dr. W.—At the end, and from above downward.

G.—Right over the hard rubber handle?

Dr. W.—Yes.

G.—What is the nature of the force that you apply to the top of the handle?

Dr. W.—Animal magnetism.

G.—Is there any test that we can place inside the box to detect the presence of this animal magnetism?

Dr. W.—I hardly know what it would be. I know of no instrument that responds to this force alone; that is, perfectly.

G.—Is there any effect, or any graphic process that will be affected by it?

Dr. W.—I.

[Figure one is the telegraphic signal for "wait a minute".]

We engaged in conversation during which I explained to Dr. Whitney and Mr. Rowley the plans I proposed to pursue for photographic tests for electric light or any other luminous appearance within the box during operation. In about five minutes Dr. Wells returned with the following:

Dr. W.—Tissue paper cut into fine strips with one end attached will respond to this animal magnetism, but I do not see how you are going to detect the response or see its movements.

Doctor Whitney inquired: Could we take tissue paper cut in strips a little longer than the box, and by letting their ends project, observe whether they were moved on the inside?

Dr. W.—It is better to suspend them above, with the lower ends just off the slate. They should be at least an inch apart, and about six or eight inches long.

G.—They ought to be protected from air currents, I should suggest.

Dr. W.—Yes.

G.—Is there any light within the box that would be appreciable to any one who had been in a dark room?

Dr. W.—There is no light that could be seen at all.

G.—Does the current of animal electricity follow the slate?

Dr. W.—The main current that we propel follows the wire and not the slate; excepting, of course, that it goes crosswise of the slate.

G.—Does it run on the surface of the slate, or pass through the air independently of the slate?

Dr. W.—It has a double motion. It revolves spirally around the wire as an axis, the slate being only a porous substance through which this magnetism passes.

[The remainder of this interview was largely metaphysical, and will be given in another paper.]

CLEVELAND, Aug. 15, 1887.

Dr. W.—Good afternoon, Professor. How are you?

G.—73. Doctor, I'm pretty well, thank you.

[73 is telegraphic numeral abbreviation for "Love to all," or "accept my compliments."]

The frame holding strips of tissue paper, suspended so as to be above and near to the slate, was now placed in position. The doors and windows were closed and every precaution taken to make the experiment as delicate and accurate as possible. The frame was shaped like a comb or a letter A, and stood firmly upon the table. Six strips of white tissue paper, eight inches long and from half to three-quarters of an inch wide, were suspended from the under side of the ridge piece; and the inclined sides of the frame were closed by two large pieces of cardboard meeting at the top. This prevented Mr. Rowley from seeing the papers, and enabled Dr. Whitney and myself to note during the progress of the experiment, that all variations which indicated design on the part of the operator, were necessarily independent of Mr. Rowley's intelligence, and were therefore directed by some other operator who operates with the force derived from Mr. Rowley's body. Such evidence must be seen to be fully appreciated, but the mere recital of them is enough to show to you, my candid reader, that you have the same reason for believing Dr. Wells' intelligence to be independent of Mr. Rowley's mind, as you have for believing yourself to be independent of your neighbor.

The frame was left open at the ends, first, to enable us to observe the progress of the experiments, though that could have been done through glass plates; but more especially to give an opportunity of testing whether the currents of animal magnetism are independent of air currents. Mr. Rowley sat at the east end of the table, and I at the south end; both of us well back so that even our breathing should not affect the paper strips. All being ready and the strips hanging perfectly quiet, I asked Dr. Wells to take advantage of any imperceptible swing in them, and so time his dashes as to increase their motion and let us see how they would perform. [This remark concerning the timing of dashes so as to increase an, to us, imperceptible motion, will be better understood in connection with an experiment with magnetic needle to be described in the next paper. A still more severe test on independence of intelligence is also inseparably connected therewith.]

Mr. Rowley then placed his hands to the front corners of the box, and at the very first dash it was plain that there would be no necessity of timing for imperceptible motions. All the strips moved—at first gently toward Mr. Rowley—but before a dozen dashes had been made, there was a general agitation among them, and it was evident that some invisible power different from air was stirring them up lively. After a minute or two spent in this irregular rattling of the sounder, the messages were resumed.

Dr. W.—Can you read this?

G.—Oh! yes, but I am at present watching more particularly the motion of these strips of tissue paper, without much reference to the sense of the writing. Can it be possible that any of this motion is produced by air currents?

Dr. W.—No; it is not. These are genuine currents of animal magnetism. It is from the magnetism below.

This was written very rapidly, and at this point the speed of the writing was increased to such an extent that neither of us could read enough of it to make the sense complete. I should judge it to be about fifty words per minute. Mr. Rowley remarked, "That is too fast for me." The rate was then reduced to about forty words per minute and we read the following:

Dr. W.—We are writing as fast as we can so that the current rises more rapidly. The more rapidly we can move the key, the more atmospheric disturbance above the top of the box as a matter of course. If you had any other way to detect, you would find a current passing constantly across the slate in a transverse direction. But for the fact that there is a small or rather a weak current from left to right or from south to north, we would give a great deal more motion than you now see.

G.—Would there be any difference if we should turn the table around east and west, so as to cross the current of the earth's magnetism?

Dr. W.—The earth's magnetism affects it but very little, so that it would not be altered very much by changing it east and west. Concerning our meeting you the other night, we could not become perfectly en rapport with you. We have to take a certain amount of the aura of the medium with us when we go from place to place and wish to come in contact and en rapport with a mortal. Our time is so much taken up that it is impossible to carry on a line of experiments that would be highly satisfactory to yourself and us. You have our best wishes, however.

G.—We are very thankful for small favors, Doctor, and indeed I think them not small, but large. It is a great privilege to me to be able to reach such satisfactory results, even though the opportunities be scattered and irregular. But speaking of time, I thought you didn't make any account of time, over there in eternity.

Dr. W.—Our time is nothing, but when we can only have the use of the medium eight hours in twenty-four, we have to make the most of that.

G.—Of course you understand that I did not mean that remark to be taken in a serious way.

Dr. W.—Yes; we understand. We have an instrument before us, and a lifetime of three score years and ten is not equal to one tick of the clock, compared with eternity. Nevertheless, when we are working through mundane mediums, we must conform to the rules and regulations by which they are governed. Understand that we are ready to spend what time we can, if you will be kind enough to suit your time to ours. We will ever lend a helping hand as we know your intentions are most honorable, to demonstrate these facts in a scientific manner, so that he who runs may read.—Wells.

[Several times during these interviews, the signature has been specially added to some paragraph which he desired thus to emphasize.]

G.—I am glad that you see my motive to be free from anything improper. But to return to the experiment. From the motion of these papers, it seems evident to me that there is an over and under current, and one round and round; that is, there is one passing over the box in a vertical circle, and one round and round in a horizontal circle.

Dr. W.—Your observations are correct.

Dr. Whitney and I then discussed the matter at some length, observing that the strips which hung near the ends of the frame and were beyond the ends of the box, were deflected in opposite directions, the one at the



## The Painlessness of Death.

Dr. William Munk, F. S. A., has published a little book on Euthanasia (Longmans, 1887), which contains some interesting facts. It has no more ambitious aim than to give some instructions as to the medical management of the dying, and is not, as the title might seem to imply, a defense of the painless removal of a hopelessly diseased person. The author has collected the opinions of a number of competent authorities as to the usual painlessness of death, and lays especial stress on the evidence of those who have been restored from the state of apparent death by drowning. He points out from many recorded cases that the process of death is pleasant, but that of recovery is often one of great bodily suffering. The point is interesting to me, as I have my own personal experience, already recorded, in the matter. At a meeting of the "Psychological Society of Great Britain," an account of which will be found in the *Spiritualist* newspaper of June 4th, 1875, I recorded my sensations when upset from a boat on the lake. I was run down by a practising eight, and went as near being drowned as could well be conceived. "A strange peacefulness came over me. I recognized fully that I was drowning, but no sort of fear was present to my mind. I did not even regret the fact. By degrees, as it seemed, though the process must have been instantaneous, I recollected my life. The link was—Well, I am drowning, and this life is done with. It has not been a very long one, and so the events of it came back to my mind, and seemed to shape themselves in outline and move before me. It was not that I thought, but that objective pictures of events seemed to float before me, as though depicted on the mass of water that weighed upon my eyes. . . . The events were all scenes in which I had been an actor, and no very trivial or unimportant ones were depicted, though they were not all serious, and some even laughable. Nor was my frame of mind particularly solemn. I was an interested spectator, and little more. One incident of which I had no previous knowledge, [i. e., no conscious remembrance, as I should now say] was recalled to my mind on that occasion, and has never again left it. My memory of it is now as clear as of other things. The next I remember was the interruption of this peaceful state by a series of most unpleasant sensations which were attendant on resuscitation."

At that same meeting I quoted a case bearing on my own experience from a book called, "The Marvellous Country; or, Three Years in Arizona and New Mexico," by Mr. S. W. Cozens. A party had ascended one of the Arizona Mountains, and had reached a narrow shelf of rock below which was a precipice of eight hundred feet. A careless step on a loose stone precipitated one of the party over the bluff. As he fell, feet foremost, momentum rapidly increasing, he gave himself up for lost. Now, observe what took place. "My mind comprehended in a moment the events of a lifetime. Transactions of the most trivial character. . . . stood before me in bold relief; my mind recalled with the rapidity of lightning, and yet retained a distinct impression of every thought. I seemed to be gliding swiftly and surely out of the world, but felt no fear, experienced no regret at the thought; on the contrary, I rejoiced that I was so soon to see with my own eyes the great mystery concealed behind the veil. . . . I thought I heard the sound of many voices in wonderful harmony coming from the far off distance." I need not detail how a projecting stone threw the writer forward, and interrupted the *demouement*. "I have always," he says, "since that day understood perfectly how a drowning man catches at a straw that he sees floating near him."

On a subsequent occasion (*Spiritualist*, May 24th, 1876), I mentioned to the same society a case which I found in Whymper's "Scrambles amongst the Alps." The writer slipped and fell in ascending the Matterhorn. He pitched on his head, and fell with a series of bounding leaps, striking his head four or five times, each time with increasing force. Fortunately he was brought up on the very edge of a precipice by some projecting piece of rock catching his clothes. He scrambled to a place of safety and fainted from loss of blood. He thus describes his sensations: "I was perfectly conscious of what was happening. . . . but, like a patient under chloroform, experienced no pain. Each blow was naturally more severe than that which had preceded it, and I distinctly remember thinking—Well, if the next is harder still, that will be the end. Like persons who have been rescued from drowning, I remember that the recollection of a multitude of things rushed through my head, many of them trivialities or absurdities which had long been forgotten."

And now for the narrations of the orthodox man of medicine. He quotes Sir Benjamin Brodie, Dr. William Hunter, and Mrs. Savory; among others, to show that, in their judgment, the actual process of dying is not usually painful. And then he goes on to give cases of resuscitation which prove that the loss of consciousness is painless, and the "process of recovery often one of great bodily suffering." The first case is that of Admiral Beaumont, as described by himself in a letter to Dr. Wollaston in his "Autobiographical Memoir of Sir John Barrow, Bart." (London, 1847). When a youngster on board one of Her Majesty's ships at Portsmouth, he fell into the water and sank. "From the moment that all exertions had ceased," writes the Admiral, "a calm feeling of the most perfect tranquillity superseded the previous tumultuous sensations—it might be called apathy, certainly not resignation, for drowning no longer appeared to be an evil. I no longer thought of being rescued, nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now rather of a pleasurable cast partaking of that dull, but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, not so the mind; its activity seemed to be invigorated in a ratio which defies all description—for thought rose after thought with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable. . . . The course of these thoughts I can even now in a great measure retraced; the event that had taken place, the awkwardness that had produced it, the effect it would have on a most affectionate father, and a thousand other circumstances minutely associated with home were the first series of reflections that occurred. They then took a wider range—our last cruise, a former voyage and shipwreck, my school, the progress I had made there and the time I had mispent and even all my boyish pursuits and adventures. Thus traveling backwards every past incident of my life seemed to glance across my recollection in retrograde succession; not, however, in mere outline, as here stated, but the picture filled up with the very minute and collateral features: in short the whole period of my existence seemed to be placed before me in a kind of panoramic review, and each act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right or

wrong, or by some reflection on its cause or its consequences: indeed many trifling events which had long been forgotten then crowded into my imagination, and with the character of recent familiarity." About two minutes passed before the Admiral was rescued, and his sensations on returning to consciousness were most painful, both in the way of nervous apprehension and dread, "a kind of continuous nightmare," and of actual bodily pain. "I was tortured with pain all over me."

Sir Benjamin Brodie (Works, Vol. I, p. 184) gives a parallel case: "A sailor, who had been snatched from the waves, after lying for some time insensible on the deck of the vessel, proclaimed on his recovery that he had been in heaven, and complained bitterly of his being restored to life as a great hardship. The man had been regarded as a worthless fellow; but from the time of the accident his moral character was altered, and he became one of the best behaved sailors in the ship. Dr. Quincey gives another case. A near relative of his in his childhood had fallen into a river and was with difficulty rescued. "She saw in a moment her whole life, clothed in forgotten incidents, arrayed before her as in a mirror, not successively, but simultaneously; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. . . . For five years had intervened between the first time and the last time of her telling me this anecdote, and not one iota had shifted its ground amongst the incidents nor had any of the most trivial of the circumstances suffered change."

It is a blessed thing; for death in itself can never be anything but repellent, that the physical terrors of it are more apparent than real. It is a merciful thing that the mind would seem to be more occupied in gathering up the threads of past experience than in speculating on the unknown future. All is beautifully natural and orderly. The body that conditioned the spirit is no longer needed, and it fades and dies as the autumn leaves. That is all—"M. A. (OXON.)" in *Light*, London.

## Confidence in Spiritual Philosophy.

HON. J. G. JACKSON.

I met an old acquaintance the other day, on a street car, and in the course of a somewhat prolonged chat, which continued for a time as we walked together after alighting from the car, something like the following conversation ensued:

"Are you," he asked, "as full a believer in Spiritualism as I remember you were some years ago?"

"Oh! yes," was the reply. "My faith in Spiritualism rests, not alone upon the disconnected facts recorded in history or observed in the present age, but on the very nature of things—is in fact a result of what we may call the universal philosophy of all life, as revealed more and more by scientific research."

"I would like very much," he replied, "to be assured of the genuineness of the communion with departed spirits, but have seen so much fraud practiced by mediums that my faith is shaken. I saw the great medium Slade once and was satisfied that he, too, was tricky. Then we have frequent reports of fraudulent materializations and scarcely know what to believe."

"I replied that, when you meet with a counterfeit bank-note, does it lessen your faith in the real purchasing power of sound currency? In fact, does not the very issuing of counterfeit indicate strongly the existence and value of the genuine?"

But (going on to assure my friend) the serene confidence felt in the possibility of a limited communion between this condition of life and the next, is not dependent, as before stated, any more upon recorded facts and observations than upon the great science of life, considered as a unit or grand connected whole.

Through growth and development the earth during limitless eons of time, has condensed to its present mineral, liquid and gaseous form. These minerals, liquids and gases, in obedience to the laws of unseen forces, acting within and from without, have developed the forms of plants, trees, flowers, fruits—not as independent creations, but linked to, and supported by, the crumbling and disintegrating mineral substances. The insensate plant (as we consider it) is, perhaps, still more closely linked with the conscious individualized sensate animal. The very structure of some flowers typify and take on the shape of animal life. The propagation of plant life is produced, as in the animal, by the co-operation of the male and female elements, actualized through appropriate organs.

The plant and the animal are therefore links in the same chain of causation, so much so that we can in some cases scarcely say where the sensitive plant becomes the conscious animal. They belong together. Animal life has grown and progressed from the lower to the higher as science abundantly demonstrates. Man, we are pleased to assume, is the ultimate development—the grand "multum in parvo" of all that has gone before, yet he is a part of, and intimately correlated to, what has preceded him.

I do not pause here to illustrate the abundant reasons we have for the belief that the chain of development ends not with man on earth; but that the same law of universal connected growth falters not on the brink of the grave, but as typified in a hundred ways, enters the higher thought, to us, invisible, realms of more refined substance and all-controlling force, there to develop and organize forms and existences as much more excellently powerful and sensitive than man on earth, as man here is more notable and more powerful than the granite rock or the other elements through and from which his present being has been evolved.

These countless existences in the invisible realms, thus developing from out the lower to the higher, must needs rest upon the basis furnished by the life on earth, and hence is it true that the links of connection can not be wholly severed, but that

"Very near about us lies  
The realm of spiritual mysteries."

Upon some such universal basis as I have herein, though faintly and briefly, endeavored to outline, may true Spiritualists rest and work—regardless of all doubts, frauds and cavillings, work for whatever of good their hands may find to do—work for the good of their fellow men, both in material and spiritual things—work to teach them reverence for a Divine Spiritual Presence that pervades all things, even the minds of men, and governs all by unchanging law that through knowledge and obedience ever leads towards the good and true where lies "salvation."

Above all, let Spiritualists inform themselves as well as teach to others, that our boasted Christianity is not a well of truth, purified

and exalted to its highest; neither as taught by Jesus himself, nor as corrupted by the scholasticism, the superstitions or artful schemes of its fanatical or designing followers; but on the contrary, is a species of idolatry. In the worship of a phenomenal man, an earnest reformer, according to the light that reached him in a dark age, himself being an extremist, deceived in certain lines of thought and lacking the fulness of knowledge necessary for the truly rounded and perfect character towards which man is competent to aspire.

Moreover, let them appreciate and teach persistently, the universal reign of law in opposition to that corrupting doctrine that crime and transgression have been vicariously atoned for; until that idea be exploded as contrary to divine order and government, there can be no lasting salvation for Christian people—no perfect growth, either here or hereafter, in full accordance with the Infinite Will.

HOCKESSIN, DEL.

## A Protest Against Dr. Wolfe's Recent Article.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I have been a careful and delighted reader of the JOURNAL for more than three years past; have entered into deepest sympathy with you as you pleaded for the truth; have admired your sterling independence as you throw hot-shot into the ultra-orthodox camp; have cheered you as you exposed fraud, no matter where you found it, and though I have differed with you again and again, yet as an exponent of the truth, of a more liberal belief in scientific and spiritualistic philosophy, and as an advocate of a purer, better life in all things, you surely stand at the head as public educator; but not unfrequently there creeps into your columns matter of such a nature as that of Wolfe's reply to Wright in the JOURNAL of Nov. 26th, an article that must shock the tastes of thousands of your readers, and which it occurs to me an editor of a *Police Gazette* would have consigned to the waste basket as unfit for publication.

I read Wolfe's article in the JOURNAL of Oct. 29th, and thought that some one would certainly reply, and when Mr. Wright came out in a subsequent number with his trenchant article and fearless criticism, I was delighted, and cried, "Bravo!" But when Wolfe comes out in reply, Nov. 26th, I read it, rubbed my eyes, and looked at the heading of my paper; yes, the JOURNAL, the exponent of a purer, higher, better life. Surely, thought I, John C. Bundy must have been asleep when this article crept in. When I pick up Wolfe's articles, I turn away in disgust, for a more filthy, reeking mass of corruption I never before saw in print; nor ever before attempted to analyze. See what classical language the worthy Doctor uses. Twice in the same column, "I'll bet," etc., and then again, "What the dickens are ethics any way?" How pure, how elevating these utterances are? And there are others too coarse and vulgar to be here repeated.

The whole article is the emanation of a man whom I take to be more animal than spiritual, whose baser and ignoble passions predominate over his purer and better ones, and it is just such articles and emanations as these that cause thousands of good, pure men and women, who have turned from the old, effete orthodox beliefs with their faces set wholly in another direction, and earnestly desiring to know the truth, and expecting to find in Spiritualism the Mecca of their fondest hopes, to pause, and ask themselves, however much they may despise the old, and truly wish to give Spiritualism the benefit of every doubt, "How can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" I tell you that it will take far better and purer men than Wolfe to say to us, expecting us to come, "Come and see."

The trend of public sentiment to-day in magazine, journal, pulpit and on the rostrum, is toward a higher, better life; living just the life that the light of nature demands we should live, and every movement that tends to make men happier and better is gladly welcomed. Even here in Dakota witnesses the doings of the ballot-box, where out of 63 counties, 58 gave a majority for prohibition, and from Bible, poem and drama is being expunged all that is impure. Then why such articles as Wolfe's? What good can they possibly subserve?

Surely I need make no apology for my criticisms, made as they are in all honesty and verity. I need not tell you how heartily I am in deepest sympathy with Mr. Wright, and with you, for your hearty, noble defense of the truth; but if this article of Wolfe's is a fair criticism of the tenets of Spiritualism; if Spiritualism can get no higher on the moral plane; if the better tastes and sentiments of thousands of good men and women must be shocked by such articles, why, whilst we cannot go back to the old, we must look with distrust on the new.

WYLLIE WINTER.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The Science of Death.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

## NUMBER FIVE—CONCLUSION.

Permit me once again to ask, "What do you expect death to leave of individuality?" The progress of spirit is and must be gradual, so we find our spirit friends wearing a bright resemblance to their old form when seen by clairvoyant eye; nevertheless the human form must change as the cycles go by, unless its present shape be the best possible for the varying conditions of its eternal future, which is an impossible conception. Is there not a difference now between the massive brain that evolves thought and the small brain of an Australian savage? And must not power be yet more marked in the brain that shall do the work of an archangel and the cranium to hold it? How great, then, will be the contrast of such a being with the poor mortal whose eye is now obliged to seek aid for that which is small or distant, and whose feeble limbs creep at four miles an hour. In the vast march of improvement, man may die upward again and again; and is it not reasonably certain that his shape will change gloriously, too? And yet the church-taught mother exclaims piously, "Yes, but that is a loss of individuality. How shall I know my own child there?" Now for another thought that should set our brains aflame with spirit glory. Wifehood, motherhood and childhood are incidents of earth life only, and have exercised this terrible influence on our conception of death, just because man has been taught by priests that his existence began here in this little world.

Who do you suppose were the units of intelligence who sang the song of creation on the morn when the earth went spinning on its first revolution around its mother orb? By whose wisdom was blind force and inanimate matter compelled to obey will power? The atom of intelligence can never lose its

identity, although its form of expression may be changeable as the wind. Your life and mine expresses each our atom to-day. Let the whole world convulse and explode into chaos, our atoms are eternal. So the atom stands superior to its expression every time and every where; but we must remember it is intelligence, this atom, and that size or form has no relation to it whatever. Thus we have will and wisdom as its attributes, and a love that is broad as its own identity; a love deeper than a wife's, broader than a mother's, expressed through matter, that gives it a play so grand we have tried to express it by the name of God; but it is as individuals every time, that these intelligences greet one another and labor to a common end.

So bereaved mother and widowed wife, you can surely find your loved one in the world of the invisible, for your love has been eternal as the heavens themselves. It is independent of form; for it means soul to soul in a silent whisper of life to life.

Friendship demands equality; so does true love, and the relations of mother and child; husband and wife, brother and sister, and the very ecstasy that marks the lover's kiss, only become lessons from nature's book through which we may learn we are eternal, whatever may be the vicissitudes and experiences of earth life.

Just another thought in this same direction. Death is only marking one wee step in our life. It is from the visible of to-day to the invisible of to-morrow; and the conditions that shall meet us in that to-morrow will not necessarily unfold to us these great truths. That means many a disappointment born of our ignorance here.

The mother will look for the old childish form, and find only a mental picture. The lover will seek his bride, only to be startled as he notes his own darkness and her brilliant purity. The bigot will chase his God, and find only his church, and its old dogmas. Even the philanthropist will seek hopelessly for a redeemer to lift him godward. All alike must bow to the law of their own nature, which will carry some to a dreamy hell, and others to a heaven of love; but to the great mass the change means just this: that to-day has become to-morrow. The sun shall shine more clear and some of earth's troubles will be cast off with the old body, but after all it will be the same intelligence peeping out through matter one degree more refined.

And in that life our own will must triumph over obstacles just as on earth, although many a hindrance will be gone. But some day eternity will throw with the shouts of a myriad intelligence that has completed its experience of a whole universe. And amidst all these grand thoughts I realize that any being who can stand as God to intelligence, matter and force, must be so far above all mortal comprehension that only the brain that yet lives in the superstitious era will seek to name his name or think his thoughts.

463 West 23rd, New York.

## Materialization in New York.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Materialization, if true, is about the most stupendous fact of all the centuries. The man with a hard head, who believes in the return of the dead on solid evidence, hopes it is true. He does, if he is honest, and he is perfectly willing to be convinced.

I got into trouble here in New York a year and a half ago by denouncing on the platform certain alleged materializing mediums, and by putting up a job on Caffrey, the result of which was a complete exposure of him by the *World* newspaper, and by which, I am happy to state, his show was made a wreck. Last summer, while in England, I contributed a paper to *Light*, describing materialization as I believed it to exist in this country, and my reputation for wisdom was not enhanced by it among a large circle of American friends. Some of them, indeed, were very bitter toward me on account of it.

But an honest intention ought to count for something, and neither mediums nor their adherents have any business to get mad when a careful observer expresses his honest opinions, providing he is not abusive.

It is just as certain as the shining of the sun that Spiritualism has nothing to gain by materializing exhibitions. It is absolutely true that human nature is weak; that men and women will do mean things for the sake of money; and that a man or a woman can make a living by running a bogus ghost factory for the benefit of credulous people, who, when they go to a seance leave their judgment behind them.

It strikes me that we want just now positive evidence of the fact of materialization. You are aware that this is not what the average seance-goer wants. He wants to see his wife, his sister, his aunt, his sweetheart. In the ordinary seance there are many like him, and each calls aloud for what he desires; all natural, certainly the expression of the soul's longing for a touch of the vanished hand and a sound of the voice that is still; but it is all very unscientific, and very unsatisfying. There were just as many recognitions at Caffrey's miserable show as there have been at any other place.

And now that we are after a fast, let us just stop and consider the roughness of our road, the real difficulties in the way. First, the best results in spiritual phenomena are got when medium and sitter are in harmony, where the latter seeks knowledge in the attitude of a child, where he is unsuspecting, or at least apparently so. No medium can obtain such results in a public hall, before thousands of people, as he can get in private with one or two or more sitters. I speak of mediums for physical manifestations.

Secondly, when we have passed through an experience of testing the many marvelous phenomena of Spiritualism, and come at last to what is called materialization, no matter how thoroughly convinced we may be of the truth of all we have hitherto seen, we cannot, if honest with ourselves, believe except on evidence of the most absolutely demonstrative character. The medium's character for honesty is not enough. The recognition of a long lost friend in a dimly lighted room will not answer. The ordinary tests of clairvoyance do not apply here. A spirit from the cabinet may call me by name, and announce his own name as that of a brother, in a seance room where none, not even the medium has ever seen or heard of me, yet it may be the medium personating my brother, under control, speaking clairvoyantly. Materialization in such an instance is by no means proven. In a dimly lighted room I do not believe there can be proof of materialization where there is any possibi-

ity of access to the cabinet by any person other than the medium during the seance; nor in a seance where all doors and windows are sealed unless there is light sufficient to see at all times every person in the room; nor under such conditions is there proof unless two or more forms appear at the same time.

Now let me go on and tell as briefly as possible about a half dozen seances that I have lately attended, with Mrs. Wells as the medium, the same persons meeting on every occasion in order to get the best conditions. I will tell the story just as straight as I can, and every one who reads may draw his own conclusion.

There are four rooms in the flat and we are invited to inspect everything and lock and bolt doors. The cabinet is at the right of the door as you enter the seance room, standing against a solid wall. It is constructed of a light frame work, screwed to the floor and covered with a dark cotton cloth. It consists of two parts, separated by heavy netting, all firmly fastened by cleats, so that it would seem to be impossible for any person to get through without manifest injury to the netting. In short it is the same cabinet, or that same kind of a cabinet that you have heard a good deal about. The light is dim. At no time can you see with sufficient distinctness to recognize the face of a person ten feet away. I sit within eight feet of the cabinet, and know that it is absolutely impossible for the medium to pass out and into the unoccupied side without my knowledge. There is light enough to enable me to be sure of this point. The medium occupies the part of the cabinet nearest the door. I wish to be emphatic on one point, and that is the impossibility of the medium passing out in front of the cabinet into the vacant side. Now, then, under these conditions forms come out of either side of the cabinet. If I were not in fear of being led astray by my imagination I should give it as my opinion, that from the vacant side the forms that appear are more shadowy and unsubstantial. One evening Mrs. Wells came out, apparently in a deep trance, and reaching out took hold of the hands of Henry J. Newton who sat beside me. A moment or two later, while Newton held both her hands, a dark shadowy form arose at her side, but remained only for a moment. I think it was at the second seance that I witnessed a very curious phenomenon; but as my seat was then on the opposite side of the room, and the light was dim I could not feel absolutely certain about what I seemed to see. Between the unoccupied cabinet and the mantle piece there is a wall space about eighteen inches wide, since draped with a black cloth. My eyes were fixed on this wall space when all at once it seemed to grow lighter. In a moment a form was outlined, which gradually grew lighter, until it stood out from the wall and then walked out into the room. It was all very curious, and of course may have been an optical illusion, but there was no lateral motion to the figure at any time nor the least change of the light in the room. An interesting feature of the seances has been the formation of hands and arms on the curtains in front of the cabinet; sometimes these hands are five or six feet apart, and then they move slowly across the curtains in front of each cabinet, meeting and clasping at the center. Another noteworthy feature is the voice from the cabinet when a form is outside. This is unmistakable. At the last seance but one, two forms appeared, coming out of both cabinet doors at one and the same time. As each was clad in white they were seen distinctly by every person in the room. Neither was a dummy form. They were self-moving and active.

I have given all that is especially worthy of mention. Now, then, somebody says, "Do you call these test seances?" No I don't. But they come pretty near it. If the cabinet were placed at the other side of the room, the window sealed, more light given, they would be test seances absolutely, providing two forms appeared at the same time. The net business is good as far as it goes, but that admits of a possibility. We have carefully examined it every night, and it is always intact. But why take account of the netting, when forms issue from each side of the cabinet simultaneously? For my own part I am disposed to believe that genuine materializations take place through the mediumship of Mrs. Wells.

CHAR. D. LAKEY.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## THE RESIDENT LECTURER

Of the Chicago Society for Ethical Culture  
Defines His Attitude toward Spiritualism.

I am glad to recognize honest and intelligent work done in any field. Of all the Spiritualist papers that I have ever seen, none commands my respect as does the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Such manliness and fearlessness in treating the actions and practices of one's own household of faith, as the reader finds in its editorial columns, are rare now-a-days, and worthy of the emulation of the editors of the religious press generally. Col. Bundy must be hated by all "frauds" and tricksters in the Spiritualist fold, but all honest and good men, whether within or without that fold, must hold him in honor, when they know of the work he is doing.

If I am not a Spiritualist, it is not that I reject that system, but that I have not examined it. I have to confess that other, and, as it seems to me, more pressing questions have completely preoccupied me and absorbed my time and my energies. They do still. I mean not feel any mandate to settle the problem of Spiritualism. The problems of duty have an urgency that I fail to recognize in connection with anything else. It seems as if I must learn my duty and do it, while other things I am free to occupy myself with as I feel inclined, or as interest and necessity may compel me. None the less I can see how this might be one of the most fascinating of questions, and in one sense, one of the most imperative, too. What is to become of us when we die? In what form are we to continue to exist, if we are so to continue, and what chances are there for communication and intercourse with those whom we shall leave behind? Some day these questions may press on me more than they do now, and I may take up the claims of Spiritualism in good earnest. And if I should do so, there is scarcely any one to whom I should sooner go for suggestion and counsel than to my good friend, Col. Bundy. Sure it is that if we are to have anything like scientific certainty of immortality, it must be through some such phenomena as the Spiritualist believes in.

The present age cannot regard Biblical statements as scientific data. The legendary narratives in the Old and New Testament, so far as they bear on this question, would gain a certain degree of credibility, if Spiritualism were true; but they are no foundation on which to build, and the most inconsequent of all religious believers are those who hold to the marbles of the Bible and yet are skep-



W & TATE,



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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 31, 1887.

## A Happy New Year!

Everybody says so to everybody, and we can say the same to thousands of good people from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from London and St. Petersburg to Melbourne and Wellington. It is a pleasant salutation, an upspringing of the good will that comes with the better moods of humanity far more than a formal repeating of words without meaning. There is a great deal of hope in it, too, a real feeling that somehow the new year may be happy, the clouds break and the sun grow brighter. Is hope always illusive? Is there not an upward tendency in things which gives it a reason for existing? Of course the lot of each human being has its ups and downs, and the triumph of to-day may be followed by the trials of to-morrow; but if the general condition of the human race, and of the earth we live on, be improving, that offers a better prospect for the improved condition of each individual. Better environment helps to a higher life.

Evolution of matter and mind is the eternal process of the mind that shapes and guides all things; hence we may all say, "A happy New Year," with a cheery and rational hope! If this brave old world is tending to decay; if what we call civilization is only a lapse backward toward want and barbarism for the tolling masses; if all tends downward, then let us never hail the new year as happy, but become gloomy pessimists instead, and cry out that life is not worth living.

As a man thinketh so is he," is a wise injunction, and we think up and not down more than ever before. The millennium has not come; there are wrongs enough to be righted, but we see the righting of those wrongs with clearer hope than ever before, and so Eden is the soul's prophecy, and not an old Oriental legend.

The steady gain of good is manifest. To-day is better than yesterday, and that inspires us to make to-morrow better still.

Public documents from Washington are held as dry reading—a great mistake surely as to one of them, and doubtless as to others. The Life Saving Service Report is full of deeds of daring and endurance, which cast the romance of chivalry into the shade. Last year three hundred and twenty-two wrecks were helped by the brave crews of the government life-saving vessels. Of the 2,726 persons on these wrecks, only twenty-seven were lost—the saving of the rest largely the work of these noble servants of our government and of the humane people who make that government.

A pathetic story is told of the picking up of a child's little chair amidst the floating fragments of a wreck on the wild sea, its little occupant doubtless lost beneath the waves, to find itself in the summer-land above the storm. Only two lives were saved from one schooner off the New Jersey coast,

the water waist-deep in the cabin; washing from side to side with every lurch of the vessel were broken bits of furniture and the dead bodies of the frozen crew. In the midst stood the mate, holding up his dying wife on one arm and their child on the other; the wife's last words were, "I must save you," and the child asking, "Papa won't God take us ashore?" as its spirit passed on to the shining shore to join its mother, and the great waves pounded the stout ship in pieces in a few hours. From another wreck twenty were saved; and so goes on the plain but touching story of help in hours of extremest peril through a large book of facts before which fiction is pale.

The spirit of giving is overcoming that of greed for gain. Vanderbilt erects a building in New York, as finely equipped as the best club house in the city, and opens it for the free use of railroad men. Warner Brothers build a splendid edifice with parlors and libraries, a palace of ease for the hundreds of girls in their Bridgeport shops. Senator Stanford of California gives away for the public good \$10,000,000 of his great estate; and so the spirit spreads all along the line, stoutly resisted by the blindly selfish, but winning its way by slow degrees. The deep interest among the best people in the labor movement is a great recognition of the human fraternity; out of it must come good. The errors of reckless agitators will die, but the truths of justice will live.

M. Godin builds his familistère at Guise, a profit sharing home for a host of his employees. When the Manchester, Sheffield &amp; Lincolnshire Railway lately met with a heavy loss from a great disaster on the road, their employees came forward and offered to give a week's wages as their help in this trouble. The stockholders thanked them heartily, but declined the offer, saying that they were best able to stand the loss.

This all came from the fraternal care for workmen, one result of which is a mutual provident society and a savings bank with 2,700 depositors, and a fund of \$1,500,000 piled up in twenty-eight years by these true knights of labor. Nothing pays worse than bad treatment, and nothing better than mutual good treatment, as this case plainly shows.

A deputation of Englishmen of eminence is now in this country, and has lately visited the President at Washington, and proposed a Board of Arbitration for the peaceful settlement of all possible future troubles between this country and theirs.

Two hundred and twenty-three members of the House of Commons and several of the House of Lords have signed an approval of this step by two leading nations toward "peace on earth and good will among men,"—a most important and significant fact.

Statisticians assure us, says the St. James Gazette, that the mean duration of human life has increased fully seven years in the past half century. This tells of "the religion of the body," physiological knowledge put in practice to lessen pain and sickness, and to increase human usefulness. It tells also of a finer spiritual culture, helping mightily to health of body.

The great spread of the temperance movement, not only in our land but the world over, is cause for gratulation and hope. Victor Hugo said: "The nineteenth century is woman's century," and this is to make it the richest of all ages; for with the beneficent uprising of womanhood comes a wealth of intuitive wisdom and spiritual power for the world's redemption.

Dogmatic theology is on the wane, and pure and undiluted religion which shall meet the wants of reason, conscience and intuition, and lift life to nobler heights, is taking its place.

The Evangelical Alliance, made up of the representatives of what has been called the theological conservatives, has met in Washington. They said little of creeds but much of life and duty, as their programme showed. "The City as a Peril," "The Misuse of Wealth," "The Saloon," "The Social Vice," "Relation of the Church to Capital and Labor," were among their topics—all telling of broader thought and better aims.

Last, but not least, comes the great spiritual movement, lighting up the immortal hope, adding to our faith knowledge of the future life, bringing the blessed immortals near to us, saving the liberal religious thought of our time from agnostic doubt and from materialistic gloom, arousing a new interest in the study of man's inner life, and calling for truth from all sources, Christian or Pagan.

Thus can one see the upward tendency of things, and, without being blind to the evils that exist, have a sure foundation for such cheering and inspiring hope that the greeting may not be without meaning which we give each other in saying, "I wish you a happy New Year."

## Monism and Prussian Porous Plaster.

The intimate relations between Prussian Porous Plaster and Monism might not be suspected by the unlearned and unobserving, nevertheless no better illustration of the correlation of force and conservation of energy can probably be found. There are several sorts of Monism; that referred to here is Freytag's Improved American Zinc-lined, manufactured only at LaSalle, Illinois. This Hegelian Monism when properly applied demonstrates in vivid colors that thoughts, if only well born and vigorous, are immortal souls and take the place of the immortality of the individual which has latterly been discovered to be only an illusion of vulgar minds. Mr. Hegeler has been industriously at work for some years

in perfecting Freytag's discovery, and has at last succeeded—to his own satisfaction. The great difficulty in placing the product on the market has been that even after running through the zinc factory it was still so insoluble as to render it useless to the public. But demand is the father of supply; necessity the mother of invention, and great emergencies develop great men. In the present crisis, there suddenly appeared a ready-made and amply equipped Monistic expert. Having learned in previous years how to apply Prussian Porous Plasters with such skill as to expeditiously remove the epidermis, Dr. Carus retired from the vocation, bottled up his energy and conserved his forces, urged thereto, no doubt, by that prophetic instinct which ever distinguishes the truly great. He felt that in the not distant future all his genius for plaster work would be needed to paralyze the public with Improved Zinc-lined Hegelerian-Freytag Monism. He was not mistaken; the hour came and he was the man. We know he is the man because he says so, and because with his well disciplined imagination scientifically trained at Strasburg and Tübingen he is able to grip the future and yank it into the now. A week or more before his first batch of metal washed metaphysical manurelings, labelled *The Open Court*, left the printing office, the whilom purveyor of P. P. P.'s thus spoke of it in a biographical sketch of himself published in a Chicago illustrated paper:

"The first number under the new management has just appeared, and proves itself in every respect equal to its predecessors. Its contents are more popular, and besides the usual contributions there are choice translations from prominent German authors."

It is needless to say the Italics are not his, but are here employed to more richly color his brilliant stroke. What would Improved German-American Zinc-lined Monism be worth as a mercantile commodity without it were first washed with the essence of gall, so marked as an ingredient in the genuine Prussian Porous Plaster? Not a cent! Possibly the dear public will not even now realize the worth of the goods; but if the supply of gall only holds out until the Prussian preacher's progeny has, through the *Open Court*, entered the Court of Hymen, the fate of Monism will not be of much moment.

## "Truth."

When one hears of Christian Science Metaphysical Healing, Mental Therapeutics and the long list of titles indicating the shades of differentiation in Pneumatopathy, one is reminded of Henry Felton's words, "Truth, of all things the plainest and sincerest, is forced to gain admittance in disguise and court us in masquerade." And it is amusing, and encouraging and hopeful, too, to note the eagerness with which thousands of good people run after an old, neglected truth if it is disguised with a new name or dressed in unfamiliar verbiage.

Nearly the whole doctrine of so-called Christian Science is embraced in a familiar phrase of two words, which some people call along and which one may daily hear from those who used it long before this particular "science" secured its religious adjective; it is invigorating, exhilarating, and curative when uttered with proper inflection and judicious emphasis; it is only two short words, "Brace up." But in this form it is the "mother tincture," so to speak, and for most people needs to be attenuated to about the two thousandth potency before the true dynamic effect is obtainable. Therefore all these various schools of Christian Science and Metaphysical Healing are legitimate when viewed from the standpoint of utility. Tens of thousands of once useless, whining women, and complaining, gouty, dyspeptic men have become healthy, cheerful, useful members of society through the skillful treatment of these pneumatopathists. And the success of the various schools of practitioners who heal without drugs and teach that disease is "all in your eye," cannot be successfully denied, nor their good faith impeached. They cure both acute and chronic diseases of body and mind, and never fail to benefit where practitioner and patient do their duty.

The rival schools of this new-old method are active, aggressive and up with all the modern methods for attracting attention, securing patronage and widening their influence. As a matter of course each school and each section of each school has its own special "organ" in the shape of a magazine or paper. The latest of these was started two months ago and displays the colors of the Emma Hopkins College of Christian Science, 2210 Michigan Avenue, Chicago. It is called, by the not wholly original name, *Truth*, and edited by that queen of managers, Mrs. Mary H. Plunkett, and published by the Truth Publishing Company, McVicker's Theatre Building, Chicago.The November and December numbers of this particular *Truth* are before the public in artistic and winning form. In looking them over our "mortal mind" is in a bewildering state of perplexity. That the truth is there we are sure, but so decorated with unfamiliar drapery that to one trained to deal only in undraped actualities, it is as it were, somewhat blinding—like when one comes out of the dark into the full blaze of a ten thousand candle-power electric light, for instance. The fault is not in the light, but in the poor fellow who has not got accustomed to it, you know. Well, we bid all these good people God speed! We are in sympathy with every honest effort to ameliorate the condi-

tion of suffering humanity, in which work the Hopkins School of Christian Science has done its share with rare skill and business tact.

## Wolfe—Wright.

We are in receipt of not less than one hundred communications bearing on the Wolfe-Wright controversy, mostly critical of Dr. Wolfe's several articles. We must respectfully decline to publish any after this issue. We stand ready to accord space to a discussion of the impersonal principles involved, but not for the expression of opinions as to the taste, moral sense, or qualifications of the two principals in this debate. We published Dr. Wolfe's report of his séances with Mrs. Fairchild because we fully believe in the good faith of the writer, not because we could accept his experiences as a basis on which to assert spirit materialization as proven by his account. Our judgment of the exhibitions witnessed and recorded by Dr. Wolfe is still in abeyance awaiting such evidence as can only be offered after he shall have had a series of experimental test séances under conditions different from those recorded in the JOURNAL; and we would prefer to have them witnessed by such other competent investigators as he may select; said witnesses to be persons known to the public. We do not for a moment suppose that Dr. Wolfe expected his report would settle the question of Mrs. Fairchild's claim to mediumship, or carry conviction to a single soul not already satisfied. He had seen what he believed to be genuine, and he had the courage to tell his story.

In so far as the controversy with Mr. Wright is concerned there is no occasion for outside interference. The contestants are able to take care of themselves; they are good representatives of two widely separated schools of thought. Dr. Wolfe ably and fairly represents the phenomenonalist class; Mr. Wright as ably and fairly represents the philosophical. Our own position is as clearly defined as years of straightforward, plain speaking can make it; but the JOURNAL as freely welcomes what antagonizes the opinions and purposes of its editor as it does what meets his hearty approval. There is nothing to be gained in this many-sided struggle toward truth and right, by hedging, by blinking facts or alleged facts, or by ignoring experiences not common to all. If views are held by one class which are deemed by another most fallacious and deleterious, if facts are alleged by one class which another believes to rest on fraud and delusion, there is no such sure and speedy way to arrive at the truth as by spreading it all before the keen gaze of the world and allowing each side to do its level best in maintaining its ground. The side having the best claims to facts, philosophy and morals is sure to win in the end.

## J. Wetherbee, alias Jo Cose, alias Shadows.

That generator of spiritualistic froth, John Wetherbee, is in a state of chronic perturbation at the JOURNAL'S attitude toward the charlatans by whose apron strings he holds himself out of oblivion. In days of old when this chattering manikin wore the pet name of Jo Cose, and gambled in gleesome joy with his darling Digby, the world was more kindly to him than now. Digby, that was his pet name, loved taffy, and so loyal a toady as Jo Cose was not to be picked up every day; so he coddled the dudet and published his second-hand wit and ready made certificates of genuine truth, truly powers, with which the favors of feminine frauds were repaid. In those days Jo Cose put money in his purse by promoting wildcat mining schemes, and even the scant funds of poor mediums found their way into his clutches. But, alas! a change has come; the world has grown dark for John or Jo or whatever is his name; dark holes in the ground no longer tempt the lambs to be shorn. Shadows, that's the name he took up after the sickle goddess departed from him, now finds his only vocation to be that of steering enervating marvel-hunters into dark rooms. A yellow-haired, blowsy adventurer from California won his professional admiration, and he tried to get her on to the blind side of Digby. Now Digby delights in wild Indians, and never is there a time either sleeping or waking that he has not a few braves in attendance; but of women he is cautious. No Mrs. Digby ever kissed his noble brow; no little Digbys ever nestled in his bosom, disturbed his editorial sanctum, or cried to taste the ever-ready bottle of soothing syrup. So when his life-long friend persisted in obtruding the wild-west woman upon his editorial attention, Digby drew the lines so tight that they snapped asunder, and out went Shadows, woman, and all. Since that depressing event Shadows mocks his old-time companion, speaking of him in derisive diminutives. Digby beckons his braves nearer, buttons up his vest tightly over a throbbing heart which no more beats for Jo, and turns his back upon the broken-down mining broker. Digby still waves the same old banner, but not for Jo. Shadows helps to hide the shams of sbysters and is slowly spinning out the web of a useless existence, seeking now and then with mock mirth to beguile a penny within his reach, and again feebly striking at the JOURNAL. "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!" give him bread if one feels like prolonging the misery, but don't for sweet charity's sake besmirch truth by thinking his gentle vagaries represent Spiritualists or the teachings of Spiritualism.

Boon it is a student at Williams College. He hails from Slam.

## One of the Tribune's Lies.

Last week a dreadful tragedy occurred at Waverly, Ia. W. S. Kingsley, a young lawyer was shot dead in his tracks. Col. M. E. Billings also a lawyer, had a difficulty with Kingsley, and claims that the latter fired on him and then committed suicide. As the case now stands Billings is strongly suspected of murder and blackmail. The Chicago Tribune's correspondent at Waverly in his report to that paper, published last Sunday morning says:

Billings is a great admirer of Robert G. Ingersoll, and has held discussions at different times with parties opposed to his infidel theories. He has written and circulated a book bearing the title, "Crimes of Preachers." He makes infidelity his study and calls the pulpit of the Protestant Church the "Sword of Castle." He claims to be a Spiritualist, or anything else that is opposed to the Christian religion.

As a matter of fact Billings is not a Spiritualist; he has for many years been somewhat notorious as a blatant advocate of the crudest materialism. He never had any standing with the better class of free thinkers and agnostics, by whom he has always been looked upon with contempt.

The JOURNAL has no desire to blink facts where a Spiritualist is accused of crime, but fortunately the teachings of Spiritualism are such that capital offenses among its followers are almost impossible. A man of the intelligence of Billings might be a Materialist or a Presbyterian and still commit murder, but he could not be a Spiritualist and do it, unless insane when the act was committed. Once it is borne in upon a man that there is no escape from the deeds committed in the body and that by inexorable law he is held to strict accountability, with no one to atone for his sins but himself, and that in spirit-life he must work out his own salvation, once a man realizes all this, murder becomes impossible for him. The very thought of what he must endure will paralyze his hand. Billings is one of a squad of notorious lovers—the ex-Methodist, ex Unitarian preacher George Chalmers was another—who, fascinated and inspired by Ingersoll's oratory and success have striven to climb upon his back and ride into public applause. Chalmers is now a disgraced man, an outcast from respectable society; tied to a white-haired adventuress, "the mother of his soul" as he styled her before he found she proposed to marry him, he is a wanderer in a far-off country. Billings is likely to be tried for murder. Others who have followed Ingersoll's wake to their own destruction could be named, but they are not Spiritualists. It takes a genius like Ingersoll to navigate with safety and profit the Infidel Ocean; boys, preachers, and fourth-rate lawyers had best keep close to shore, where they can hear the fog-whistle and catch a glimpse of the lighthouse now and then.

## Flats For Homes.

Flats have become so popular that in many parts of the aristocratic quarters of New York elegant apartment houses have been built with every modern convenience, and then sold to families; so that in them one can dwell under his own ceiling even if the roof is held in common with others. It has seemed to work well, and Prof. Felix Adler who is a most practical philanthropist has long been of the opinion that something akin to this plan might be effective in the poorer sections. He therefore set himself to interest capitalists and has so far succeeded that four buildings have lately been completed where tenants may become their own landlords by gradually accumulating stock in the association owning the houses. The buildings contain 104 suites, containing three and four rooms each and are to rent for \$10 and \$15, according to location. The capital stock is \$150,000. The incorporators expect to realize seven per cent., but they are bound by the by-laws not to declare a larger dividend than four per cent. The surplus will be used as a reserve fund which will yearly be divided among the tenants, in proportion to the rent each has paid or made available in paying the tenants' rent in case of sickness or loss of work. Certificates of the amounts credited to the tenants may be exchanged for certificates of stock. The reserve as it accumulates will be applied to the building of other improved tenements. One exceedingly interesting feature of the buildings just opened is the free kindergarten and play-room where the mothers who live in the neighborhood and "work out" can leave their children during their absence from home.

This plan will be watched with great earnestness; if it is a success, as it will doubtless be in the main, it will do a great deal towards solving one of the difficult problems of the age, one that is attracting attention of philanthropists all over the country.

## Spirit Telegraphy.

As announced last week, we begin in this number the publication of a series of papers giving the results of a scientific investigation of spirit telegraphy through the mediumship of Mr. W. S. Rowley, of Cleveland. As previously stated, we have reason to think Prof. G., who conducted the experiments and makes the report, is competent and truthful. His name is withheld from the public for good and sufficient reasons, satisfactory to us, but will in due time be disclosed.

In the JOURNAL of the 17th inst., we gave a brief account of our own incomplete experiments with Mr. Rowley, also a mild yet conclusive exposition of the fraudulent character of the alleged spirit telegraphy which Dr. L. W. Sapp, of Cleveland claims to exhibit. His show is a base swindle from first to last and there ought to be some law to reach such cases. He has deliberately falsified from the







## Voices from the People.

AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

### My Spirit Star.

[Mrs. Maud E. Drake sends this poem with the statement that it was given her by a spirit, but she is in doubt whether it is original.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Sitting in my chamber lonely,  
Watching twilight shadows fade,  
And when the darkness comes,  
I throw all objects in the shade,  
I feel, vainly, in the depths of dark-  
ened air,  
Till one long vision teeming, at the last I found it  
resting,  
On a bright and beautiful star.

I sat gazing, fondly gazing,  
Through the boundless realms of space;  
And my thoughts were dimly tracing  
All the beauties of the place.  
When this star was brightly shining, shining always  
on the earth,  
When across a holy feeling, o'er my brain this  
thought came stealing,  
Whence the one that gave it birth?

All around was darkness dreary,  
When at once I heard a sound,  
Booming through the air so clearly,  
Making all the hills resound;  
From my feet, quickly starting, starting at a  
sound so strange,  
And my gaze at once directing, to my beautiful  
star, expecting  
To detect from whence it came.

I kept watching, closely watching,  
From my quiet seat afar;  
And the radiant rays were catching  
As they twinkled from my star,  
When suddenly I saw departing, departing like a  
ray of light,  
And through realms of ether winging, nearer to my  
vision bringing  
A being clothed in starry light.

Wrapt in wonder I sat viewing  
Its approach from realms so bright,  
As its course it kept pursuing;  
I'll to my astonished sight,  
Near me on the earth alighting, alighting on the  
earth so dear,  
And with notes of music ringing, to my raptured  
senses  
Sweetest music heard and clear.

Yet with rapture still increasing,  
On my spirit star I gazed;  
Soon the wondrous music ceasing,  
She her spangled pinions raised,  
And around me still kept hovering, hovering 'fore  
my anxious eyes,  
And in accents kind, endearing, I no more her pres-  
ence fearing,  
Filled my soul with sweet surprise.

"Child of earth, no more repining,  
I am come to teach the way;  
Long, too long have men designing  
Kept thee from the lands of day,  
From you star so brightly beaming, beaming with the  
light so clear,  
I have come," said she exclaiming, "I am come this  
truth proclaiming,  
False religions flourish here."

"On this earth vile men are teaching,  
Teaching falsehood's blackest art;  
Seldom after virtue teaching,  
Its rare beauties to impart;  
But are ever, ever planning, planning always insin-  
uating,  
Every virtuous trait dispelling, and to you this false-  
hood telling,  
True religion is born through fear.

"In you star so brightly burning,  
Fonder in those fields of space,  
Said my spirit star, returning,  
To her brilliant dwelling place,  
"Dwell religion, pure, unchanging, unchanging as the  
heavens above,  
And around us all are praising, and to heavens the  
songs are raising,  
Religion is the best of love."

As she spoke, her form receding,  
Vanished from my aching sight,  
Still my heart with rapture beating,  
Filled my soul with pure delight,  
And her image still kept hovering, hovering 'round  
with glittering beams,  
Till a cloud my star obscuring, racked my bosom  
with sad sighs,  
And awoke me from my dream.

I awoke with bosom swelling,  
And my heart with love o'erruled,  
As I wandered from my dwelling  
Gazing on the works of God,  
And it seemed these words were echoing, echoing  
through the heavens above,  
And with music sweet, surprising, nature's voice in  
concert rising,  
"Nature's God is the God of love."

Evermore my mind recurring,  
To my beautiful spirit Guide,  
Thinking o'er her words, preferring  
In her wisdom to abide,  
And my soul in love communing, communing with  
God's works so fair,  
Ever in love increasing, and with transport  
never ceasing,  
Turns to thee, my spirit star.

—Anonymous

### An Italian Nut for "Regulars" and "Christian Scientists" to Crack.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A gentleman in Paris, well known and highly es-  
teemed, but whose name I am not allowed to men-  
tion, has a son who was taken very ill with anæmia  
some seven years ago. The above gentleman, whom  
we will call X, and his wife, placed him, the son  
Louis, in the hands of the best physicians in  
Paris, who after battling against the disease for  
about two years, had to tell X that the days of  
his beloved Louis were counted, and that he had  
better prepare the mother, as they could not pos-  
sibly save him.

Thereupon X and his wife called upon a young  
lady, the step-daughter of a well known personage  
in the French capital, and besought her to see if  
she could possibly obtain any help from the Spirit-  
world, she being a powerful writing medium.

The young lady said she would try, and took up a  
pencil and waited to see if any communications  
could be obtained, and sure enough after a  
few minutes delay her hand wrote out the name of  
a Doctor, who afterwards explained that he had  
been, when in the form, a medical man in Venice,  
450 years ago, and added that he would save the  
boy if they followed his advice.

The suggestions were scrupulously obeyed, and  
the young lad was at once benefited by them, but  
as it was autumn, the invisible Doctor, told the pa-  
rents through the fair medium that they were to  
send the child to Florence, Italy, and they  
went to call on a man, who in a few weeks would  
restore him to perfect health, through my magnetic  
power.

I was unknown to every one of the party, but  
they dared not disobey, and came at once here,  
where after having been made aware that I really  
existed, X called on me, and although rather con-  
fused, disclosed the purpose of his visit.

I closed his hand and placed myself at his bidding,  
feeling most sure that all would turn out in  
accordance with what the spirit Doctor had de-  
clared.

For two months or more I mesmerized Louis  
every other day—now more, now less—just as the  
Doctor ordered, and to the fact, and the consequence  
was that Louis regained his entire health, went  
back with the family to Paris, and has been  
ill since, and I continue to receive even to this day  
letters of thanks from them all.

I have saved other people through the aid of  
my healing magnetism, but I only give my attention  
to it when pressed by friends to do so. I never go  
to any public exhibitions of hypnotism, for I look  
upon them as a profanation, as the people who see  
these vulgar exhibitions, have all the appearance of  
being, and none of the dignity of true phre-  
nologists.

BERNARDINO FENELLO  
Florence, December 4, 1887.

## For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### Proof Positive of Immortality.

BY D. P. KATNER, M. D.

The question has often been asked, "Can the  
spirit leave the body in an unconscious condition,  
while visiting the homes of immortals, and return  
to it again with the full consciousness of the dual  
existence?"

In cases of suspended animation there is evidently,  
mechanically speaking, a throwing out of gear of the  
relations of the spirit to its organs of sense, and the  
temporary suspension of the sympathetic or self-  
operating nerves.

If, as occasionally occurs in certain diseases, only  
a particular portion of the nerves of organic life are  
seriously depressed, the functions of the body are  
still in a measure performed; although some of  
them, often in a feeble manner as to be almost  
imperceptible. In this condition frequently a spe-  
cies of delirium, a wandering, incoherent and ap-  
parently purposeless derangement of the mind,  
occurs, in which it is evident the conscious spirit  
cannot manifest itself through its physical machin-  
ery so as to control "The organs of the mind."

When settled into this condition, where would the  
individual spirit be likely to seek to unfold its ex-  
pansive activities, and whether will it naturally be  
drawn by the attraction of the forces operating from  
the inner life?

Two incidents, one personal, and the other con-  
nected with the late illness of a little girl about  
four years old, will tend to illustrate and explain  
what is implied in the above interrogatories.

About three months before I was seven years old,  
my body was taken out of the water apparently life-  
less. Animation was so fully suspended I was con-  
sidered dead. Now what was the reality? For a  
brief time I was conscious that I was drowning  
while under the water and distinctly recollect at  
this moment, that after the first sensation of suffoca-  
tion I felt a great pressure to the head and my eye-  
balls felt as though they were swelling in size and  
protruding from their sockets, when all of a sudden  
it seemed to me as though I was being caught  
through those sockets and left my body. Then I  
was met and welcomed by a noble guide who con-  
ducted me to the most beautiful place it is possible  
for the human mind to conceive of, a superlatively  
grand garden park, with walks bordered on either  
side with trees and vines bearing with their load  
of lucious fruit, and leading through fragrant groves  
of varying foliage, and in whose branches floated  
birds of rarest plumage and sweetest song. Here and  
there fountains of pure water were showering  
their silver spray into elaborately ornate basins in  
which disported the many colored species of the  
finny tribe, and the waters running thence formed  
a chain of crystal pools, over the surface of which  
swam the graceful swan and other water-fowl.

The forest deer, no longer wild and timid, mingled  
with the inhabitants of the lovely place, where all  
was beauty, harmony and love.

This was the kindergarten of the skies. Here I  
met my little sister and cousin and many little play-  
mates whom in my short life I had known, and who  
had passed on "The Beyond," with scores or  
hundreds whom I had never seen on earth. These  
were soon arranged in their school for instruction  
and every object which I had noted became a lesson  
and afforded a source of instruction.

Here, amidst flowers, and fruits, and trees, and  
birds and murmuring fountains the children from  
earth begin to learn the lessons of life, of goodness  
and love, and their budding intellects are there  
unfolded into the first principles of the harmonies  
of celestial life.

To-day I am, and ever have been since that day,  
conscious that, while my body was apparently dead,  
my spirit was not only intensely alive, but was  
sufficiently out of my body to visit those happy  
children in their spirit-homes. I know that I was  
there; that I saw the children and their surround-  
ings, that I was shown the manner in which they  
were being instructed, and during this time my  
friends were arranging for my return.

After a time, just how long I do not now know,  
my teacher, a spirit of noble and commanding  
presence, whom I recognized, as the one who had  
conducted me thither, approached me and informed  
me I had "remained there as long as I could at that  
time, that I must now return to my friends on  
earth." I implored to stay, but from that decision  
there was no appeal, the firm and benign look of  
that teacher plainly indicated, and I was then  
assured I had yet a work to do in my body on earth,  
and if faithful, in yet a year I should again be ad-  
mitted to that sanctuary of love and harmony to be  
prepared for the entrance upon the Higher Life.

Soon I became conscious of being again in my  
physical body suffering the agonies of returning  
resuscitation. The first thing I recollect hearing  
was a question asked by my mother, "When are  
you going to have the funeral?" Just then they  
were talking about calling in some one to measure  
me for a coffin, when I commenced vomiting and  
soon put an end to the preparation for a funeral.  
This is no imagination. No one act of my life is so  
real, so deeply fixed in my mind, as this one. I know  
that our friends, those called dead, still live and I  
possess the positive consciousness that I have and  
the exquisite pleasure of visiting and communing  
with them in their heavenly and their joys. Such is  
the personal illustration.

The other, in the case of little Ella Bishop, the  
infant daughter of Mr. Bella Bishop, one of the  
owners of the extensive lumber mill at Big Wau-  
saukee, Wis., is as follows:

In August Ella was attacked with a depres-  
sive form of typhoid fever, which was accompanied  
by a profuse diarrhoea. This marked the symptoms  
of the fever to such an extent that the two phy-  
sicians Mr. Bishop employed did not detect the  
nature of the disease, and all their efforts proved  
abortive and failed to check the discharges, through  
which the child became emaciated to an extreme  
degree. The mucous membranes were drying up  
and the child could scarcely swallow; she could not  
eat and did not speak for some three weeks and ap-  
parently unconsciousness and reason seemed gone. The pupil  
of the eye was constantly dilated, and a nervous throw-  
ing about of the hands and arms was almost con-  
tinuous. This was the condition when I first  
visited the patient, Oct. 3rd. By proper care, medi-  
cine and magnetism, in some six weeks she re-  
covered, and the following, from a letter from her  
father, dated Nov. 12th, illustrates our point and  
explains itself:

"Ella appears all right. Her mind seems sound,  
and we take great pleasure in talking with her.  
She has great stories to tell of how she went up to  
the stars, some angels, etc., quite interesting. She  
seems to know what she is talking about and I  
like the dose."

Perhaps, my aid in restoring her to health that  
there might be another living witness, conscious  
from child-life, that the spirit can so far leave its  
body as to travel to the realms of immortality and  
again return to inhabit its clayey tenement, bring-  
ing with it the full consciousness of that fact so in-  
fused into its very being as ever after to be an  
abiding reality, was a part of the work that I re-  
turned to the earth to do. I was not, at all events,  
in a work I was selected from all others to do,  
and by the aid of the Spirit-world, succeeded.  
Thanks to kind spirit guardians.

St. Charles, Ill., 1887.

### Abuse of Corporate Organizations.

Harper's Weekly has some very just and judicious  
remarks on the abuse of corporate organization. It  
says: "The wrong to individual independence  
which is done by stock companies, and the wrong  
with the rights of honest men who choose to decide  
for themselves upon what terms to sell them their  
labor is undeniable. It is an abuse of the power  
of combination. But the wrong to society of com-  
bination to keep prices high and wages low is no  
less unquestionable. Vast and irresponsible power  
is liable to equally vast abuse—a fact which we em-  
phasize because it is in this quarter, and not in the  
other, that serious dangers lie. The discontent, the  
sense of injustice, the hostility of class, to which  
agitators and anarchists appeal, and which furnish  
the soil for the seed that they sow, spring from the  
inequality in our civilization of which the great  
"trusts" are the latest manifestation. We are fond  
of saying that American citizens, however poor, are  
free and independent, and exercise at pleasure the  
glorious privilege of the ballot. But did not Web-  
ster speak the truth in saying that whoever controls  
the means of livelihood controls the man? The  
miner who lives upon the company's land, the  
workman who lives upon the company's land, and  
the company, may not improbably find his free-  
dom and independence in the exercise of the privi-  
lege of his ballot, and the company, at least, is  
in no degree responsible for the use of the bal-  
lot, or for the use of the money to corrupt voters  
and buy legislators."

## For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### The Gentle One.

THOS. HANDELO.

A father was mourning over the coffin of his child;  
his only one, his Emily, his cold and still; her hands  
were folded across her young bosom; her golden  
hair flowed down upon her shoulders and the bright  
blue eyes were closed forever. It was thus the father  
mourned for his lost one. "Oh! my daughter, my  
Emily, my bright and only one! Where now is the  
mercy of God? Oh! justice, where? My life picture  
is framed in ebony, and church-yard mould has dis-  
figured its bright coloring for hope is gone. Oh!  
my daughter! Oh! my daughter Emily! my child, my  
child!"

They laid her in the ground and rude hands flung  
cloths upon the coffin lid, and then they all turned  
away, each to his home, and him. The heart-  
broken parent lingered; there is no home for him  
now; his former home is home no more, and still he  
wrings his hands and cries, "Oh! my daughter Em-  
ily! My child, my child!"

But Emily was not dead; in the evergreen land of  
mortality she lived, loved and worshipped.  
"I have come to bear you company," said a white-  
robed sister.

"By what name shall I distinguish you?" inquired  
Emily.

"Call me 'The Companion,'" she said, "for I am  
permitted to be with you always." And the two were  
one. And the two were one. But thoughts of old  
home life and a suffering father would sometimes  
come to Emily.

"Why may I not go to father? I want to dry his  
tears," she said. The Companion was silent.

"Many go," said Emily, "why may not I?"  
"They are the lawless who go unbidden," The Com-  
panion replied, "and they dry no tears."

"What shall I do?" said Emily.

"Ask permission,"  
"Of whom?"  
"Of Him, The Gentle One," replied The Companion.  
"Where shall I find him?" said Emily.

"He is not far from those who seek him," she re-  
plied.

"I will go," said Emily.

The first whom she met was a man holding com-  
munion with nature. "Sir," she said, "I seek The  
Gentle One. Where shall I find him?" The man an-  
swered, "I am he."

"I want to go down to dry my father's tears, Emily  
said. 'May I go?'"

The Gentle One said, "Go, my child."  
She took the staff of God in her right hand, and  
folded the mantle of Resurrection around her shoulders,  
and went on her journey, but as she approached  
the winter land, its adverse storms howled around  
her, and rain would sweep the mantle from her, but  
she held it with a firm hand. It was even-tide when  
she arrived at the old home, and her father was  
crying the shutters.

"Oh! father, I have arrived at last," she said; but I  
am weary and footsore, fold me once more to your  
heart, for I have borne long and weary days."  
"What import is this who calls me father," said  
the loud voice of the man.

"It is I, your Emily, and no impostor, but your  
very own," she replied.

"Be gone, vile trickster," he said, and closed his  
door.

Time is hastening away. Eternity is rolling on.  
One again Emily thought of her father's undying  
sorrow.

"I will go down, again," she said. "I will prove  
my identity. I will show to him the holiday gifts  
he gave me; he will remember them; then he will  
know me and I shall dry his tears."

"Inquire of The Gentle One," said The Com-  
panion. "He is not far off." She sought and found  
him.

"Sir, may I go once more," she said, for I want to  
dry my father's tears."

"Go, my child," said The Gentle One.

"See, father, I have brought the proofs," said  
Emily.

"Police! police!" shouted the man. "I'm robbed!  
Some one has broken in and stolen my treasures."

Old time waits for no one, and again Emily said,  
"I must go down and dry my father's tears."

The Companion said, "Ask The Gentle One."

When she had found him she said: "Sir, I have  
failed twice when I appealed to his outward senses;  
but let me go once more and I shall speak to his soul.  
I shall inspire him to bury me in the Infinite, and to  
cheat his love for me only in the sunshine of  
God's love; then his tears will be wiped away, for  
he will be enabled to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

"Then art thou my sister and co-worker," said  
The Gentle One. "Ask The Gentle One."

Lonely and sad the still-sorrowing father sat in his  
garden and looked upon the setting sun; thoughts  
strange and soothing stole in upon his reverie  
and his soul aspired after knowledge, until his  
grief seemed infinitely small. When the mortal  
yields up his possessions the soul possesses all things!  
Come forth from the shade of that evergreen tree,  
Emily; thou hast come, thy tears are wiped away  
and the blessing of The Gentle One is thine.

Stargis, Mich.

### The Fellowship of the new Life— Brookside Branch.

ITS AIM.

The society is a branch of the American Fellow-  
ship of the New Life, and its object is very simple.  
It is to live a noble life in the spirit of divine love,  
of that love which is "the fulfilling of the law."

ITS IDEAL.

Its ideal is true heroism of character; that is to  
say, perfect unselfishness, perfect purity, perfect  
obedience to the Divine Laws which are the laws of  
love.

ITS MEMBERS.

To become a member it is only necessary to par-  
take of the life; to desire above all to lead a noble  
life; to help all who are in any need either of body,  
mind, or spirit; and to be willing to work earnestly  
for the good of others in unselfish love.

ITS MEETINGS.

Any one interested in its aim may attend the  
meetings of the society and profit by any lectures,  
readings, or amusements arranged by the mem-  
bers. Any who join in the spirit of unselfish love  
are fellow-workers with all other branches of the so-  
ciety either in this country or in Europe.

ITS PRIVILEGES.

A room will be set apart for the use of members  
and friends of the society, in which there will be  
books, magazines, and papers, free to all during the  
afternoon hours, and, in course of time, a library for  
the free enjoyment of all (the books to be taken out  
if desired) will be formed.

Lectures will be given in the rooms of the Brook-  
side Branch by prominent persons interested in its  
object and these will be free to all who are in sym-  
pathy with its desire to promote cordiality and to  
make many a general happy.

Brookside, N. J.

JAMES E. RUTZ-BRIS.

### At the Villa Montezuma.

Mr. James Shepard received a few of his literary  
friends last Wednesday evening at Villa Montezuma.  
Among the guests were: Rose Hartwick Thorpe,  
author of "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night," Mr.  
Thorpe, Miss Katherine Björke, Julian, Douglas  
Walker, Mrs. Crawford, of San Francisco, Judge  
Cass, Mrs. Koster, of New York, Editor of the  
Golden Era, and Mrs. Veronika Björke. The floral  
decorations in the different rooms were  
very effective, especially the drawing-room, music-  
room, and dining-room. Miss Björke read a poem  
from Story's "Cleopatra," which received many com-  
pliments from the critical company. This was fol-  
lowed by Poe's "Haven," rendered by Mrs. Bean in  
a manner which Mr. Shepard declared, surpassed in  
many ways any rendering of the famous poem he  
had ever heard. The music-room seemed equally  
suited to poetry and literature as it is to music and  
song, and this unique and magnificent room never  
appeared to better advantage than on this occasion,  
although there was no music, and the piano was  
not opened during the evening. It was nearly mid-  
night when the guests departed.—San Diego Cor-  
respondent.

Keith Stewart writes: In our first investigation  
of Spiritualism, my little daughter, then but  
four years old, often asked for pencil and paper, and  
would write short messages which would be signed  
"Your Uncle." One morning my husband left on  
business and he didn't expect to return home that  
night. In the evening my daughter took some pa-  
per and wrote:

"Pa will be home to-night"  
He came as told.

## Editor Colby and His Indian.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The venerable editor of the *Banner of Light* re-  
cently spent a week in New York, stopping at the  
Coleman House. Everybody who knows Mr. Colby  
knows that he has a control named "Ocean Brave,"  
a very large and powerful Indian, and the two treat  
each other with the utmost familiarity. A week  
ago last Sunday morning Judge Cross called on Mr.  
Colby, and found him in the most deplorable state  
of mind. "Ocean Brave" had stolen and carried away  
Mr. Colby's vest. The veteran editor sat on the  
side of his bed lamenting his sad lot. "It's no use,  
Judge," said he, "I can't go out to-day. This is the  
second time that this trick has been played on me."

Then an expression of wrath gathered on the face of  
the amiable editor, and shaking his fist, he cried out,  
"D—n you, 'Ocean Brave'! If you don't bring me  
where that vest is I will never speak to you again."

Then Mr. Colby began a hunt for the vest. He  
searched the bed clothes; he turned over the mat-  
tresses; he looked under the bed; then he  
rummaged the bureau drawers, and banged back  
every drawer with alarming emphasis. He  
hunted for it under the wash basin, and under  
every part of the room, and then sat down discon-  
olate. "No use, Judge; can't go out to-day. The  
fellow has put up this job on me just to keep me  
in the house. It's the meanest trick he has ever  
served me."

About this time Cross was shaking his sides with  
laughter, boding up before him a newspaper, pre-  
tending to read it. "Colby," said he, "it's all out;  
'D—n you, what are you laughing about? The  
no laughing matter. How would you like it if a  
spirit should come and carry off your vest, and so  
prevent you going out on Sunday morning?"

At last Mr. Colby became furious. He spoke to  
"Ocean Brave" in the most emphatic manner pos-  
sible. He used the very strongest kind of strong  
language. The chief was given to understand that  
if he did not at once inform Mr. Colby where he  
could find his vest there would be trouble. He stood  
up and shook his fist right in the Indian's face, and  
assured him that he would be knocked out in true  
Boston John L. Sullivan style if he failed to confess  
at once, and tell where the lost vest could be found.

A moment later Mr. Colby smiled. He fairly  
laughed. Then he proceeded to slip off his suspen-  
ders, and then he began pulling his second nether  
garment over his head. There was the vest,  
but not at all where Mr. Colby expected it. It was all  
there, but not at all where he expected it. The environ-  
ment was a laughing matter. The venerable editor of the *Banner  
of Light* turned to his guest and said: "I know I  
could make him tell!"

This incident vouches for the writer as literar-  
ily true, is a valuable corroboration of our esteemed  
contemporary's competency as a witness of spirit  
phenomena. It comes in good time to put beyond  
question the value of his testimony as to various  
materializations which he witnessed while on the  
editorial page of his excellent paper for December  
10th.

It goes without saying that a man who  
buttons on his vest next to his dannel is a cautious  
man, and well qualified for investigating spirit war-  
d-rob-ers. Then too, the brilliant bellicose attitude as-  
sumed toward Ocean Brave, whereby the editor  
makes the noble red man whisper in his ear that  
the vest is under his linen, shows wonderful rapport  
with spirits of some kind.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### My Experience.

The first Christmas since my husband died! The  
brave, true heart was still in death. The fingers  
that had been always so busy for me, lay immo-  
bly locked over a bosom as cold as clay. What  
cared I that the sun was shining on thousands of  
happy homes? My home was desolate. The sweet  
glad tones that had always welcomed me—"merry  
Christmas," where had they flown? Were they  
empty air, and was this blank awful thing all that  
was left? Friends told me I must have faith. I  
tried, but the word seemed to mock my feeble  
effort. Was he, could he be living? For a time  
I refused all consolation, and was a widow indeed.  
The home seemed empty, and friendly words only  
mocked at my sorrow. I could not put on my  
and the garments of sorrow, because I knew how  
he had revolved at the custom, and begged me  
never to wear them. His highest wish was now a com-  
mand, but why? If he was gone out of my sight,  
what was I to him now? Other friendships, other  
friendships, possibly (dreadful thought to my self-  
fish heart) other loves would occupy him now, and  
the chill of the grave came over me. I mourned  
from day to day; sleepless were my nights. I could  
not be comforted till my mother said: "My child,  
others have found their way to the unfoldment of  
this great mystery, in part at least; let us try. We  
are at least, we are always at least, we are at least,  
table where he used to sit, on which his beloved  
Bible still stands, and patiently try to hear from  
him. It cannot be wrong; we loved and talked  
with him in life; we love him yet, and if he  
can come to us, be sure he will. At all events, let  
us give it a faithful trial."

So we sat down, a gleam of hope brightening my  
gloom! Day after day we tried, and my mother's  
patience conquered when I would fain have given  
it all up. Never shall I forget the moment of rap-  
ture that followed the fulfillment of our desire. I  
laughed and cried, when rational answers came,  
and by many a little sign, known only to ourselves,  
the blessed spirit made itself known, spoke of his love,  
his nearness, his happiness! Why, mine of wealth  
could not buy that precious living truth from me.  
It was next to being in Paradise myself, beside  
him.

Another Christmas, and behold, my precious  
mother had gone to be with the angels. Did I  
sorrow? Yes, but with hope and a sweet conscious-  
ness that she was near that my garments might  
have often brushed her, and my fingers touched  
her; only to this dim mortal sight she was gone.  
No language can describe the ecstasy of that be-  
lief. Parting was a terror no more; death was  
swallowed up in victory, and such a victory! Heaven  
and the inhabitants thereof can only measure it. I am  
sure I can feel my mother's presence. I can almost  
hear her voice. Is it not something to gain from  
the beautiful truth of that open only to those  
who believe? Since then every thing lovely and of  
good report has been glorified. She knows I love  
her. I know she loves me. As naturally as when  
she was in the body I call her in hours of







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